The Saturday Evening
POST
February 25, 1956 — 15¢

FEB 2 1 '56

WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY By GARY COOPER

General Ridgway's Own Report on THE KOREAN WAR

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New, big General Electric with Revolving Shelves and Magnetic Doors

REVOLVING SHELVES PUT ALL FOODS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!
MAGNETIC DOORS CLOSE AUTOMATICALLY!

No other refrigerator, at a comparable price, can match this 12-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for worksaving conveniences and luxurious good looks.

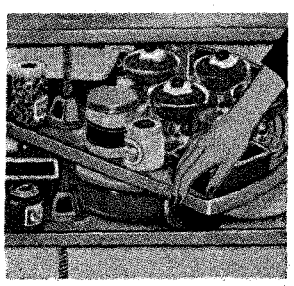
Just look at all the features you can enjoy: G-E Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Doors, automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section, automatic butter conditioner, adjustable and removable door shelves, separate zero-degree freezer that holds up to 80 pounds of frozen foods.

So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside because the latchless magnetic door in the refrigerator section can be opened easily from within.

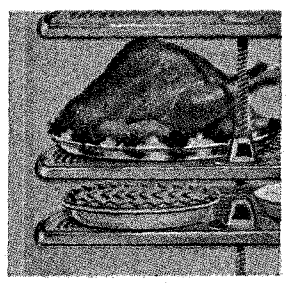
See this big, economical General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer now. Ask your G-E dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. For his name and address see your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

So dependable! More than 3,500,000 G-E Refrigerators in use 10 years or longer!

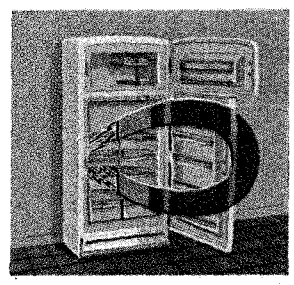
GENERAL ELECTRIC



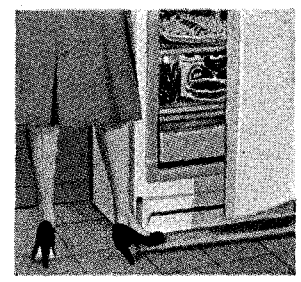
Revolving Shelves put all foods within easy reach. Just turn shelf—food rides to the front, in full view.



Store Bulky Items without rearranging foods. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down, for flat or bulky foods.



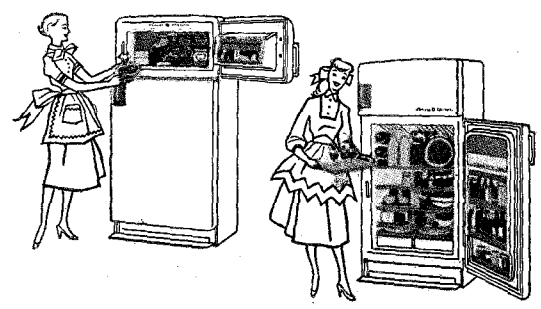
Magnetic Doors. Permanent G-E Alnico Magnets close doors automatically, silently. More efficient seal.



Foot Pedal opens refrigerator door at touch of your toe. Leaves both hands free for carrying foods.

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

Model LH-12 available in G-E Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. Comes in your choice of left- or right-hand doors.



TWO separate appliances in one cabinet!

The true, zero-degree freezer has its own separate door, its own separate insulation, its own separate refrigeration system. Fast freezes and keeps as many as 97 packages of frozen foods up to a year.

The big refrigerator section has completely automatic defrosting. And there's room for more food on the sturdy General Electric Revolving Shelves—as much as 15% more than on old-style shelves in previous corresponding General Electric models.

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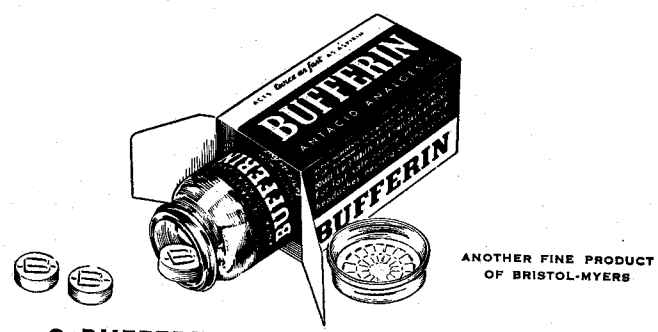

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF BRISTOL-MYERS

2 BUFFERIN® WILL RELIEVE YOUR HEADACHE TWICE AS FAST AS 2 ASPIRIN

. . . and won't upset your stomach!

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The Company that stands by you

"Thank heaven, I knew what to do!"

"IT was a bad smash. People came running and someone brought a doctor for the man in the other car. Then I found a phone and called Liberty Mutual.

"The Liberty claimsman asked me a few questions. When he hung up with, 'That's all for now—we'll take over,' he sure took a load off my mind!"

That's how it works when you're a Liberty policyholder. You can depend on Liberty's fast-moving organization to get on the job. Service follows you everywhere in the country. Just call from any telephone in the United States, Canada or Hawaii.

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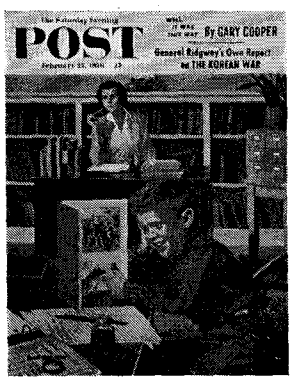

THE COVER

As great men, in their formative years, often are driven by a thirst for knowledge along the line of their budding genius, let us assume that little James, there, is destined to be a world-renowned zoologist. If you can't quite swallow that assumption, oh, be a nice reader and come along for the ride anyway. This being settled, will it not be a psychologically frustrating misfortune if Miss Schooley looks over that young scientist's shoulder and then vows explosively that she'll make a historian of him if he stays after school till doomsday? Yes, and it will also be a misfortune if the frog leaps upon her, causing her to scream. Before this educational problem gets any more complex, maybe we'd better assume the frog isn't in Dick Sargent's painting at all, and stop worrying about it.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 206 — **The greatest star of the screen!**

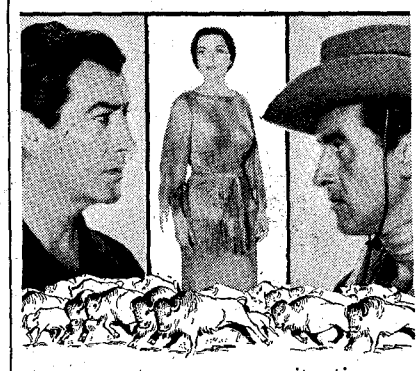
M-G-M's "The Last Hunt" is about a special breed of man—the buffalo hunter. And this is the exciting and little-known story of the last big buffalo herds that thundered across America—and the kind of men who hunted them.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think you will be caught up in the intensely dramatic events that could happen nowhere else but on our own vast western plains at the close of the 19th century.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M made this motion picture with Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger and Debra Paget as its stars. It was filmed amid the black hills of Dakota and seldom have the movies dealt with a



story so strange or a situation so humanly explosive.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is Charley, the feverish, fast-draw gunman, played by Robert Taylor.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is Sandy, played by Stewart Granger, who is the greatest buffalo hunter of them all but has lost his lust to kill.

★ ★ ★ ★

And then, in the midst of their eerie and uneasy partnership, there appears the Indian Girl, played by Debra Paget. Lloyd Nolan and Russ Tamblyn give poignant performances in their supporting roles.

★ ★ ★ ★

What is it like when three people as desperate and passionately different as Charley, Sandy, and the Indian Girl (whose every movement is animal grace), find themselves thrown together in a lonely camp amid the barren badlands?

★ ★ ★ ★

Here are elemental people. And a twist of fate, a blast of rifle-fire, hurl the hunters into what will be "The Last Hunt" for one of them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here, in a story of two strangely contrasting men who shared one primitive world and one primitive woman, is revealed what once made the West and will always make a man.

★ ★ ★ ★

Thundering ominously over all this tense drama are the hoofbeats of thousands of buffalo running from their tragic doom. Scripted and directed by Richard Brooks, from the prize-winning Milton Lott novel, and produced by Dore Schary, "The Last Hunt" in Eastman color and CinemaScope, is a most unusual motion picture adventure. —*Leo*

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to show...
just turn
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of this new Keystone 8mm 500 watt
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Letters

Ridgway's Memoirs

Dear Sirs:

. . . I believe that if the President could express himself as a soldier, or as a private individual, he would heartily agree with many of General Ridgway's grievances [My Battles in War and Peace, as told to Harold H. Martin, Jan. 21–Feb. 25]. . . . Our generals in the field must have endured some bitter experiences due to the interference of the civilian "home guard."

MRS. CARROLL BROWN
Portland, Maine

Dear Sirs:

I would like to commend you on the article by General Ridgway. . . . It is something that needs to be said. . . .

MRS. W. B. TOM
Campbellton, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . Count me among those who support Gen. Ridgway's position and salute his courage.

JOHN R. HAHN
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

. . . These vicious attacks on our wonderful administration are becoming far too frequent in these troubled times. . . .

MABEL WHITE
White Plains, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The brazen insolence of this professional soldier, to so far forget his duties as a professional soldier as to imply that the President of the United States, and HIS commander-in-chief, is a liar. . . .

CHARLES V. MEEHAN
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The Post deserves no credit for publishing his stuff.

T. J. BARRETT
Rome, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Ridgway is wrong, and your headline in the January 28th issue [Keep the Army Out of Politics] is misleading and, by implication, somewhat dishonest.

You can't keep anything out of politics on which people vote. Politics is the art of government.

Ridgway makes the mistake of thinking the Army must always be ready to fight a war. It can never be ready for an all-out emergency. . . . Nine out of ten officers in World War II were reservists. Anyway, the Army couldn't move fast enough nowadays to win a war.

Ridgway was still a subordinate. . . . President Eisenhower's judgment was worth a dozen Ridgways. Ridgway couldn't adjust himself to changing conditions. So he's out.

But I don't blame you for running his articles.

THEODORE A. HUNTLEY
Colonel, USAF Res., Ret.
Washington, D.C.

Jimmy Cagney

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading about James Cagney, whom I've always admired, and can only say congratulations. A wonderful story well told [How I Got This Way, by James Cagney, as told to Pete Martin, Jan. 7–21].

TED KOEBER
Beaverton, Oregon

Dear Sirs:

I tried to read about James Cagney—
All it did was just to gag me.

J. M. SCHAAL
Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I have seen James Cagney in the movies several times and I've always considered him something of a phony-tough guy. But now I've changed my mind. . . .

KENNETH RICKETT
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . I was supply officer of Naval Station Midway during the time that the "Mr. Roberts" cast was on location there.

The picture in the January 7 issue was taken on a Saturday night early in September, 1954, about five days after the cast arrived on the island from Honolulu. The party was given for the cast by the station officers. . . .

This picture was taken shortly after Jimmy Cagney had gotten a number of Navy wives out in front to show them how easy it was to learn to tap dance. This particular picture was taken with Mrs. Pat Wilder, the only Navy wife who knew how to do the "buck and wing". . . .

In the three weeks that the "Mr. Roberts" cast was on Midway we all got to know Jimmy Cagney as a warm-hearted, down-to-earth guy. . . .

DON NEEDHAM
Portsmouth, Va.

Tabasco Island

Dear Sirs:

Your story Hot Pepper Island [by Sidney Shalett] in the January 14th issue tragically dispels any illusion that we in The South have been gradually awakening from our long, dark, feudal slumbers.

HELENE STAUFFER HERO
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

To compel a human being to set aside her baby and nurse a bear cub instead! And to brag about it afterward! What utter depravity.

MRS. M. L. DEWITT
Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

The incident about the bear cub nursing at the breast of the trapper's wife, set me to reviewing my Diary of 1906. On a hunting expedition in the mountains of Central Luzon, Philippines, I killed a pair of wild hogs, orphaning two tiny pigs. Our Negrito beater took them to his hut. They eagerly nursed at the breast of the beater's diminutive wife, while this writer looked on in amazement.

J. WALTON CHEESBOROUGH
Asheville, N.C.

(Continued on Page 6)

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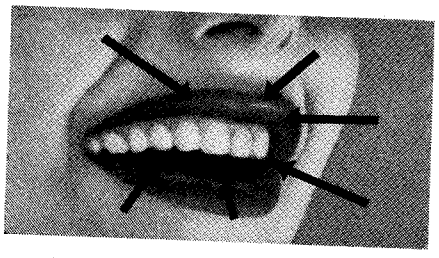
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ...With Just One Brushing!

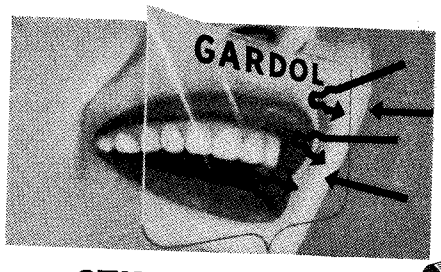
GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS

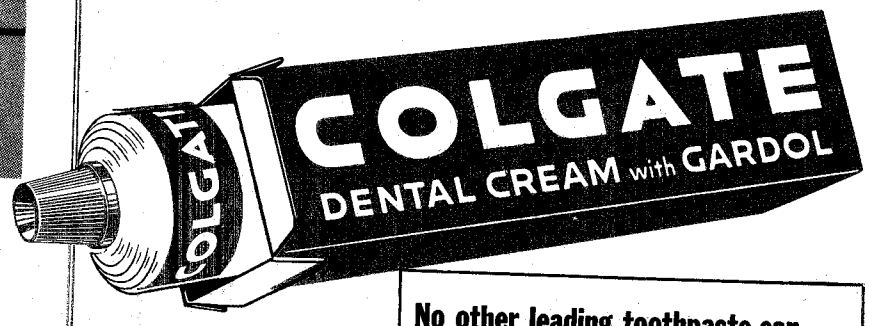


STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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When it comes to Moving, "my line is MAYFLOWER!"

Says **FRED ALLEN**
Author of "Treadmill to Oblivion"

Mayflower provides thorough, dependable protection, whether you move or store. They guard your prized possessions with quality cartons and packing materials, specially designed pads and covers, and a snug, weathertight van. Ask your nearby Mayflower Warehouseman for a free estimate. It's the thrifty way to move.

Watching every move you make!

● MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MOVING DAY KIT TO
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NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

Know your near-by Mayflower Warehouseman *consult your telephone directory*

Mayflower Warehouses

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO. NATION-WIDE FURNITURE MOVERS

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Gas Price Controls

Dear Sirs:

It was most heart-warming to note in the January 21 issue that the Post has taken such a forthright stand in favor of the Harris-Fulbright Bill which would free the nation's independent gas producers from Federal regulation [editorial, IF GAS PRODUCERS CAN BE REGULATED, SO CAN THE CORNER GROCER]. . . .

BAIRD H. MARKHAM
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . If gas costs rose so little between 1928 and 1954 (¼ as much as the cost of living) why are the producers now so worried about the price which the Government will fix?

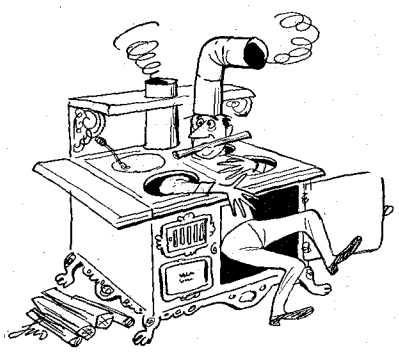
FRED PHILPITT
Washington, D.C.

Wood Stoves, Phooey!

Dear Sirs:

I'm only half kidding when I say that I have a strong impulse to wrap one of those "wonderful old stoves" [Letters, Jan. 21, referring to editorial, THE OLD KITCHEN STOVE WAS A REFUGE FOR CHILLED BOYS] around the head of every man who sniffles at their passing.

Yes, my grandmother used one, my mother used one, and when I was married 25 years ago I got my baptism of fire. I've taken a bath in front of one and



had it rise up and smite me while I was appropriately bent over. Which action, I must admit, aroused enough blood pressure to melt the icicle forming on my nose. . . .

Oh, yes, they *were* (thank God!) wonderful old stoves. Just ask the gals who owned one.

All hail, then, to those smart fellows who invented the gas and electric range and central heating.

MRS. DONALD CAMP
Middletown, Ohio

Franklin's Wit

Dear Sirs:

I have been reading the article . . . about Benjamin Franklin [WIT WAS HIS WEAPON, by Arnold Nicholson, Jan. 21]. The article mentions Franklin's "Advice on the Choice of a Mistress." After dangling such a juicy morsel in front of the eyes, you perversely refused to give the 1st seven of them. Whereas I am of the wrong sex to take a mistress—I am, nevertheless, curious to know the rest of Franklin's advice. . . .

MRS. H. G. SKIDMORE
Forest Hills, N.Y.

● *The letter is too long to print, but here are some excerpts:*

". . . Marriage is the proper remedy . . . but if you will not take this counsel . . . you should prefer old women to young ones. . . .

Because they have more knowledge of the world. . . .

Because when women cease to be handsome they study to be good. To maintain their influence over men, they supply the diminution of beauty by augmentation of utility.

Because through experience they are more prudent . . .

. . . in the dark all cats are gray. . .

But still I advise you to marry directly. . . ." *ED.*

Dear Sirs:

"Fish and visitors STINK in 3 days" says my copy of Poor Richard's Almanac—Post, 1-21-56, page 53 reads "smell in 3 days." Then you print "timid editors" and "drawn the teeth and pared the nail," etc.

Thanks for a quiet smile. . . .

STEWART LAWRENCE
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . You have whetted my appetite for reading more about Franklin. . . .

ARTHUR GAINES
New York, N.Y.

Wonderful City

Dear Sirs:

The article on Florence in the Cities of the World series (No. 16), in your issue of 21 January, 1956, by Ernest O. Hauser, was almost as good as a personally conducted tour. . . .

GUY D'AULBY
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . My only complaint would be the caption under the picture of Piazza della Signoria. The caption identifies the statue at the left as Michelangelo's David. This is not true, as the original was moved in 1873 from the Piazza della Signoria to the Gallery of the Accademia in order to protect it from the elements. . . .

MRS. JOHN P. BURKE
Alexandria, Va.

● *The text gave the correct location of the original David; the photograph showed a copy, as the caption failed to point out.* *ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Slim Aarons. • 24–Coordination, Eugene Kammerman. • 25–Eugene Kammerman, Coordination, Paul Buisson. • 26, 27–Mortimer Wilson. • 28–Gene Lester. • 29–Two anonymous; Brown Brothers, Culver, two anonymous; Brown Brothers, Penguin, The Curtis Publishing Company. • 30–John Fernie. • 31–Mainichi Newspapers. • 32, 33–Arthur Griffin. • 34–George Burns. • 35–Two by Bob and Ira Spring; Dick Irvin. • 36–U.S. Army. • 37–Paul Nonnast. • 38–Two from Jackson and Perkins; George Burns. 39–Two by George Burns; Gene Lester, George Burns. • 40, 41–Ernest Chiriaka. 42–George X. Sand. • 43–Three by Charles Ebbetts; George X. Sand. • 44, 45–Earl Mayan. • 49–Austin Briggs. • 78–Gene Lester. • 132–Anonymous, T. P. Wyatt, George Burns, Gene Lester, Frank Ross.

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CLEARFIELD

Two compartments . . . Two work surfaces
The enamel is acid-resisting clear through

THE CLEARFIELD kitchen sink has specific advantages that save work and wear.

The enamel, as on all Kohler sinks, is acid-resisting and is fused to a base of non-flexing iron, *cast* for rugged strength and rigidity. Construction is one-piece, without joints.

Compartments are deep—full size—with sanitary, self-draining, easy-to-clean work surfaces.

The chromium-plated brass fitting, sturdy and reliable, has a high-arched spout that simplifies the filling of receptacles, and a sprayer for rinsing.

Kohler Duostrainers make the compartments water-retaining; removable cup strainers collect solid waste.

There are styles and sizes of Kohler sinks to suit any space or preference—in white or color. Write for illustrated booklet 5-J.

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin. Established 1873.

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STAR PERFORMERS WITH SAVING WAYS

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SHORTEST STROKE V8 IN THE INDUSTRY—BAR NONE!

EASIEST RIDING truck in the world is the all-new Studebaker Transtar! Low center of gravity . . . two-stage rear springs give you a *passenger-car* ride—even across open fields! EASIEST ON EYES, too, with new two-tone color treatment in '56 colors on all models! See the entire line of Transtars at your Studebaker dealer's now.

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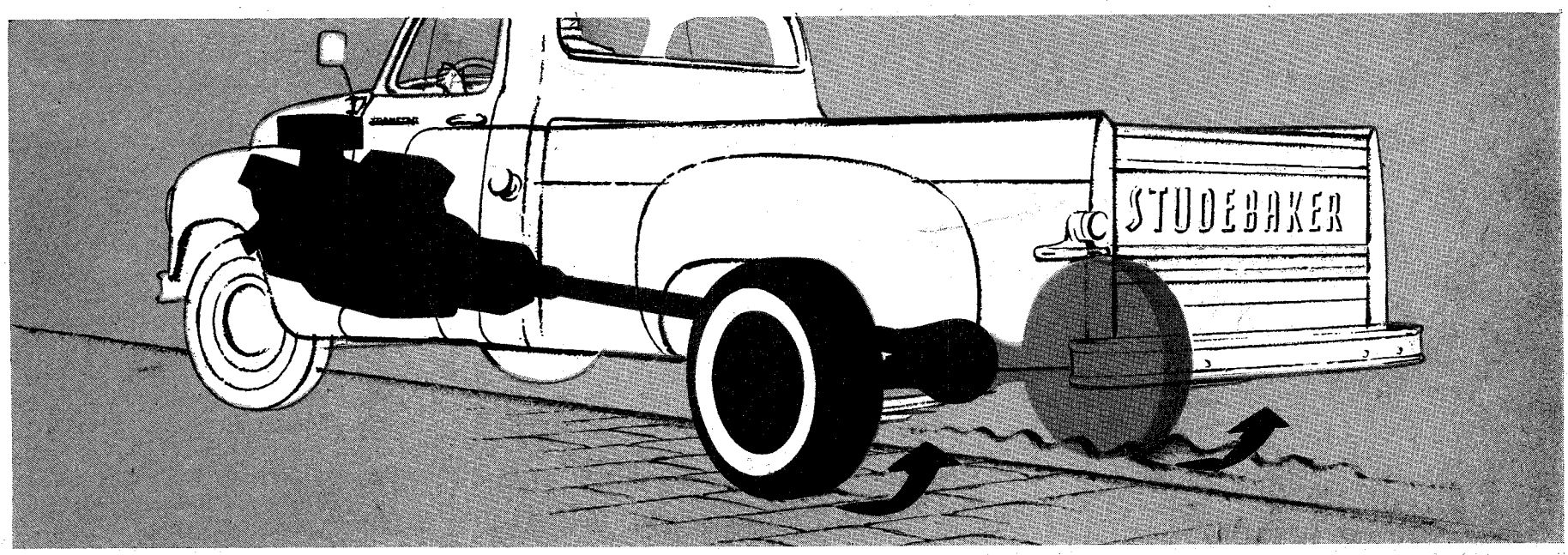
956 STUDEBAKER TRANSTARS

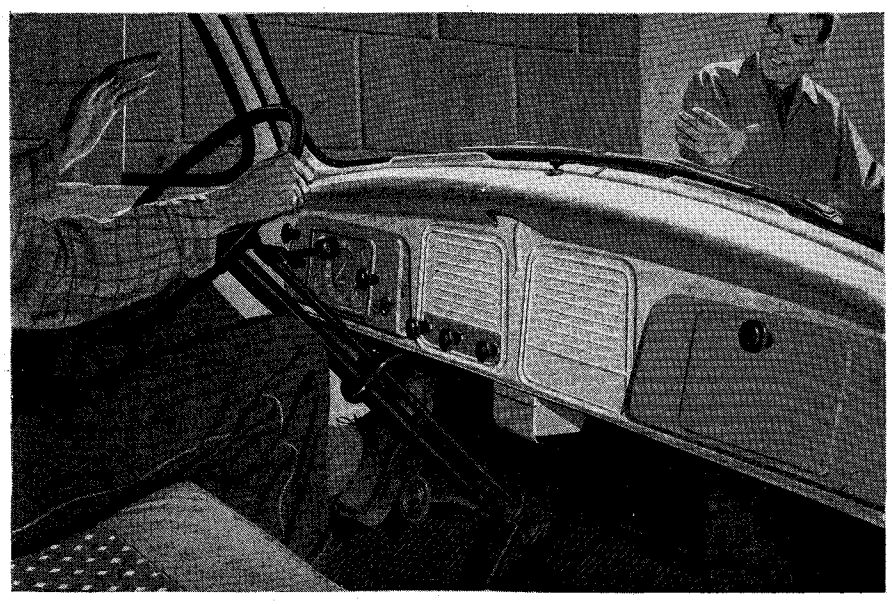
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Introducing another Studebaker Truck "first"—the production-installed Twin-Traction differential. It puts power to both driving wheels —even in sand, snow, mud or on ice!

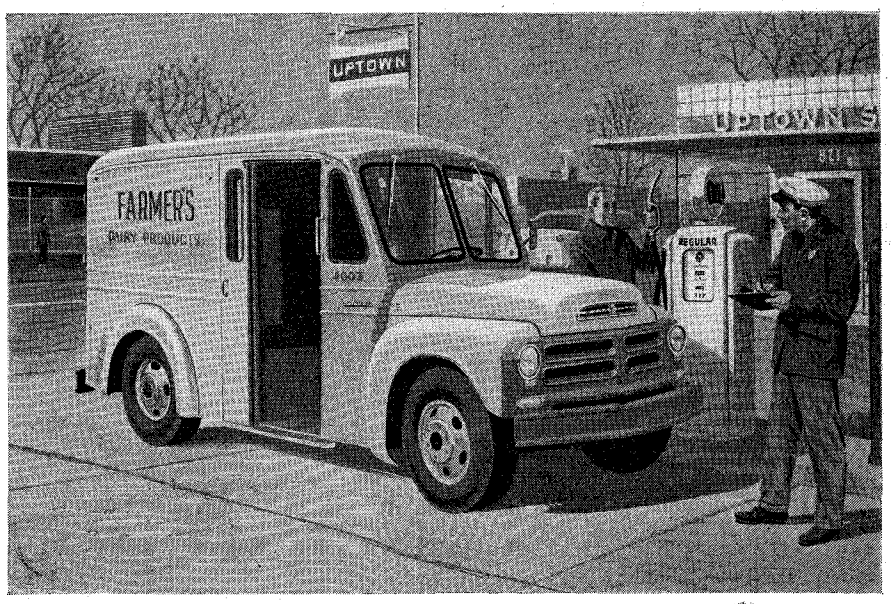


SUREST GOING. With Twin-Traction, the latest positive type truck differential in the industry, Studebaker Transtars get you through where the going is toughest. In sand, mud, or snow, or on ice, it puts tractive power where it's needed, eliminating spin and "hang-up". Improves highway handling at high speeds, on turns, over rough pavement, too. Available on half-ton models only.*

EASIEST LOADING. Here's where Studebaker outdoes them all—with new, wider pick-up boxes in ½-¾-1 ton series, featuring double-strength, double-shell construction that *eliminates wheel well obstructions.* From wall to wall, all space at floor level is usable for extra capacity that means fewer trips, bigger payloads! Widest stake bodies and extra-low floor bed to cut down lifting distance and effort, too!



EASIEST HANDLING. Wide, distortion-free windshield gives you pilot visibility; cross-link, variable ratio steering makes handling easier and surer—in straight-line driving and short-arc turning, as well. Passenger car-position steering wheel, too. Full-width rear window is standard . . . and Studebaker provides a shoulder-wide side window you can lean out of, for close-quarter maneuvering!



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*Extra cost equipment

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Editorials

Democracy Doesn't Grow on Totem Poles

Universal adult suffrage may be taken for granted in America or Europe, where it is backed by more than a century of free education and a free press. But in areas where illiteracy runs over 80 per cent, the passion for seeing to it that everybody votes becomes little more than a fetish.

Indonesia's general elections began on September twenty-ninth and were to proceed, district by district, until the end of 1955. In January it was reported that delays would put off the final result until February or March. This, of course, only recognized practical difficulties of time and space in a nation of 81,000,000 people scattered through an archipelago with very primitive communications.

But no one admitted the equally practical difficulty of eliciting even a moderately informed political judgment from a totally uninformed citizen. There were stories, reported with pride, of electoral teams penetrating the jungle and flushing out innocent headhunters, so that they, too, might register a choice among an array of parties that baffled the analytical powers of veteran Far East correspondents.

Tales came out, too, of simple tribesmen bringing humble offerings of rice and dried fish, to placate the strange new demigods in the ballot boxes. Mere superstition, of course. Yet who was more superstitious, the unlettered savage or the doctrinaire politician, persuaded that, by some magic, mere nose counting could bring forth an expression of the national will?

In a fully developed country, the roll of eligible voters runs about 50 per cent of the population. But in every nation of the West where representative government is established, suffrage has been extended by gradual steps, more or less keeping pace with the spread of popular education. When the Federal Government of the United States was founded in 1789, adults eligible to vote were not more than 10 per cent of the population. The road to full adult suffrage was long and arduous, not because our forefathers did not believe in representative government, but because they felt instinctively that voting was a responsible function.

It is the fashion in some quarters to talk about restrictions on the right to vote, in the early days of the republic, as if they were part of a cunning plot to keep down the poor. Much the same delusion exists today among the partisans of universal suffrage in grossly underdeveloped countries. Yet it is hardly a kindness to superimpose sophisticated political institutions on a backward people. The result can be foreseen as a field day for the Kremlin carpetbaggers of the Orient.

In laying the foundations of representative government, our ancestors, the Jeffersons as well as the Hamiltons, would as soon have gone into the woods and polled the turkeys and the bears as extend an indiscriminate right to vote from the very beginning. Yet that is supposed to be a test of the validity of democracy in Asia today. No wonder the communists have easy pickings wherever they have a chance to disrupt a system built on sand.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Giveaway Program With a String Attached.

Many Union Men Would Rather Work Than Picket!

One phenomenon which bothers union leaders is the disposition of many wage earners to resist union membership and the "union shop" when they suspect they aren't getting value received. Thanks to provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, workers who feel that way are privileged to kick the union out of a plant simply by voting to do so. This has happened more frequently than might be supposed.

For example, the employees at the Perfect Circle Corporation's plants in Richmond and Hagerstown, Indiana, voted to "decertify" Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers as their bargaining agent. The verdict by workers at three Perfect Circle plants in these two towns was undoubtedly affected by violence which had occurred at the company's foundry in New Castle, nearby. Following the rebuff at Richmond and Hagerstown, the UAW in Chicago signed a contract for the New Castle plant which, notably, does not include the "union shop." These mass attacks by mobs upon workers in plants indicate the failure of efforts to persuade them to desert their jobs for the picket line.

The Taft-Hartley Act also affirms the right of employees in interstate commerce to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing—or to *refrain* from such activities. Thus, in carefully umpired plant elections using the secret ballot, the employee may vote against being represented by a union. Or, if 30 per cent of workers on the payroll sign a petition to get the thing started, he can vote to decertify the union already representing him. Under other provisions of the law, workers can vote for "union-shop deauthorization," so that the union will be the bargaining agent, but only those who wish to do so will have to join and pay dues.

The National Labor Relations Board publishes quarterly figures on all these election results. They are quite enlightening. They show that, for one three-month period, July 1 to September 30, 1955, about 70 per cent of the individuals voting in these elections favored union membership. At the same time AFL unions lost in 348 out of 828 elections in which they were involved, and won in 480. CIO unions participated in 404 elections, won 242, lost 162. Independent unions—which aren't in the recent big merger and could include the much-maligned "company union"—did about as well as the AFL-CIO, winning 85 and losing only 49 in 134 factory polls.

In the 38 decertification elections reported by NLRB for the above period, 28 resulted in the union being ousted. Only three deauthorization elections were reported, but it may be significant that in two out of these three, the unions got deauthorized. That is, new men who come on the payroll don't have to join the union if they don't want to. If these elections mean anything, the rank and file of workers are not so anxious to have their choice of a union made for them as the union leaders would have us believe.

The figures given here cover only one three-month period, but over-all returns for the year so far have been similar. Thus, out of a total of 3475 NLRB

(Continued on Page 12)

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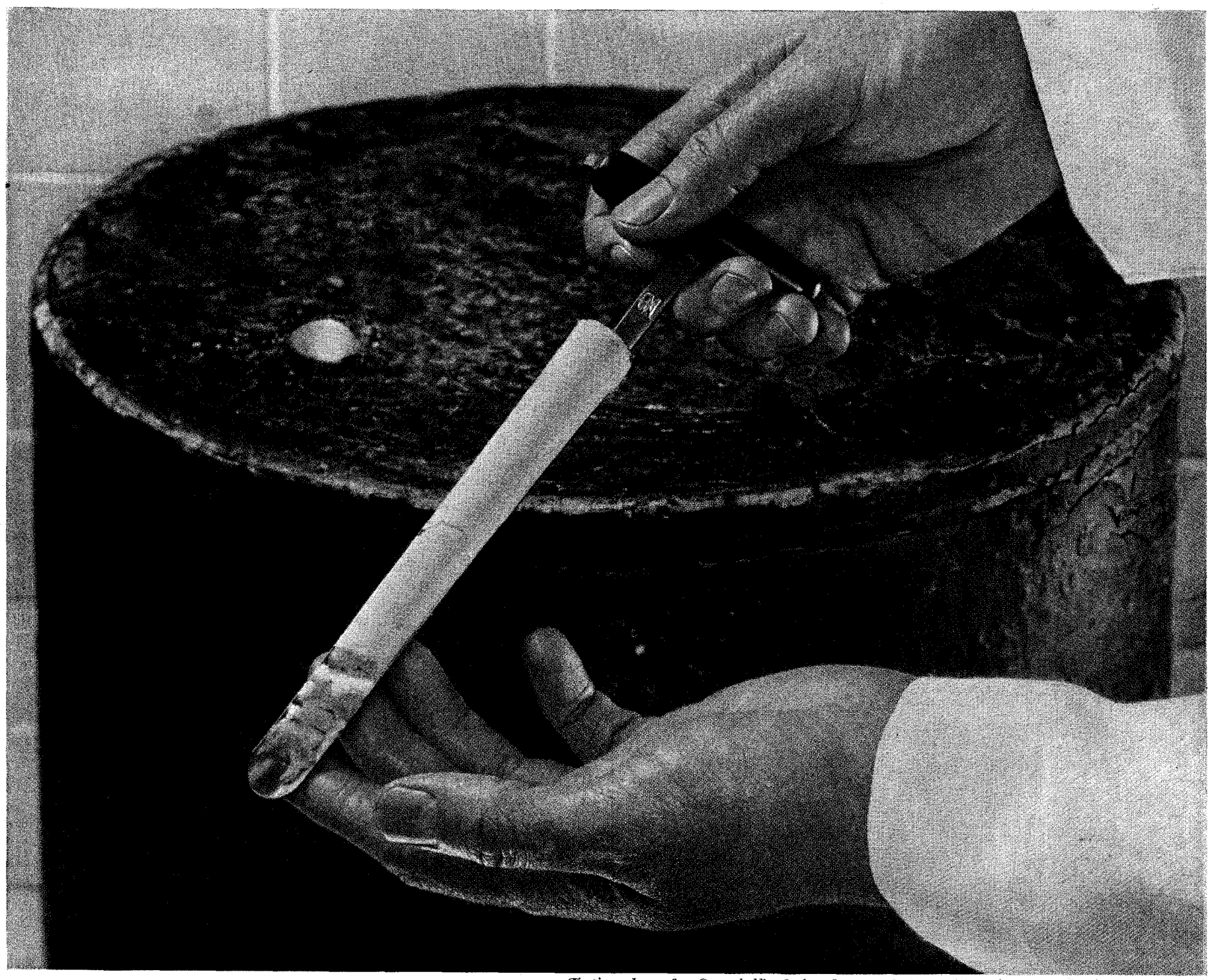


Testing cheese for Campbell's Onion Soup and Franco-American Spaghetti and Macaroni

Campbell Cheese

Black-coated, shelf-cured cheddar, and only the best of that

This is how an experienced cheese man selects the finest cheddar cheese for our Campbell and Franco-American Products:

He starts by plugging the cheese with an instrument like an apple corer. This takes out a 6- or 8-inch piece which the tester sniffs and tastes to judge the cheese for texture and clean flavor.

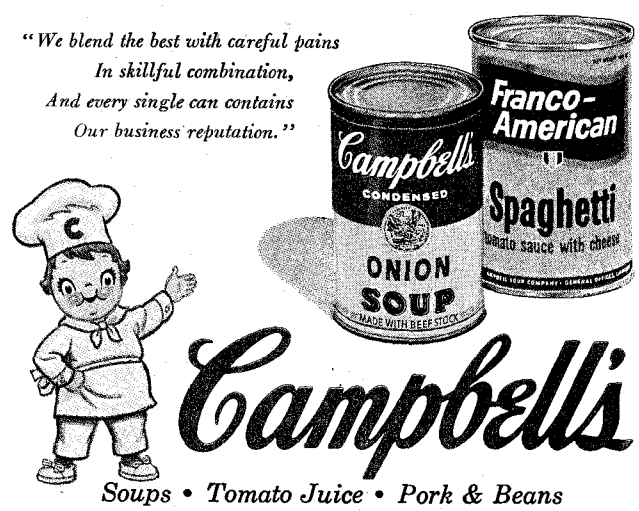
The black-coated cheese you see him testing is a rather rare delicacy seldom found in stores. It's shelf-cured in a costly, time-taking way that makes it pretty expensive and difficult to produce in large quantities.

Each choice cheese has to be hand-turned every second or third day while it is curing. It must be cured for about four months without a waxed covering to allow it to develop the distinctive character which many fanciers of fine cheese say makes it the best cheddar anybody ever ate. Then it is waxed and put into a cooler until it has been aged for a year to 14 months.

But we don't tell you this story to brag about the fine cheese that goes into Campbell's Onion Soup and Franco-American Products. We tell it because it is typical of the care that Campbell takes to get ingredients that are worthy of the blending skill of our Campbell Chefs.

For at Campbell we deeply believe this: "*To make the best, begin with the best . . . then cook with extra care.*"

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."



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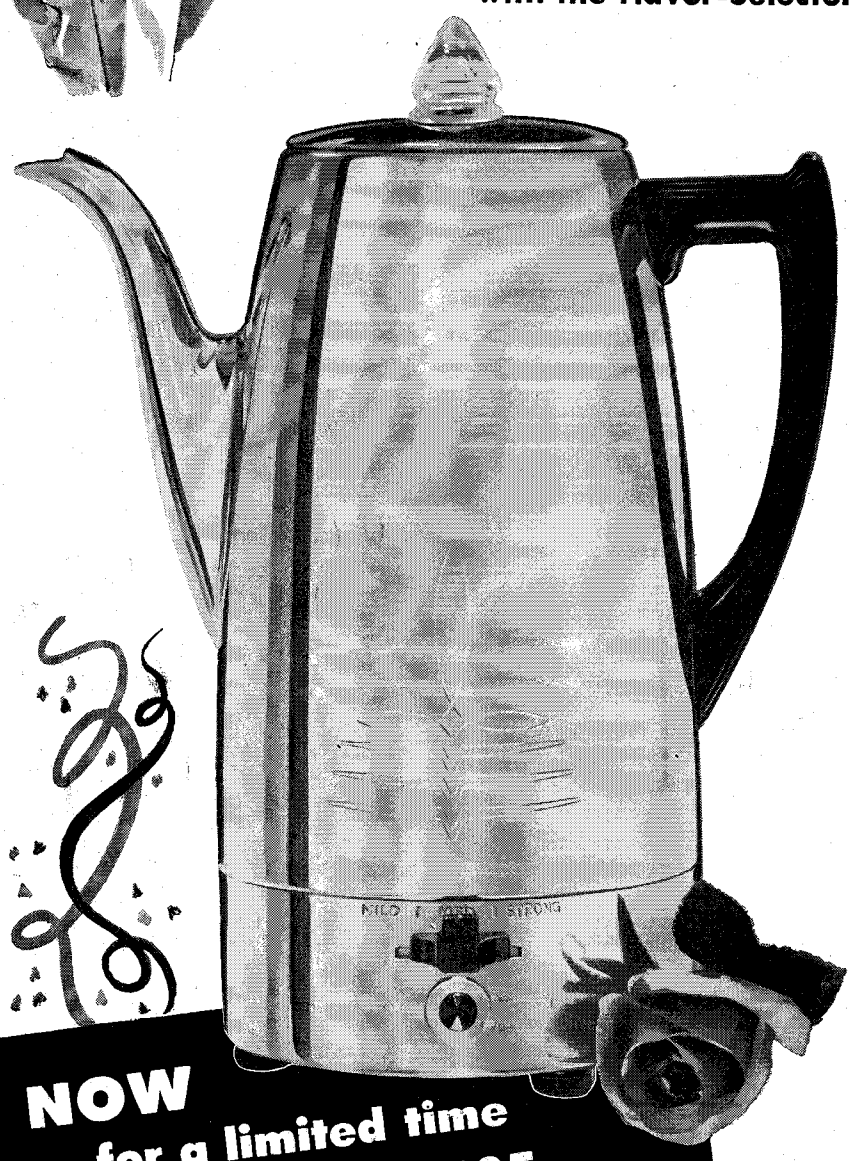

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Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

elections up to September 30, involving union representation, 2336 went in favor of the unions, but in 1139—or about one third—the people in the shops voted against the unions.

Beethoven Wasn't a "People's Composer"

By FELIX WITTMER

Ludwig van Beethoven is often described as a sort of nineteenth-century fellow traveler. Certain concepts of the French Revolution did appeal to him. His opera, Fidelio, and his music for Goethe's play, Egmont, are among the most moving musical expressions of man's longing for liberty.

But was Beethoven really a Jacobin—that is, a "socialist"? We might have more information on the subject had not Anton Schindler, Beethoven's early biographer, destroyed 264 of the composer's more than 400 "conversation books." These recorded the remarks of those who wished to communicate with the deaf composer, as well as observations by Beethoven himself. Schindler cut out all calumnies against "persons of the highest stations."

Beethoven quarreled with everybody, whether of the nobility or the lower orders. The circumstances of his early life were enough to make a misanthrope of anybody. Beethoven's father, a drunken tenor, used to drag the jittery boy out of bed in the middle of the night to make him practice his piano lessons. These early experiences may account for Beethoven's aversion to playing for audiences, even those of his patrons.

Once, in 1809, when a guest of Prince Lichnowsky in Silesia, Beethoven went to bed early, probably after drinking more wine than he should have. A few minutes later the prince entered his bedroom and politely asked him to play for some guests who had just arrived. Beethoven not only refused to play but threatened his host with a chair.

But this magnificent codger didn't like "the little people" either. When he sued the widow of his brother, Karl, for the custody of her son, he fumed at being relegated to the lower courts. "I do not belong with this plebeian mess," he noted in one of the conversation books. The lower courts were for "tavern keepers, cobblers and tailors."

This alleged musical revolutionary seldom displayed any friendliness for his servants. "She is a horrible sow," he wrote of one of them. He usually referred to the maid as "the wench" or "the slut," and to the housekeeper as "the old witch" or "the old vulgar kitchen slattern." Collectively he called his domestics "the stupid canaille," "the dirty vermin" and "the scum of the earth."

Beethoven's antisocial views were probably symptoms of frustration. A perfectionist, Beethoven was dissatisfied with everything and everybody, including himself. He hated most people—especially women, and, most of all, women to whom he was attracted!

Beethoven literally broke down under the burden of his sublime aspirations. It is not remarkable that he was a failure in human relations, a peevish and unbearable tyrant. But what a composer!

On Immigration, See G. Washington!

As in previous Congresses, the effort to break down our immigration barriers by amending the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act is up for discussion. There are all sorts of arguments, the most usual one being that it is supposed to be "unfair" to keep anybody out of the United States, whatever the effect of indiscriminate admissions upon our demographic balance.

One could do worse than read what George Washington had to say about a selective immigration policy.

On January 1, 1788, Washington outlined the kind of immigrants he would permit to qualify as citizens of the United States:

"Under an energetic general government such regulations might be made, and such measures taken, as would render this country the asylum of pacific and industrious characters from all parts of Europe . . . and would draw the wealth and the wealthy men of other nations into our bosom by giving security to property and liberty to the holders."

On November 15, 1795, as President, Washington was more specific:

"My opinion with respect to immigration is that except for useful mechanics and some particular descriptions of men or professions, there is no need of encouragement; while the policy or advantage of its taking place in a body (I mean the settling of them in a body) may be much questioned, for, by so doing they retain the language, habits and principles (good or bad) which they bring with them.

"Whereas by intermixture with our people they, or their descendants, get assimulated to our customs, measures and laws; in a word, soon become one people."

To George Washington it seemed obvious that the country to which immigrants elect to flee should have an equal right to decide which to admit. And there was more room in the U.S.A. of 1795 than there is today!

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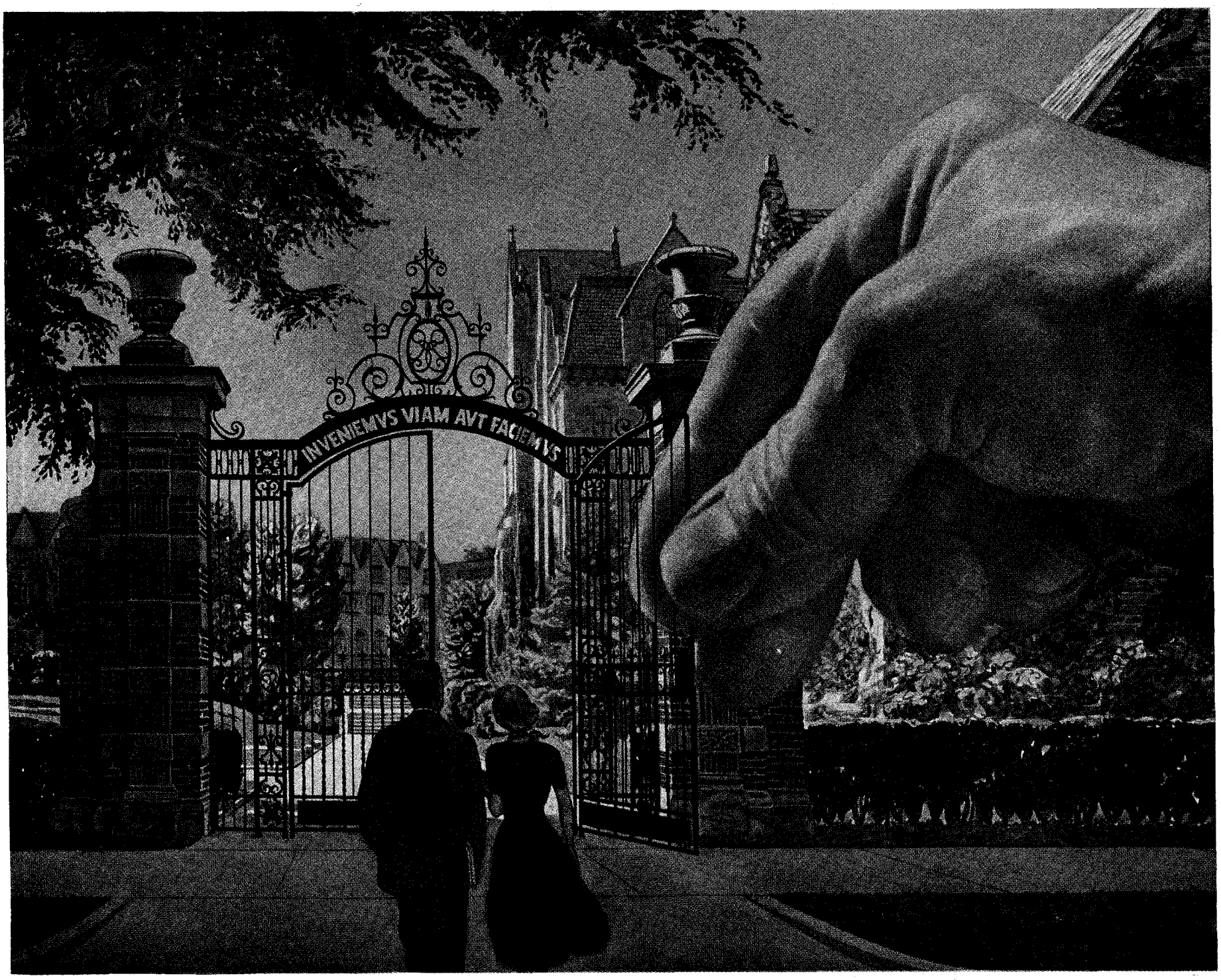

INVENIEMUS VIAM AUT FACIEMUS: "We shall find a way or we shall make one."
—Memorial Gate, University of Pennsylvania

Investing in young America... a progress report

"To HELP deserving young men and women obtain a college education . . . to give financial support to a cross-section of American colleges . . ."

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50 TECHNICAL SCHOLARSHIPS are also available in specific fields of study. They cover the student's tuition and fees for the senior year. In addition, to assist graduate students and to support academic research, Union Carbide offers 66 fellowships and grants-in-aid to universities.

THE PEOPLE OF UNION CARBIDE regard these scholarships as an important contribution to the future and to two of America's priceless assets—its educational system . . . and its youth.

TO LEARN MORE *about the Union Carbide undergraduate scholarships and the colleges and universities in which they have been established, write for Scholarship Plan booklet A.*

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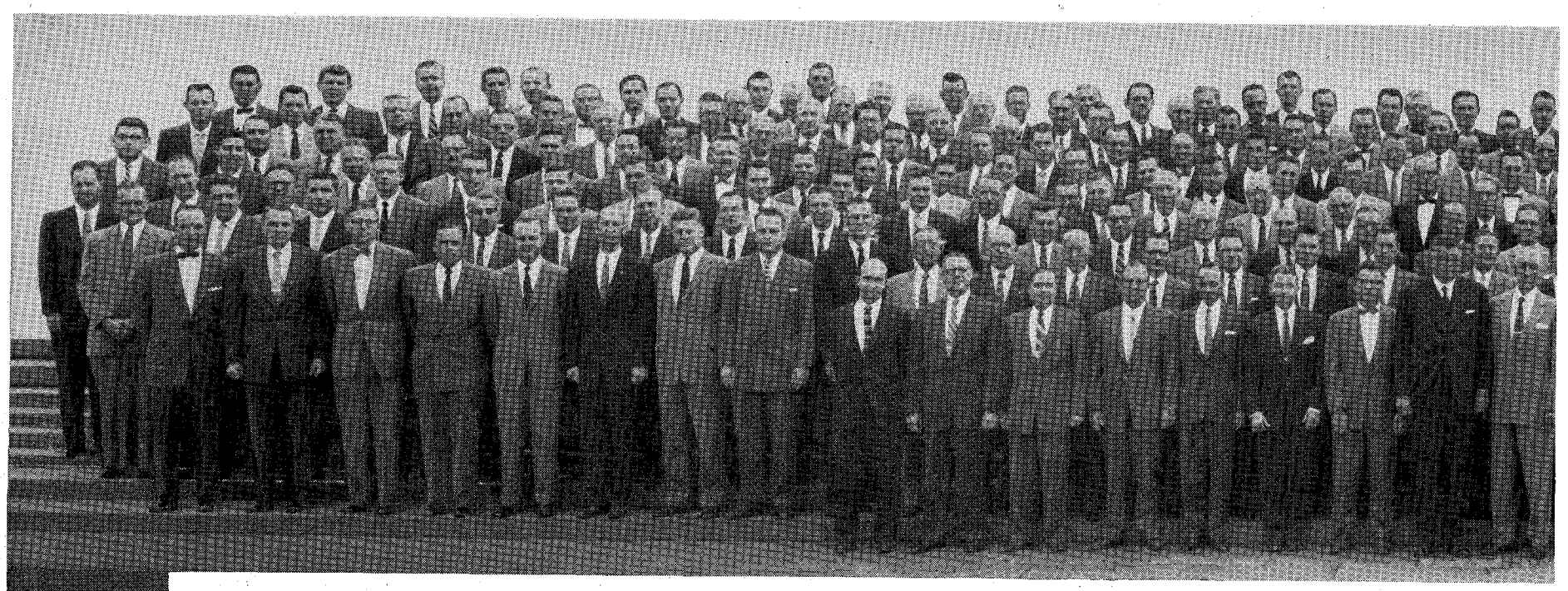

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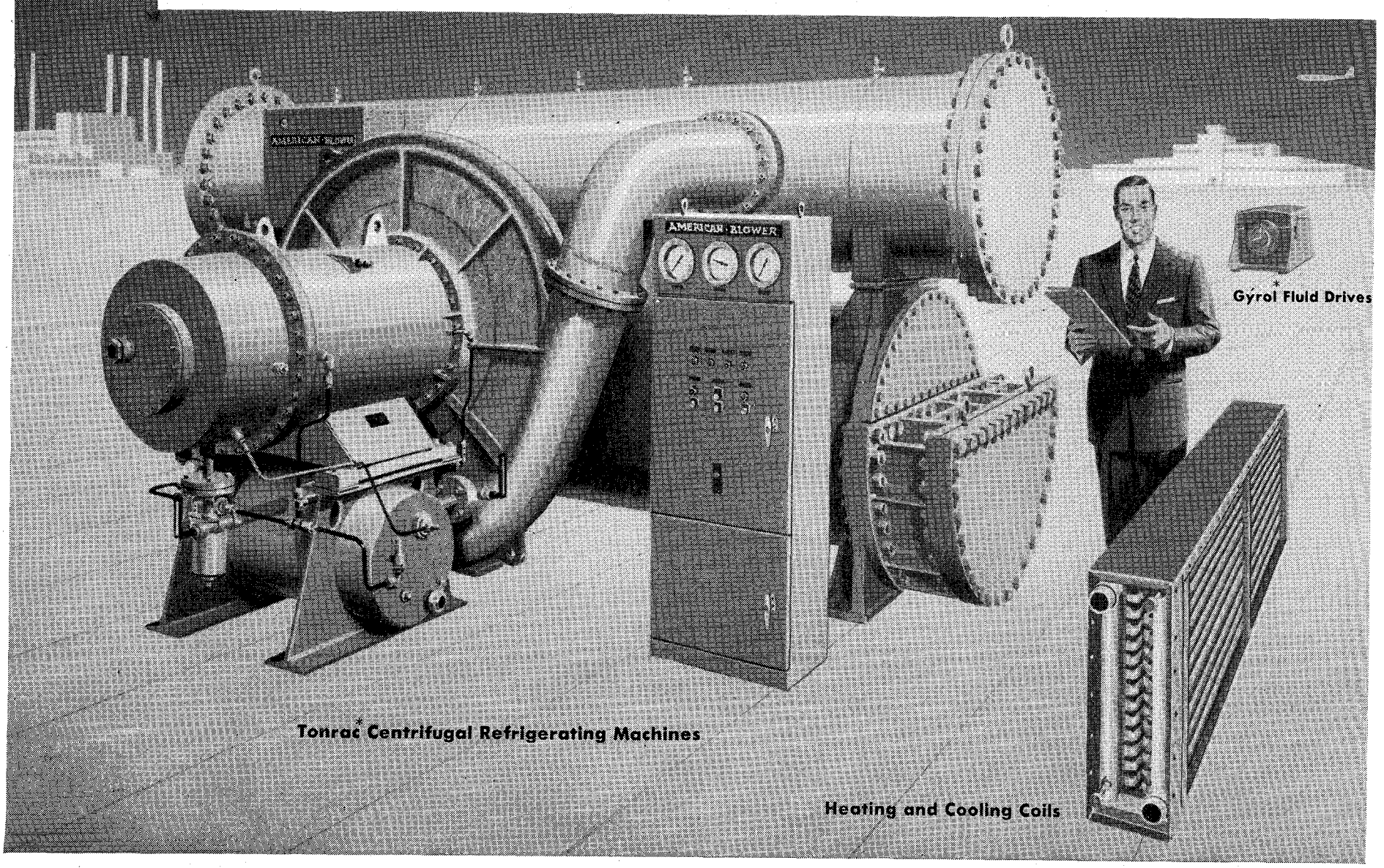

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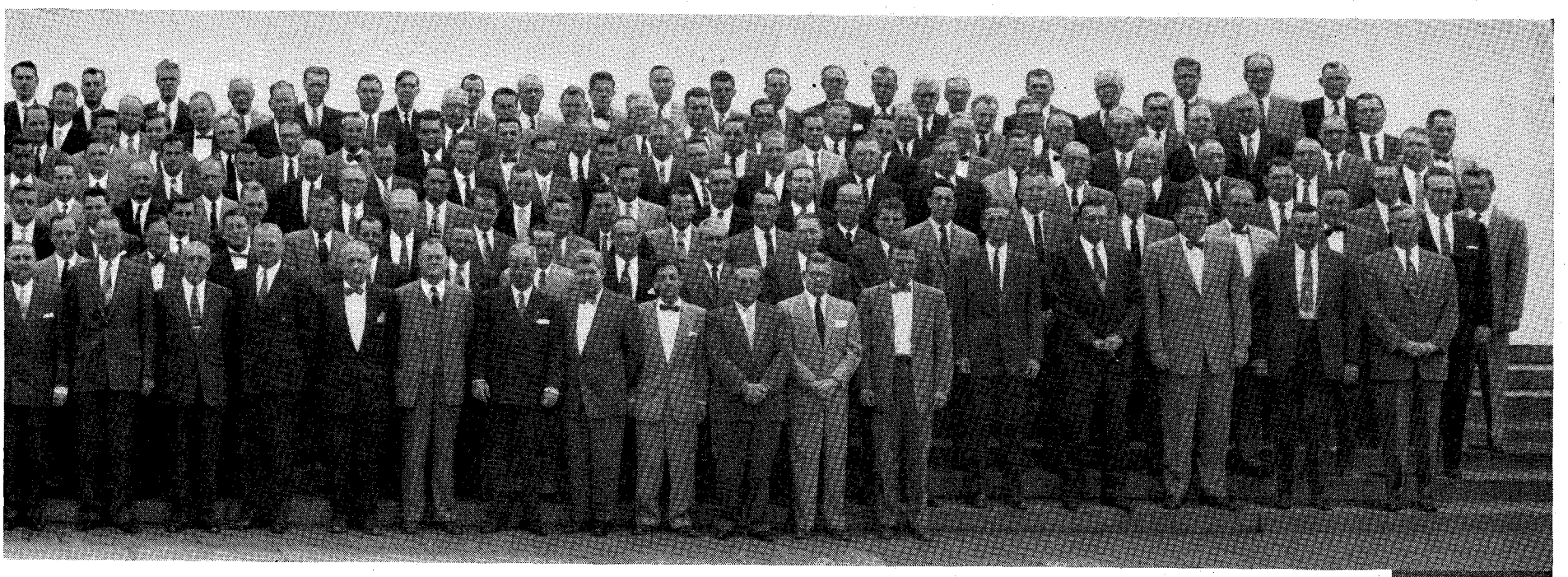

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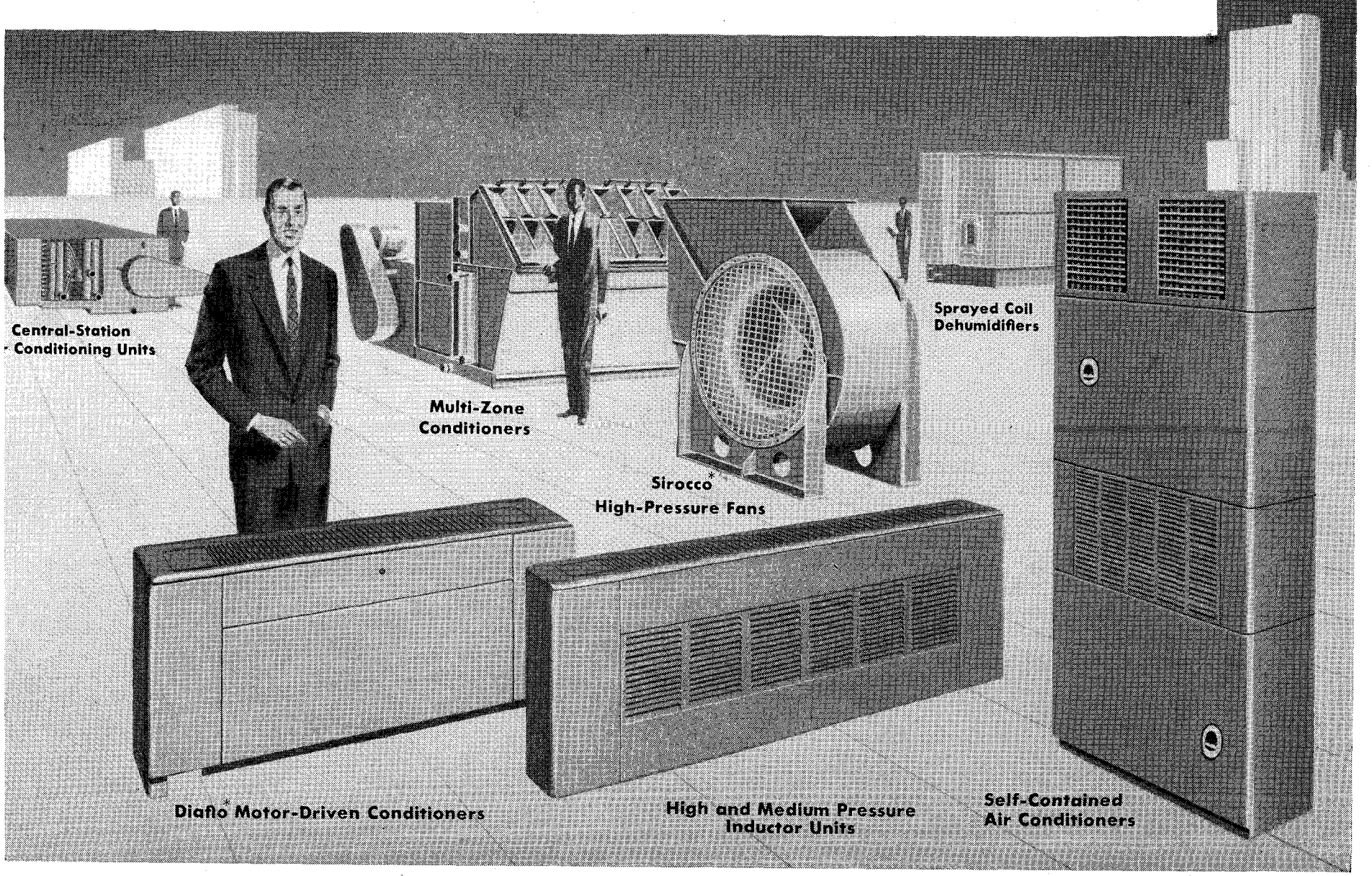

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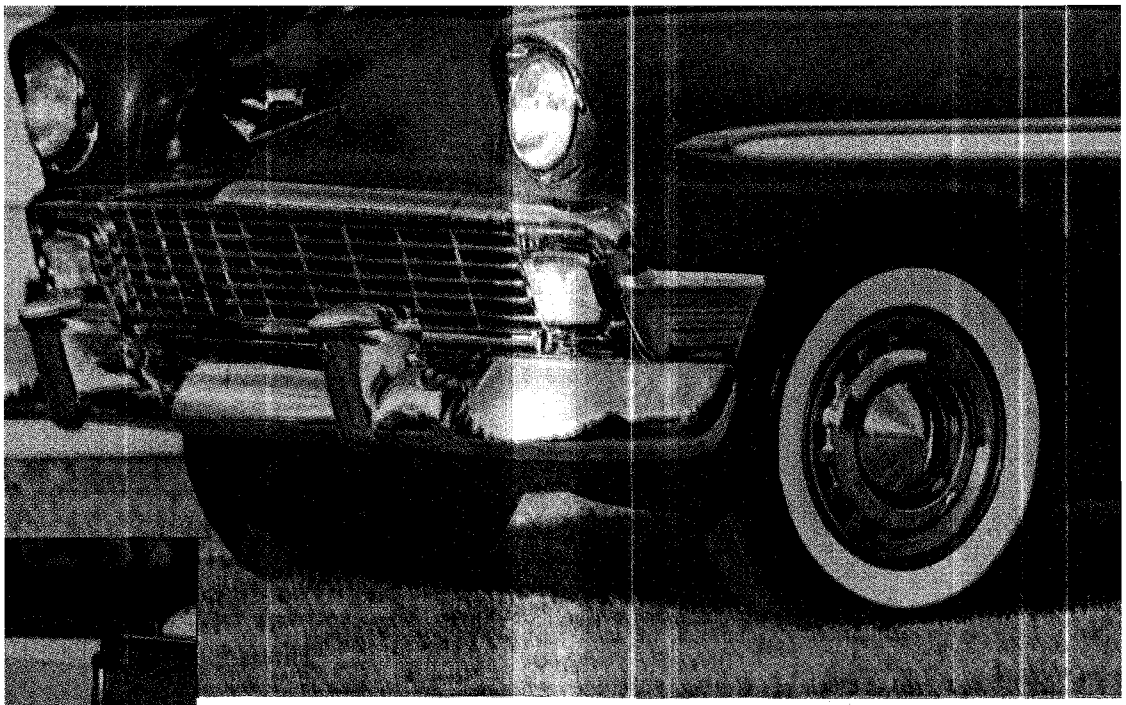
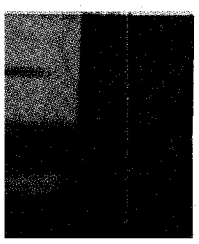


IERE'S MORE

BODY by FISHER

HIND THE DOOR OF A CHEVROLET



The "more," of course, is that represented by the Fisher Body emblem. For it means you are getting all the extra values—fresher line and color—new style advances like the four-door hardtop and panoramic windshield sturdier, safer construction—which only long years of expert car-building plus the latest tools and techniques, can build into a car body.

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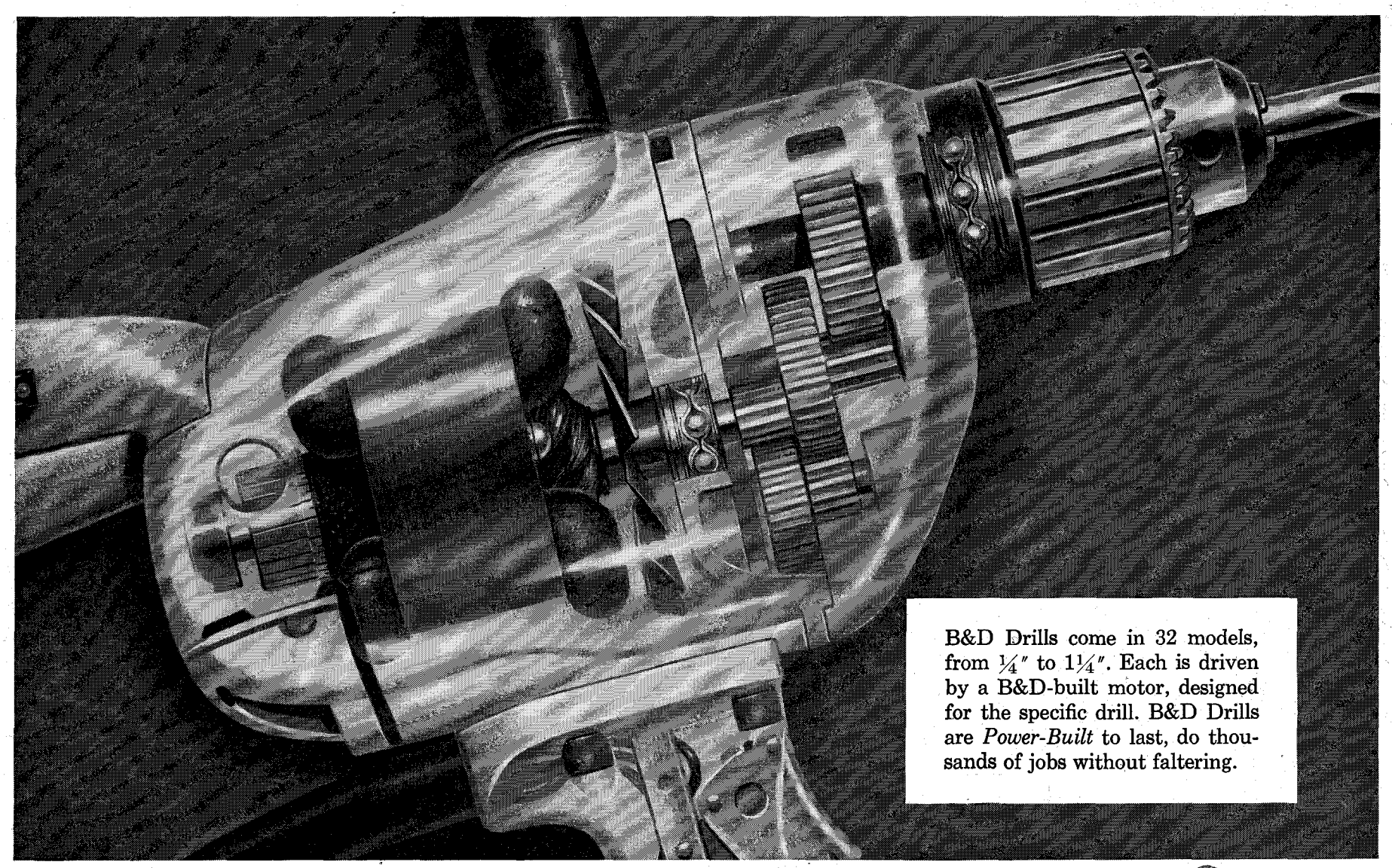
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The Black & Decker line meets every job requirement . . . offering greater power, more compact design, higher speeds and efficiency. Lightweight, with perfect balance and latest safety features. Powered by *B&D-built motors*, Black & Decker tools take tough abuse for *years* of satisfying, economical service!

See your B&D distributor, or write: THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO., Dept. E-016, Towson 4, Maryland.

B&D Hammers (4 models) *Power-Built* for drilling, chipping, scaling, channeling, gouging, caulking, etc.

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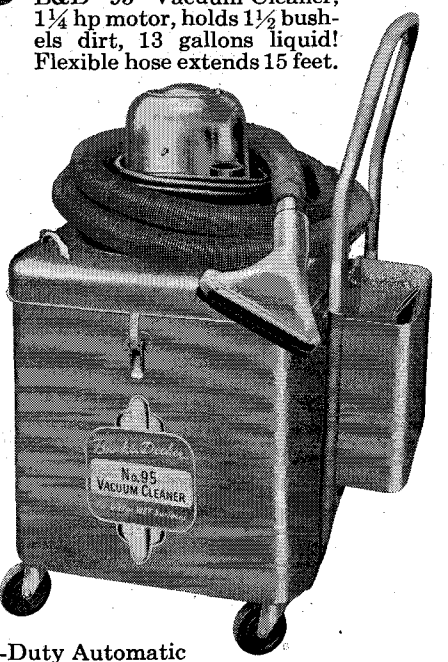

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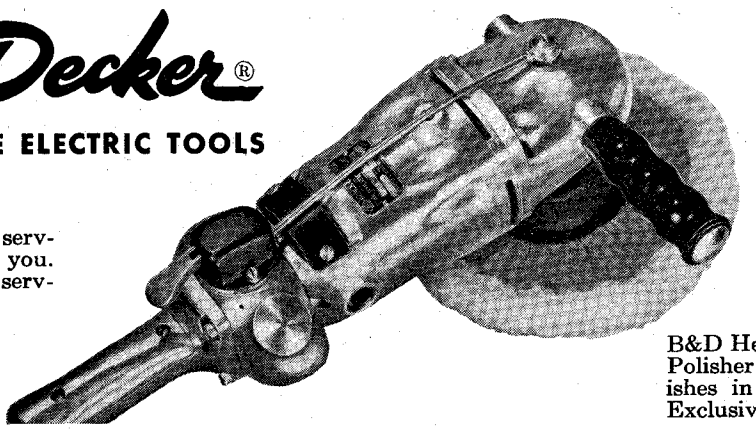

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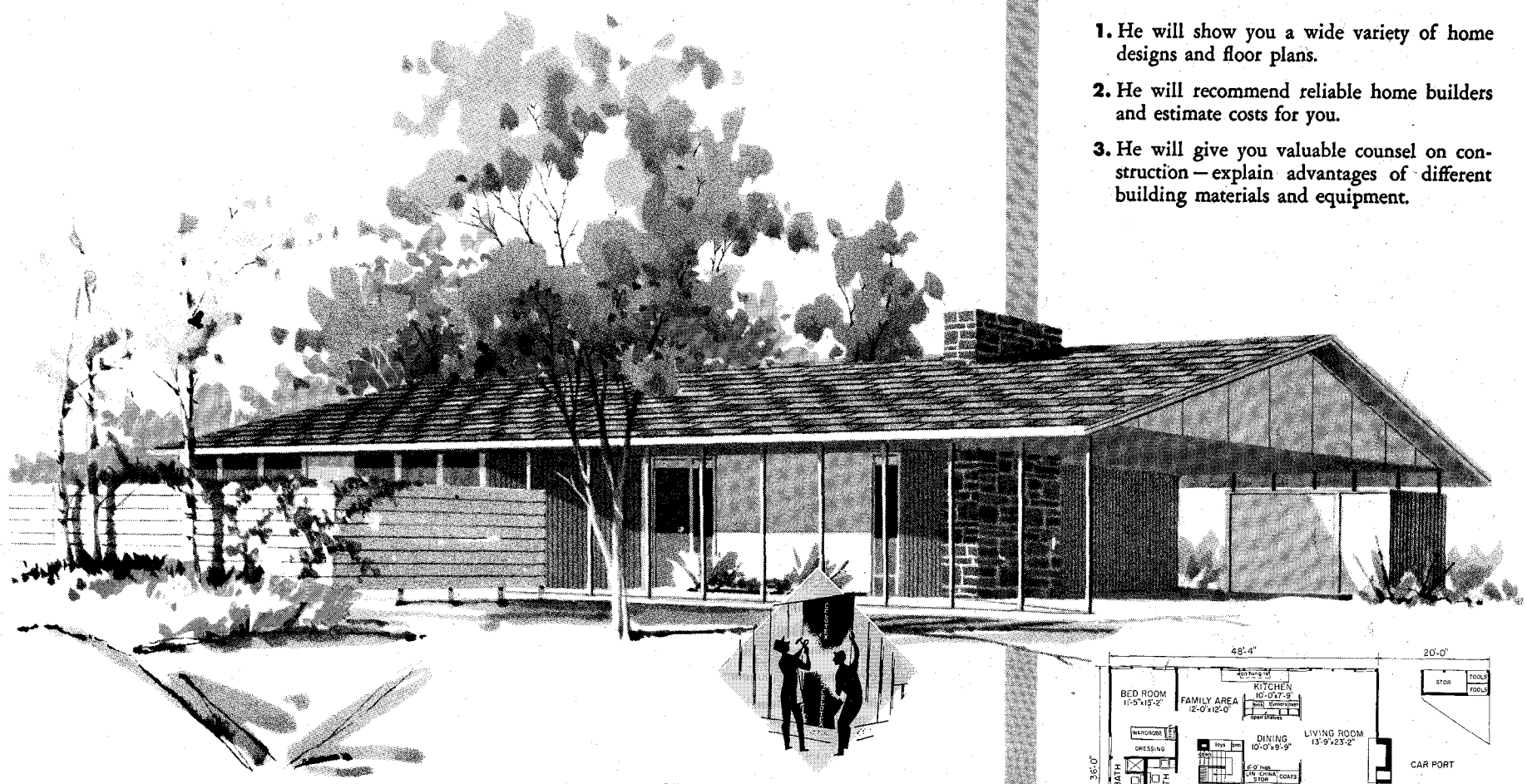

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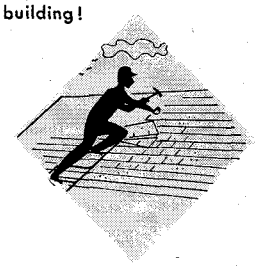

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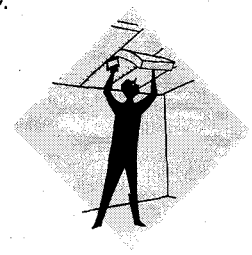

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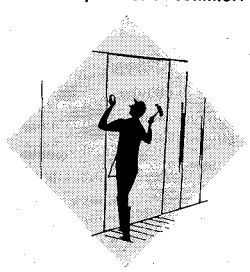

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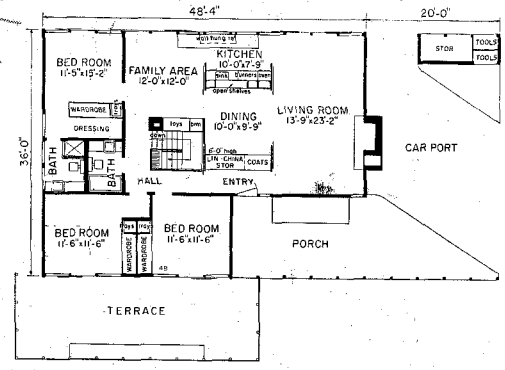

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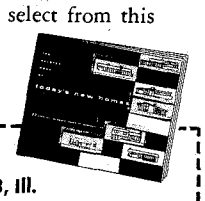

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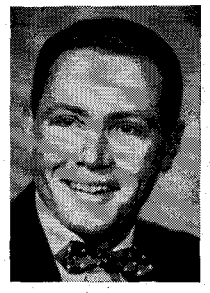

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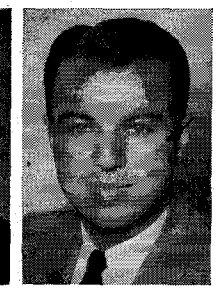

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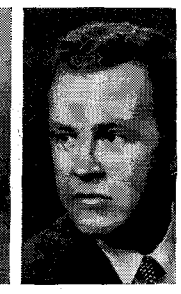

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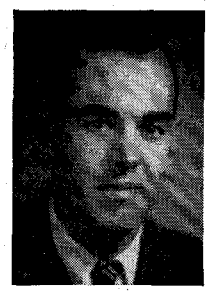

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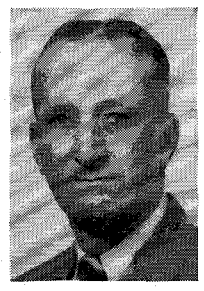

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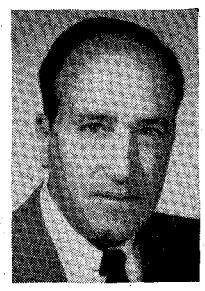

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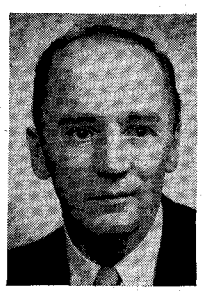

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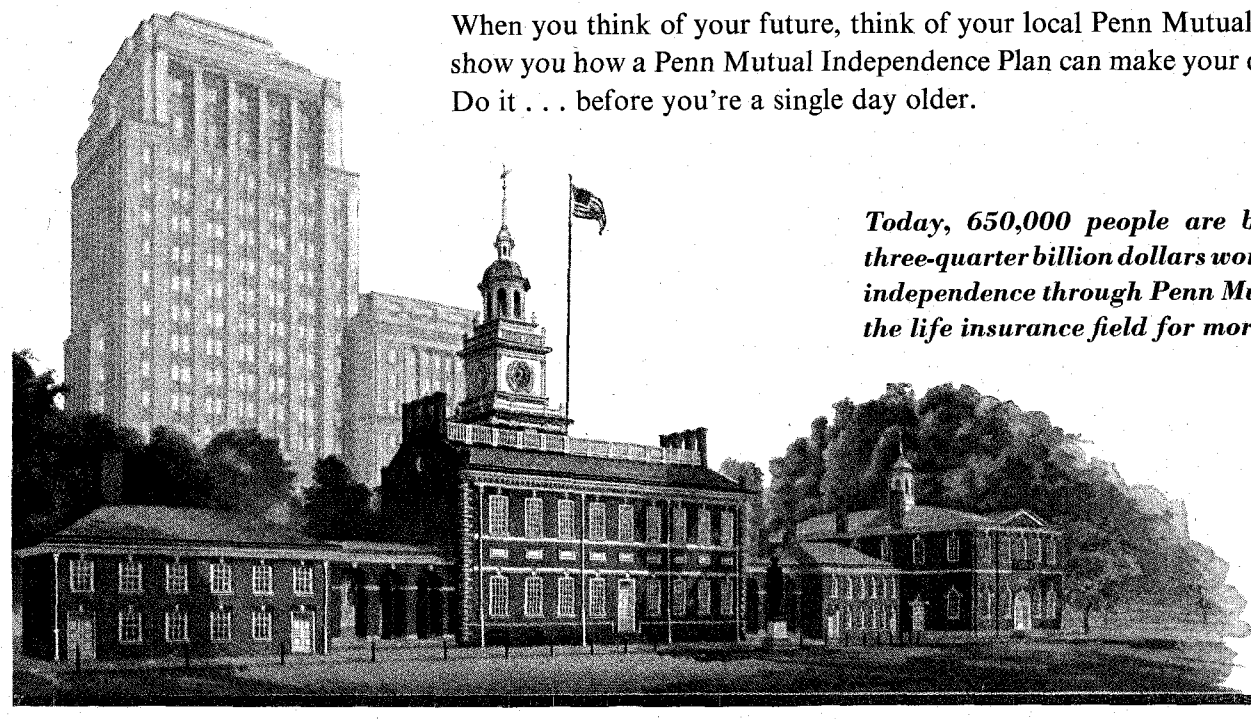

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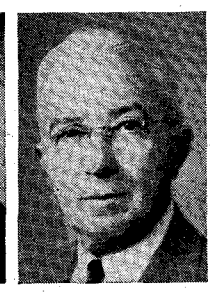

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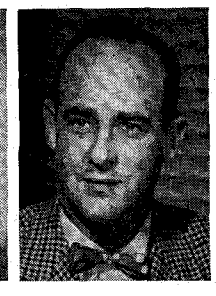

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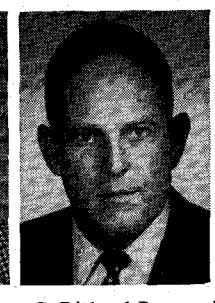

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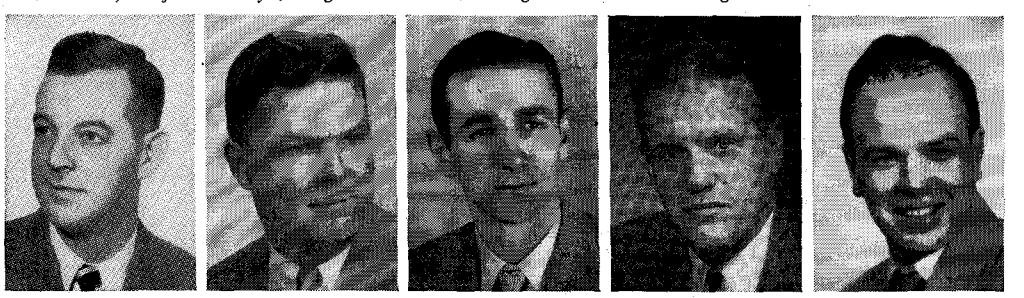

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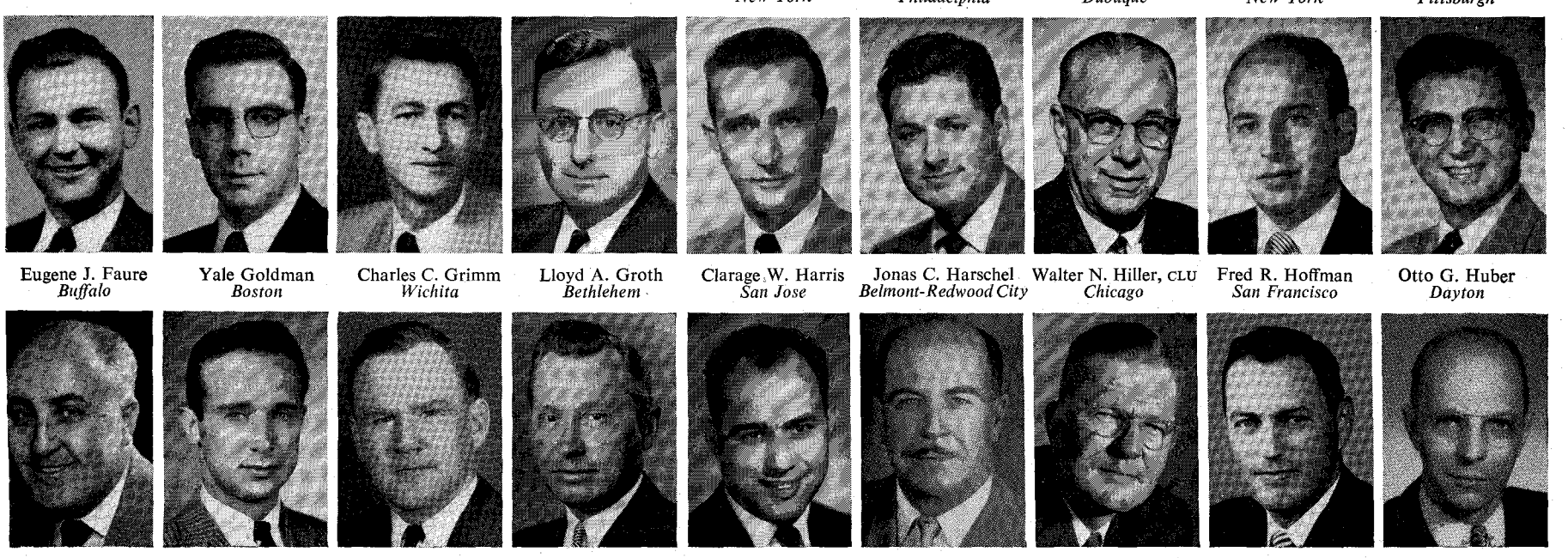

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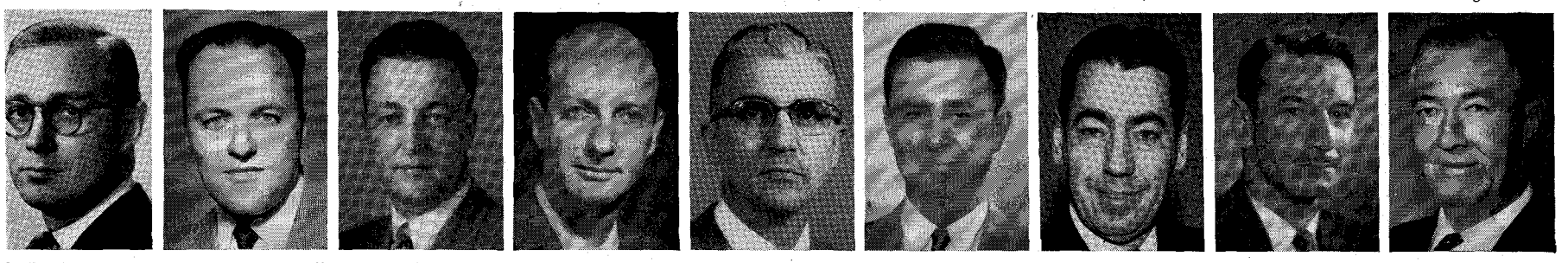

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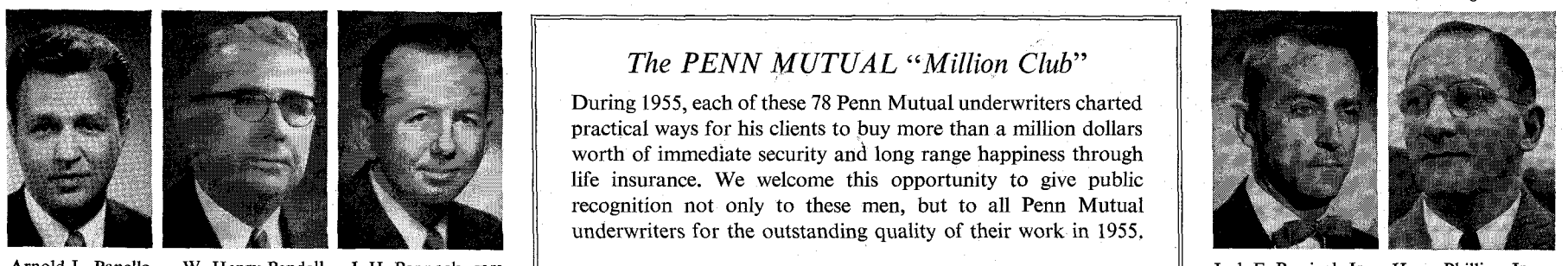

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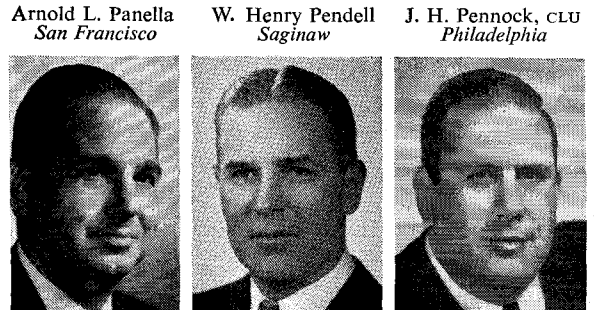

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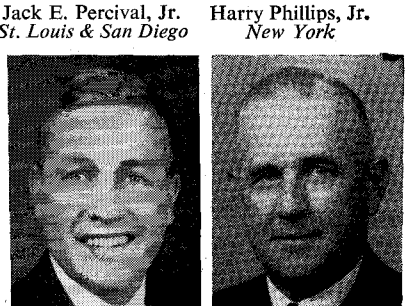

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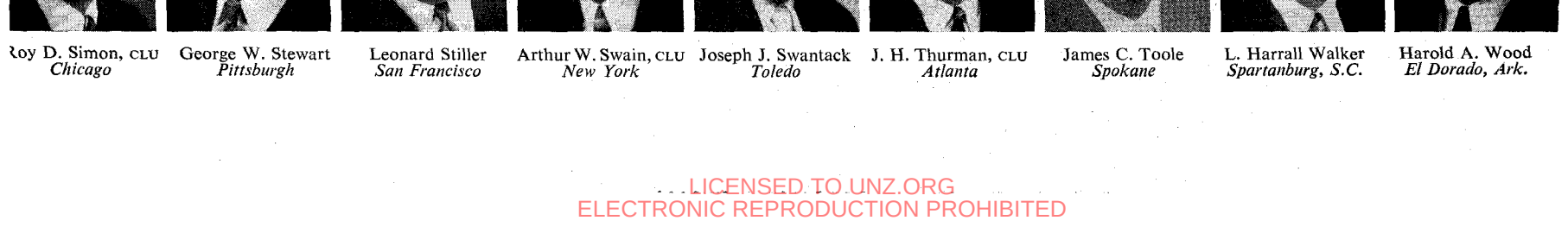

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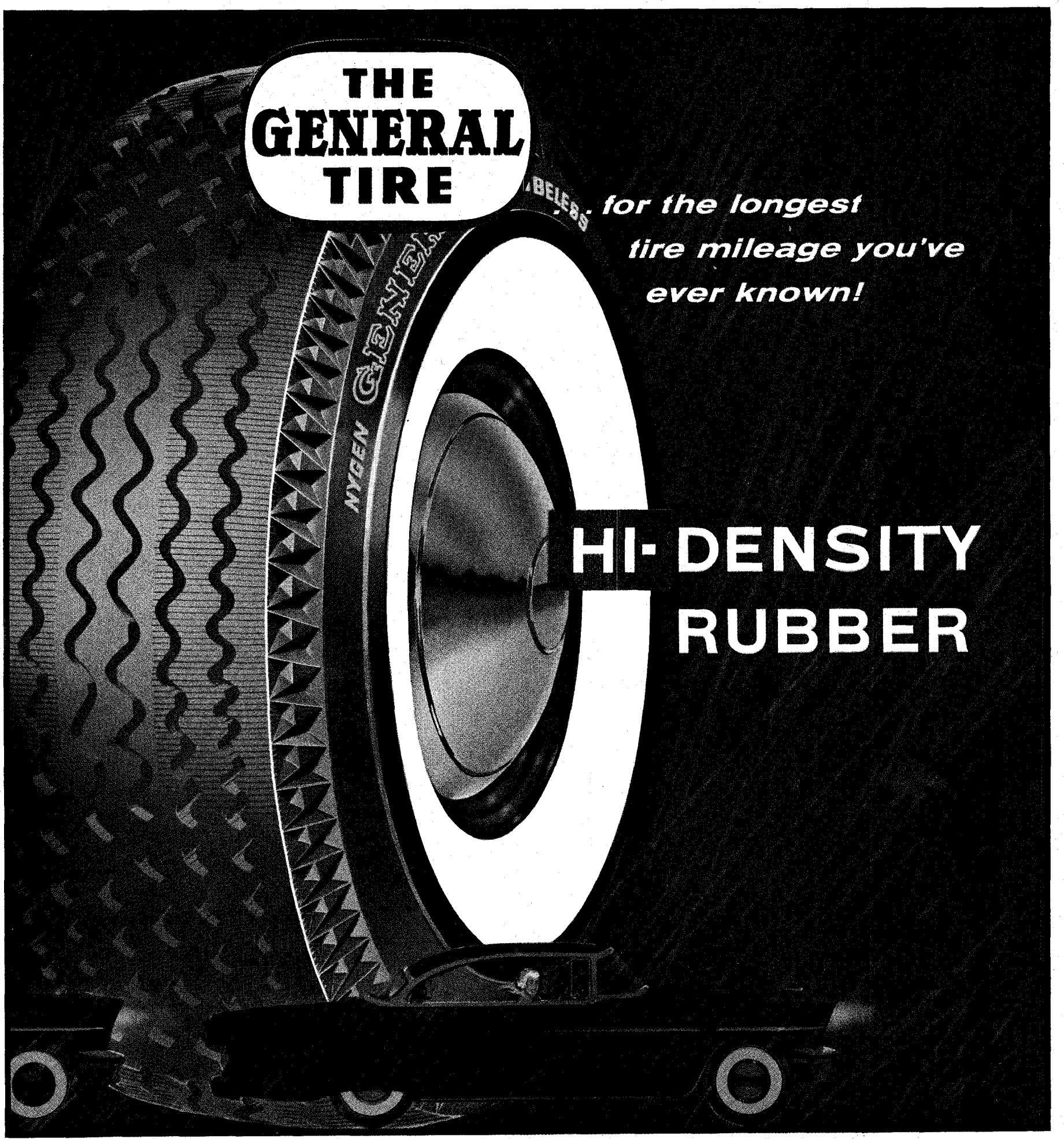

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A mother reports on her own tragic dilemma: She had to provide hard-to-get psychiatric help for her mentally ill husband, and at the same time protect her children and herself from his unpredictable, violent rages . . .

Who Cares About Us?

The article which begins on this page is, we believe, a moving case history of the problems that can confront a family when mental illness strikes. Not all psychiatrists would agree that this is a typical picture. Even those in agreement would add that such cases are directly attributable to the shortage of psychiatrists and the consequent overburden of work carried by most practitioners. Even so, the question of how to protect children from injury—both physical and emotional—at the hands of a psychotic parent is one which must be considered as a part of our mental-health problem.

So that the family here described may be spared further notoriety, all names and places have been deliberately obscured. The Post has checked the facts, however, and—with the exception of these minor alterations—can attest that what the author has written is true.

The Editors

Sending a loved one to the hospital can be a frightening experience, particularly for a wife and mother. Of course, if it's polio or a heart attack or t. b.—anything physical—she generally has a trusted physician on whom to rely. But when mental illness strikes, the wife too often finds herself standing alone.

At least, this has been my experience over the past twelve years with my mentally ill husband. I hope my story won't be taken as an attack on the profession of psychiatry. Psychiatrists are a much-misunderstood group of conscientious men and women, desperately overworked because of the shortage in their numbers. I don't want to lessen public faith in their capacity to heal. In brief, my quarrel is not with psychiatrist-versus-patient, but with psychiatrist-versus-family, and it is in the belief that my criticism is constructive that I have decided to speak up.

My husband is a manic-depressive. That is, he suffers from manic-depressive psychosis—a form of mental illness in which periods of extreme excitement and hyperactivity alternate with periods of depression and lethargy. It is said to be a "functional" illness, in that no organic basis for it can be found. Heredity does not play a significant role, as people once believed, though doctors have uncovered some evidence that there may be predisposing factors.

(Continued on Page 103)

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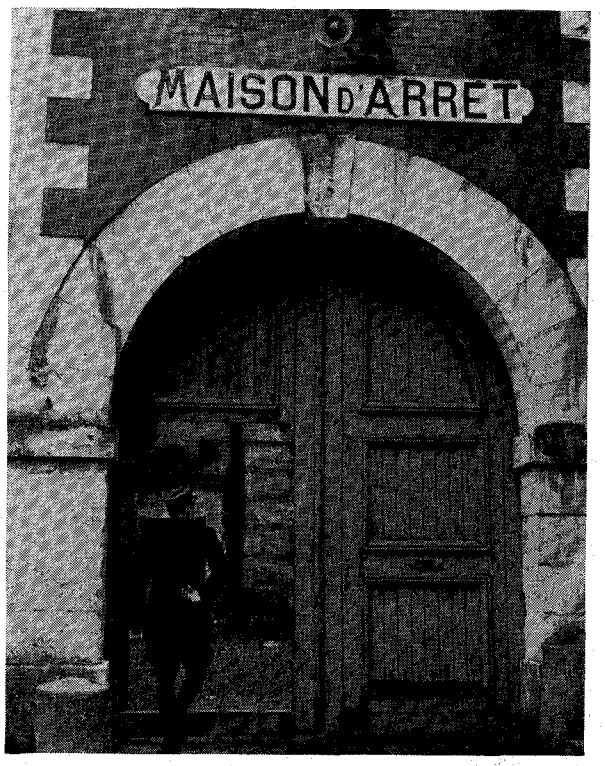

Pont-l'Évêque's jail is closed now. But its open door is a reminder of the come-and-go policy in the good old days.

René Grainville (spectacles), inmate and self-appointed "guest director" of the jail, made life "a little less painful for my fellow prisoners." He stood trial for his shenanigans—and was acquitted.

The Case of the Jolly Jailbirds

By TONI HOWARD

Convicts never had it so good as the inmates of this curious French jail where the prisoners wrote the rules. One of their first reforms: coeducation.

PONT-L'ÉVÊQUE, NORMANDY.

An American tourist driving up from Paris to spend a weekend at the glittering international gambling resort of Deauville on the English Channel would whiz through the quaint little village of Pont-l'Évêque almost without noticing it. A cluster of timbered Norman houses, a fountain dripping in the square, an eleventh-century church, a courthouse, a sign advertising the town's famous cheese, and that's about all. If he did notice Pont-l'Évêque, it would probably be with a remark to the effect that this is the kind of place where nothing ever happens.

France is full of such villages, each famous for some specialty—a cheese, a saint, an unusual liqueur—each dreaming away the centuries under its linden trees. Yet our tourist couldn't be more wrong. Lift a corner of this provincial innocence, as the Paris Ministry of Justice did last fall in Pont-l'Évêque, and what comes to light is such a teeming little mess of human larvae as to make city people run for shelter and the authorities in Paris burn with embarrassment. If Pont-l'Évêque is not a typical French village, it is because hidden behind that courthouse, nestled between it and the police station on the corner, is the district jail, one of approximately 120 in all France. And if

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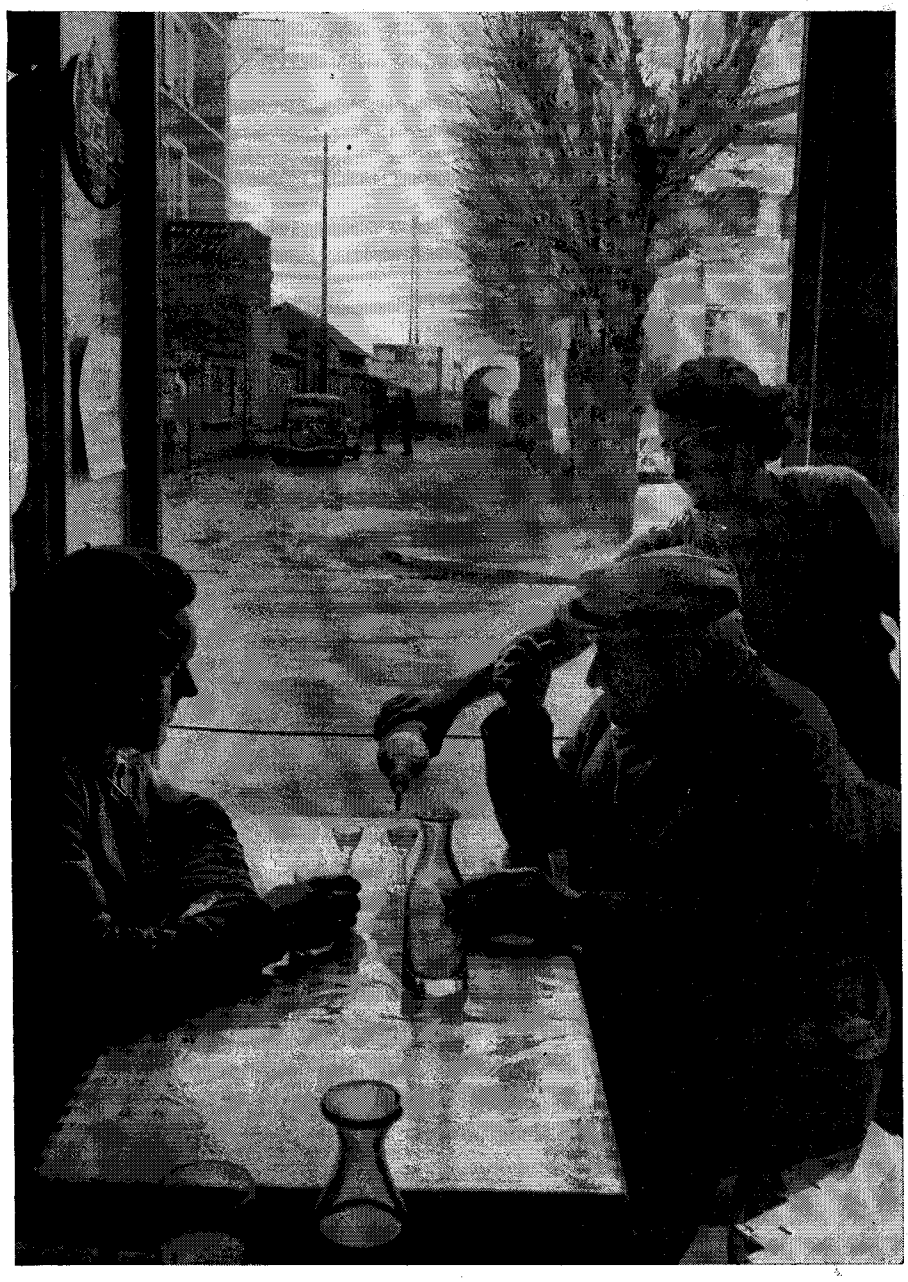

Prisoners used to stroll past police headquarters (left) and the courthouse (right) en route from their cells for a glass of wine or perhaps a day at the races.

Fernand Billa, the accommodating warden. When he had drunk too much, his prisoners saw him safely home to bed.

The scandal broke, and a trial was ordered, after "Georges the Shark" (topcoat) bragged in a Paris bar.

Pont-l'Évêque's jail is now the most notorious in France, it is because the Paris authorities were so ill-advised as to look into the way Pont-l'Évêque was running it. And found, to their acute distress, that Pont-l'Évêque was running its jail as it makes its cheese—in its own simple, homely fashion.

It all started in 1946, when Fernand Billa, a minor prison official from the north who looks like a Roman senator with a hang-over, lumbered into Pont-l'Évêque to take over as chief warden of the district prison. He was followed, closely, by Madame Billa, a woman who already had driven her husband to drink, who had driven him into taking this new job in Pont-l'Évêque, and was still driving. Things hadn't gone well for the Billas in the town where he'd had his last job—too many bars, for one thing; a women's prison, for another. They went even worse in Pont-l'Évêque.

Hounded on one side by Madame Billa, on the other by an unquenchable thirst, Billa couldn't quite keep his mind on the prison or on prison administration. As papers and ledgers piled up on his desk and the keys to cells and corridor rusted on their hooks, Pont-l'Évêque got used to the robust figure of its new prison warden rolling from café to café under the quiet trees in search of one more "*petit Calva*'." This is the country of Normandy through which a million American GI's slogged on their way into Germany eleven years ago, and the native Calvados, or Calva', has lost none of the qualities that endeared it to the GI. It is a stinging, double-distilled applejack of some astronomic proof. And if it doesn't afflict a man with blindness, it at least makes him deaf to the naggings of a shrill wife and the grumblings of a prisonful of neglected convicts.

The good people of Pont-l'Évêque were sympathetic—"Poor Billa!" But then the good people of Pont-l'Évêque couldn't see the inside of their jail, where more and more hoodlums, thieves and swindlers were being sent up by neighboring courts, and no one, in the sustained saturated absences of the warden, knew where to put them, how to sign them in or what to do with them. Because the five guards assigned to help him were more or less following his example, Billa began to lean on the prisoners themselves. Prison reform was very much in the air in France after the war. In his own slow, lip-moving way, Billa had run a pudgy finger along the lines of the Penitentiary Code advocating the use of prisoners for menial tasks within the prison. Thus, having put a butcher-turned-car-thief in charge of the kitchen, an abortionist in charge of what passed for an infirmary, and installed a genealogist-swindler called Maurice the Hick in the office to keep an eye on the prison records, Billa could jog through the square on his way back to the corner café, feeling that at least he had made a stab at some kind of organization.

But Billa's stabs were only a series of near-misses. There were now more than fifty uproarious thugs crammed into the little jail, indiscriminately locked away in cells or dormitory rooms. The guards did nothing but play cards and get drunk in the basement; penitentiary mail hadn't been opened, much less answered, for weeks; and one of these days a district inspector was almost sure to come by. Madame Billa, in charge of the women's wing, got shriller and shriller.

And then into this unholy disorder, eyes shining with zeal behind his tortoise-shell glasses, came the angel of rescue, the special providence Billa had been needing all along. His name was René Grainville, and he was from Pont-l'Évêque itself, a rotund, bald-headed little man with a pixy smile and a quiet, efficient (Continued on Page 116)

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"You were magic," he said, and there was wonder in his voice.

Innocent On Broadway

Andy had been warned never to fall for an actress, but Pamela seemed different.

By STEWART BEACH

This young man in a hurry was Andrew Maitland on his way to meet a plane at Idlewild Airport. He drove his small red sports car swiftly and with an absorption in the job of the moment that was characteristic of him. Only a slight frown revealed that he had three separate crises on his mind.

The three were related and they would begin to merge almost immediately, Andy was thinking as he turned into the vast car park. But he was conscious that the frown had been replaced by a lively sense of anticipation. He could forget the two other crises till he had met the first. This consisted of testing the emotions inspired by Miss Pamela Dane, who was incoming on a Los Angeles Constellation-G.

He walked with long, quick strides toward the terminal, a tall young man with clipped black hair and an erectness of bearing which

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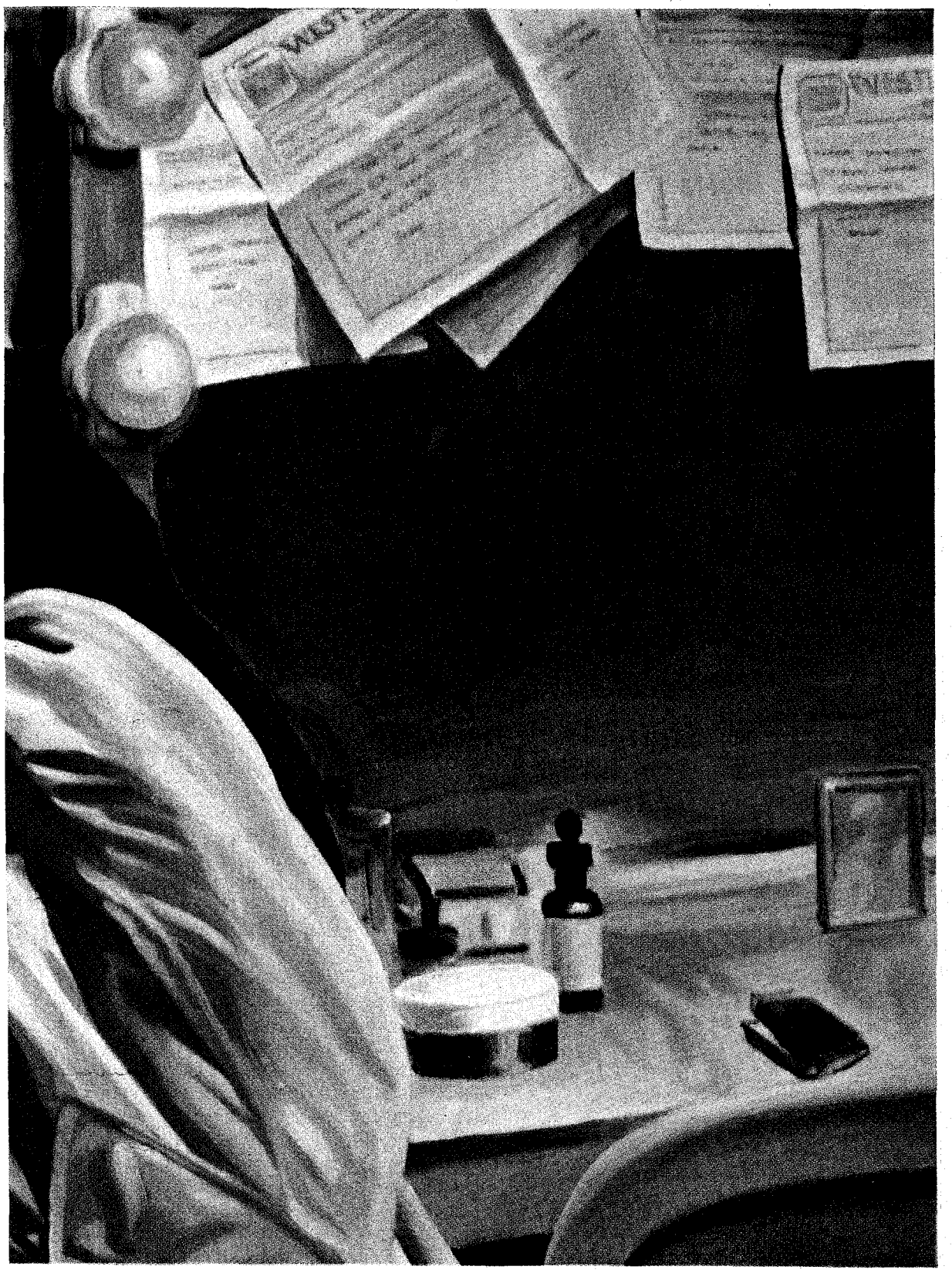

two years on an aircraft carrier had made habit. The morning was smoky with September haze, which Andy guessed would burn off presently into a blistering day. He glanced at his watch and pushed inside.

They were already calling the Los Angeles flight, and Andy identified himself so he could get through to where the photographers and reporters were clustered. A great silver plane lumbered through the taxi strip till it stopped before the gate with a shudder of fat tires, and the ramp was pushed up. Then the passengers began to emerge, and there was Pamela, hesitating briefly in the door, coming down the steps with that walk which would always belong to the theater.

Andy stood for a moment, renewing the memory of this young English girl he had first seen a month before in Beverly Hills. She was a ballet dancer, matured into an exciting actress—lithe and finely made with deep brown eyes tapering up ever so slightly in delicate almonds. Her bright coppery hair gave her the freshness of a newly minted penny. Andy felt the breath catch, high up in his chest.

She saw him, and her small face came alive. "Andy! Rescue me!" she called, laughing as the flash bulbs exploded and reporters crowded around. He let the breath go and pushed into the melee.

He said "Hi there," and she clung to his hand.

"They're asking me questions, and I don't know how to answer," she protested.

Andy grinned. "A likely story. Just smile for the nice men and tell them how excited you are to be starring in Dust From a Rainbow."

Watching her, he remembered the magic in her voice. He was thinking of an evening at Ciro's in Hollywood when he had forgotten the theater, almost forgotten himself in the discovery of what this small Pamela Dane could do to his emotions. He had never known such a sudden flooding of excitement.

Then the words of Farr's Law came between him and her bright aliveness. He was suddenly chilled by the warning his aunt, Marcia Farr, had drummed into him from the time he joined her in Farr Productions. The words repeated themselves now. "A man in the theater," the law read sternly, "must never think of marrying an actress."

Andy scowled. It seemed a preposterous thing as he looked at Pamela, yet he had been fighting it ever since that night on the Coast. The photographers had her perched on a baggage truck now, demanding a discreet display of her notable legs. She glanced toward him and he saw the pleading look in her eyes. He stepped in to break it up.

Pamela put her arm through his, walking toward the doors of the terminal. "I saw you scowling," she said, "just the way you did before you took me home from Ciro's. Wasn't I being good with the press?"

He patted the hand which rested in the crook of his arm. "You were quite sensational," he grinned, "and I was thinking about something else. Wait here and I'll bring up the car."

He stowed her luggage in back, and they drove toward Manhattan with the hot morning sun slanting toward them through the haze.

Pamela was saying, "All night long I couldn't sleep, Andy. I stared out at the stars and thought what a lucky girl I am."

The nearness of her voice brought back the delicious wave of excitement, but he said simply, "Why are you such a lucky girl?"

"To be in a Marcia Farr production!" she cried. "Your aunt's been a legend in London for perfect years." She paused a moment. "And I did hope you'd be glad to see me."

"Then I'm the lucky one," Andy laughed, and glanced down at her.

She was looking straight ahead, and her eyes were serious. "I was having such a lovely evening at Ciro's," Pamela said, "and then you started glowering. I thought I'd done something quite horrible."

The words brought him up short. He'd been so absorbed in his own thoughts he had never considered what Pamela might have felt. "I get intense sometimes. I don't think about other people," he blurted out. "Please forgive me, Pamela."

"Nothing to forgive," she said easily, "as long as I know it wasn't because of me. We'll talk about the play now. I'm so excited to be directed by your fabulous aunt."

The frown came back, because that was the second of the three crises. "Marcia broke her arm last night," Andy said. "She called me from a hospital in Hanover, New Hampshire. I've got to fly up there this afternoon."

He heard the quick alarm come into her voice. "But does that mean we won't be starting rehearsals on Monday?"

That was what Andy wondered too. It was the third crisis. An assistant producer in Marcia's office, he had helped her get everything ready for the new play two weeks ago, and she had left him in charge while she went up to New Hampshire (Continued on Page 53)

Illustrated by Mortimer Wilson

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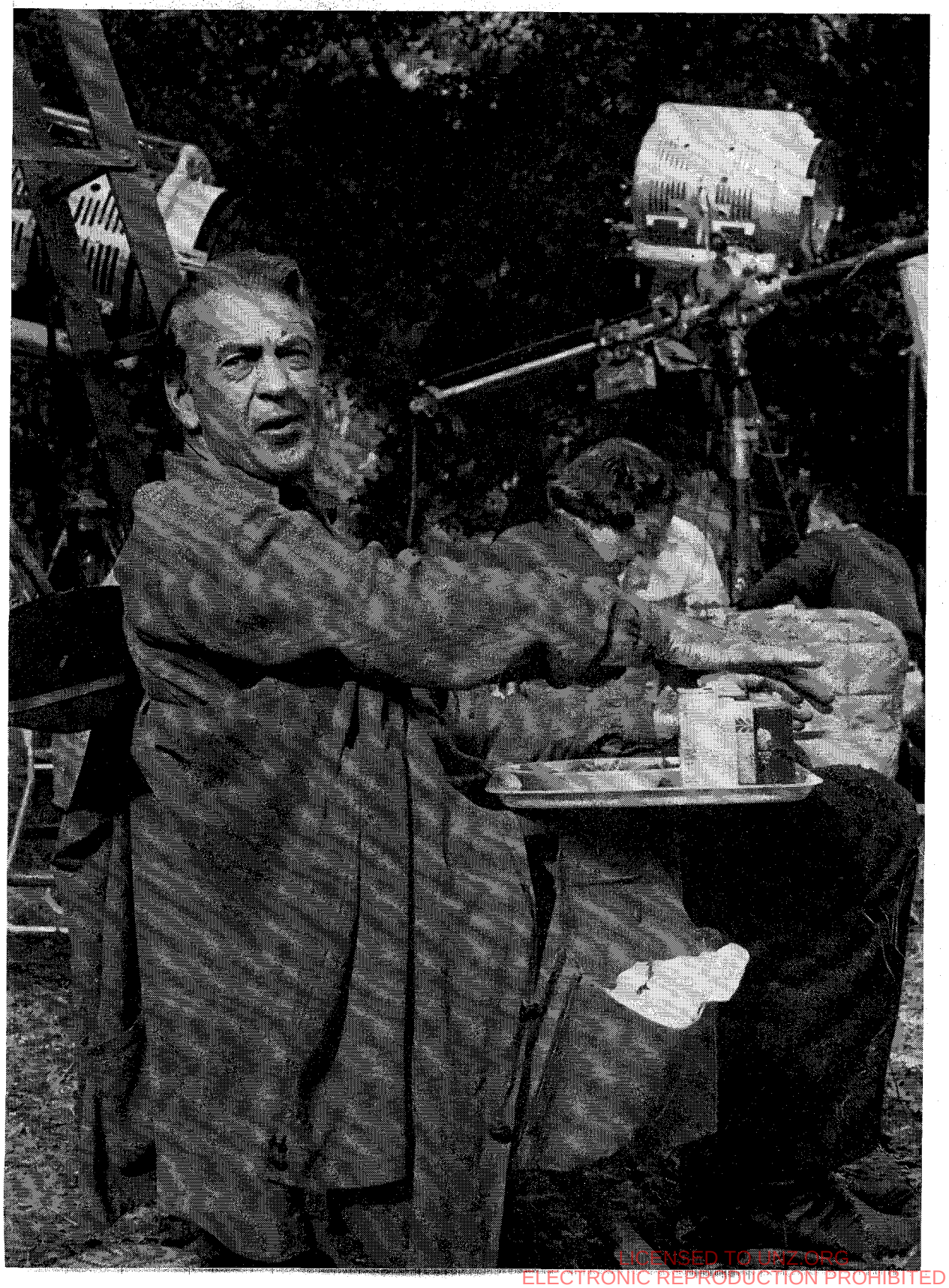
The author discloses why his mother found it necessary to send him to school in England, and how he once gave Tallulah Bankhead an acting lesson.

Well, It Was This Way

By GARY COOPER, as told to George Scullin

On the set of a forthcoming picture, The Friendly Persuasion.



PART TWO

I had been in the movies seven years before I discovered the truth of the old saying that there is more to acting than acting. It was about time that I learned what students at dramatic schools learn in their first lesson. In 1932, thanks to a series of excellent directors, I had reached the point where I was to be co-starred with Charles Laughton and Tallulah Bankhead. Against this talented pair I'd be lucky to survive the first day of shooting.

To complicate matters for me, the picture was a submarine epic called The Devil and the Deep, and, coming from Montana, I knew nothing about submarines. So I studied books about submarines, from the Nautilus of Jules Verne to the latest models in the world's navies. The way I saw it, a submarine skipper who was surrounded by exploding depth charges would be a lot more tense than the captain of a surface vessel under shellfire.

To get the feel of it, I persuaded a naval officer attached to our unit as technical director to give me a run-through on how I should handle the controls under attack. We went to the back lot of Paramount, where cutaway sets of a submarine's vitals had been built. So it was in a full-scale mockup of the control room that Tallulah came upon me one day as I was preparing to "surface."

She saw the strain I was under. "Dahling," she said, "what in the world are you doing?"

I came up for air. "Well, if you're going crash diving with me," I said, "I thought I ought to learn how to drive."

She took a look at all those instruments and ran a gloved hand over a couple to check for dust. "What's that got to do with acting?" she asked.

"Just this," I explained. "A fast dive is a tense moment. I push this and pull that, and sort of hold my jaw like this. As the captain says, a lot depends upon the way you hold your jaw. Now, when I head back for the sunshine and fresh air, I feel better. My shoulders relax and my jaw is not so grim, as I pull this and push that. The point is, if I know what I'm doing, I don't have to act. But if I just act as if I know, the Navy might catch me in a mistake and laugh me off the screen."

"Baloney," she said with Bankhead firmness. "If you've got to be an engineer to be an

NEXT WEEK

How does a youngster break into the movies? Gary Cooper started as a cowboy extra, earning $10 a day for falling off horses.

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A CURIOUS, CIRCUITOUS TRAIL LED GARY COOPER TO HOLLYWOOD

Cooper's parents. "Dad was a true Westerner. And I take after him."

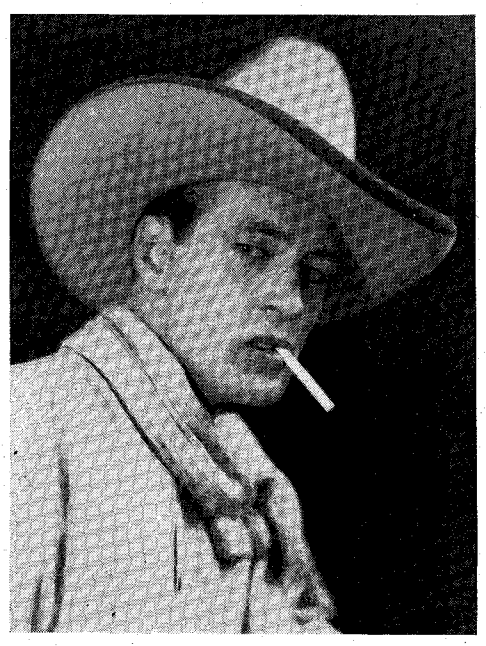
Frank (later Gary) Cooper, of Helena (formerly Last Chance Gulch), Mont.

Ranch life in Montana seemed to be turning Gary (left) into a "wild Indian."

So both Cooper brothers—Gary (left) and Arthur—were shipped to England to acquire polish from their aunts.

Back home, the polish wore off. He was the class giant in school.

At Iowa's Grinnell College, Gary the dude couldn't make the Dramatic Club.



1925: While still an extra, he posed for this publicity portrait in a borrowed ten-gallon hat.

1928: The Legion of the Condemned, with Fay Wray, and "agony of self-consciousness."

Copyright 1956
By Gary Cooper

actor, I'm through. I can't even flick a cigarette lighter."

With her talent and voice, Tallulah doesn't have to strike a match to warm up an audience, but the rest of us have had to come a long, hard way in making the characters we play ring true. Ever since The Devil and the Deep, I've made a habit of reading all the background material I can get on the character I am to play next. Pretty soon this dusty research begins to get personal. This stuff, as I read it, is happening to me. Just recently, for instance, I was deep into the court-martial of Gen. Billy Mitchell. I was preparing to play General Mitchell, and every line in the reams of testimony was vital to me.

There was a time when, being a movie actor and only a movie actor, I was beginning to think that the success of a picture depended entirely on the actor and his knowledge of his part. I'll never forget the scene that snapped me out of that notion.

It was in 1944. I came to work one day and found myself a producer. I think Nunnally Johnson framed me. For an earlier picture called Casanova Brown we had formed a producing unit named International Pictures, Inc. William Goetz was president and his partner, Leo Spitz, was probably the board of directors. Nunnally was the writer-producer of the picture, and I played the title role. The picture gave me very little trouble. In my spare time on the set, I became an expert model-plane pilot.

Our next joint effort was a picture based on Alan Le May's (Continued on Page 78)

Alfred E. Smith—Albert W. Atwood—Mayor James J. Walker—Chet Shafer
Margaret Culkin Banning—Mary Lowrey Ross—William Hazlett Upson

Cover boy, 1930: "He worked as conscientiously as any model I ever had," said Norman Rockwell.

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No Place for a Woman

What does the Navy do when a beautiful brunette shows up aboard a destroyer far at sea?

By JACLAND MARMUR

Susie Smith caused all the trouble in the fleet destroyer, USS James Bain. Of course, Ens. Walter Wattley had a lot to do with that. The ensign made Susie mad, and when a girl like Susie gets angry, something happens.

The Bain was steaming outside Point Loma off San Diego under a cloudless sky on a sparkling, deep-blue sea. Her gun-studded hull was rocking a little in a fine, clean, northwest breeze. She was steaming independently on a problem the new commanding admiral had posed. The new admiral, it seemed, was fond of weird problems like this. Prior aircraft contact was to be presumed out in Area K-14. Enemy submarine. Attack results, completely negative. The sub was attempting approach, supposedly, to hurl atomic missiles at the naval base. At thirteen hundred hours available information and orders were to be presumed to reach the Bain. She was to search for, locate and destroy the submarine.

Lieutenant Fanning, who had the conn, didn't see much sense in it. If a thing like that really happened, there ought to be a whole division of tin cans on the prowl. Sky full of jets besides. That's what the lieutenant growled to Ensign Wattley at the bridge-wing splinter shield. The new admiral was off the dot! And Ensign Wattley frowned. The academy glow was still in Ensign Wattley's eye. He believed in admirals. He intended to be one himself. Maybe no other ships would be available. Admirals had to think of things like that, and Wattley meant to say so. He never did.

"Capsized sailboat!" a lookout bawled just then. "Starboard bow! Zero three zero! Man in the water! Waving and hanging on!"

That's how it all began. The skipper came storming out of (Continued on Page 120)

When the topside people began to whistle, Ensign Wattley draped Susie in a blanket.

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A symbol of hope to the Japanese is this remarkable woman who overcame the triple handicap of being blind, deaf and mute.

The Day Helen Keller Came to Tokyo

By Laurence Critchell

A report on a touching—and amusing—encounter, revealing much about one of the great mysteries of the East: that unfathomable Japanese personality.

A few hours before Helen Keller was to arrive at our office building in Tokyo, Suziko Nakamura asked to see me. Suzy, as we called her, was one of the Japanese employees in our staff section of General MacArthur's headquarters. She was a young, moon-faced, attractive girl with a happy manner and a great eagerness to do anything that was asked of her. The rest of us imposed on her a good deal, especially with the making of the morning coffee, but she was always overjoyed to be of service. We never dreamed that she was desperately unhappy.

"Captain, I have favor to ask," she said in her timid, school-learned English.

I had heard the other Japanese whispering among themselves, and I could guess what it was. "Sure, Suzy," I said. "Go ahead."

"We very busy," she said. "But we be glad to work overtime. We like to see Miss Keller. Downstairs. When she comes."

"You, too, Suzy?"

Embarrassed, she giggled a little. "Me too."

Officially, Helen Keller's presence in Tokyo meant nothing to us. We were expected to carry on our work as usual. However, the news that she was coming to the first floor of the Mitsubishi Shoji building for a conference with Public Health and Welfare had sent a little ripple of excitement through our Japanese personnel. In that, they were no different from their countrymen. It was the same everywhere in the city. Thousands stormed to see her. They lined the streets for miles to watch her go by. There was something about Miss Helen Keller that tremendously thrilled the Japanese people—and this was strange in a land where the blind and the handicapped were largely taken for granted.

I told Suzy they could all go. She went back and told the others. Two or three of the older men came in and bowed. Work almost stopped. They were too excited to go on. I listened to the whisperings for a while and then called Suzy back.

(Continued on Page 98)

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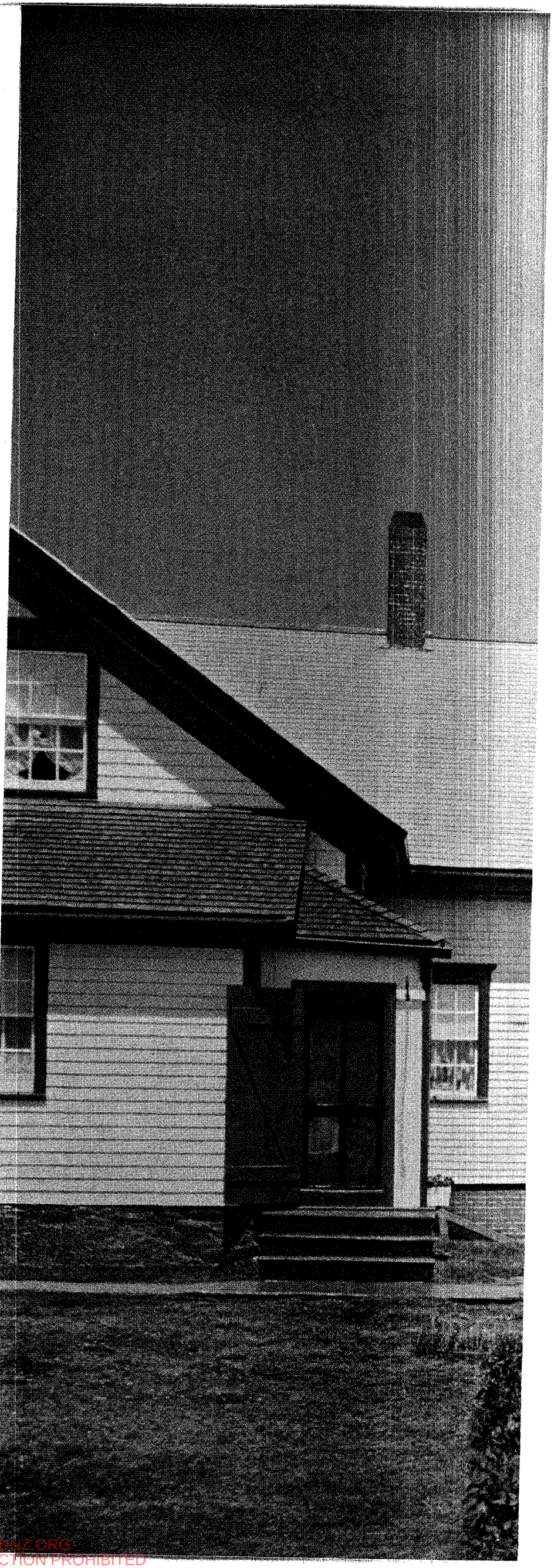
The Face of AMERICA

Sentry by the Sea

On a calm summer day West Quoddy Head Light, southeast of Lubec, Maine, snoozes in the sun. Its 10,000-candlepower lamp rests and the foghorn's mighty voice is still. But lighthouses along this rugged coastline seldom have a chance to loaf like this, for thick fogs and 28-foot tides keep them busy warning sailors from rocks and shoals. Quoddy Light's greatest distinction is geographical: It stands on the easternmost point in the United States. Across the Lubec Channel lies Campobello, a Canadian island which was Franklin D. Roosevelt's summer home. On summer weekends, tourists flock to West Quoddy Head, but the light's biggest audience is composed of the fishermen sailing home to Lubec, and the crews of coastal cargo ships, yachts and passing deep-sea vessels. It is for them that this gaudy sentry flashes its friendly, characteristic signal—two seconds on, two off, two on, nine off—a reassuring signpost for anxious navigators on the trackless sea. ● Photograph by Arthur Griffin



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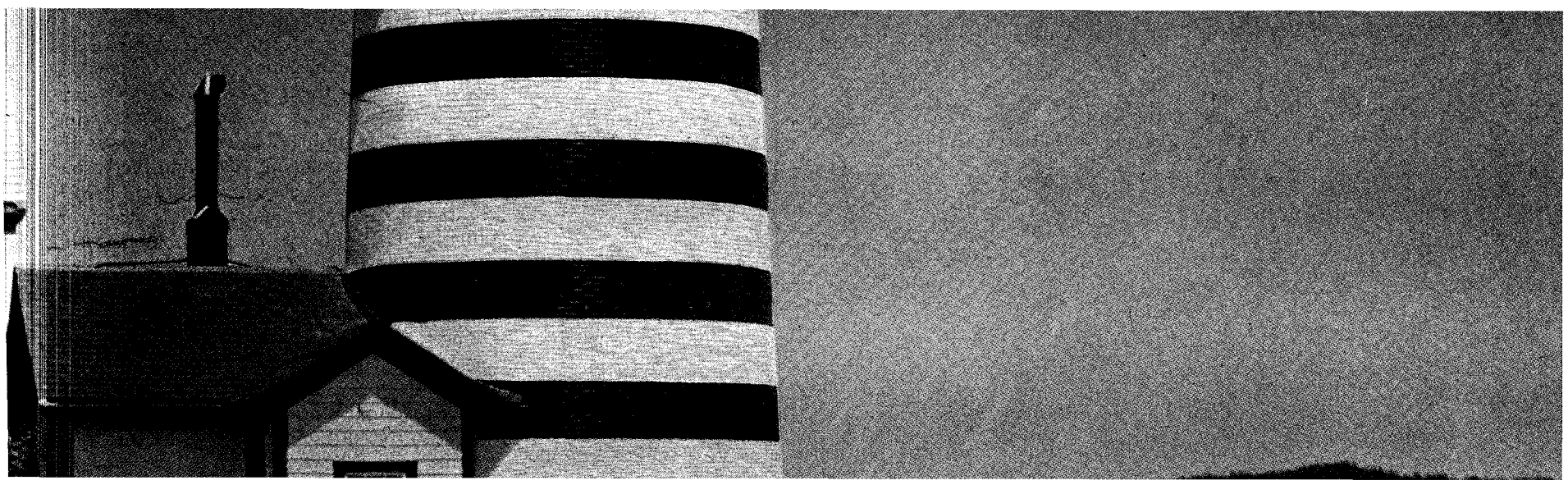

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They Risk Their Lives for Fun

These danger-loving climbers seldom conquer lofty mountains, just "impossible" cliffs in their own neighborhoods. For extra thrills, they test their ropes by leaping into space.

By HAL BURTON

Among the more recondite methods of spending a summer weekend in Yosemite National Park, California, perhaps the ultimate was achieved last June by four young men who willingly sat out the night on a ledge eighteen inches wide, 3000 feet above the crackling campfires, the dance music and the other civilized amenities to be enjoyed with minimum effort on the grassy floor of Yosemite Valley. More comfortable accommodations are plentiful in the park, which is geared to handle 1,000,000 tourists a year, but no four visitors could have been as blissfully contented, with less obvious reason. The young men in question sat with their backs pressed against a wall of granite and dangled their feet in space, since there was not enough room to lie down. As a sensible precaution, they were anchored to the northwest face of Half Dome by a nylon rope seven sixteenths of an inch in thickness. A sitting man may doze, even if poised halfway between heaven and earth; and to doze unprotected on so airy a perch could lead to results not pleasant to contemplate.

Had anyone spread the word, no doubt a good many of the 11,000 vacationers crowding the park would have tried, the next morning, to pick out four tiny figures crawling up a cliff that experts had dismissed as totally impossible. The back of Half Dome can be surmounted, between waist-high cables on a laderway of wooden cleats, by any tourist free from vertigo and willing to essay a rock slope of moderate steepness. The northwest face is something else again. Sheared and polished by erosion, it soars 2000 feet above a mass of tumbled boulders, tilted ledges, and trees clinging to crevices in the rock. The boulder slope rises another 3000 feet. Bestor Robinson and Richard M. Leonard, who pioneered rope climbing on the Yosemite cliffs in 1931, dismissed the northwest face long ago as "so awful it might as well be forgotten." Millions of casual visitors, endowed with less precise knowledge, have looked upward from the valley floor and arrived at the same conclusion.

There are, however, stubborn people in this world who refuse to admit that anything is impossible, among them a few thousand Americans who pursue the delicate and exacting sport of rock climbing. The figure is necessarily flexible, since advancing years and increasing prudence cause a certain number of rock climbers to retire annually to less strenuous pursuits. There always are replacements, who carry on the tradition that a cliff is to be esteemed more highly than a mountain summit. Among this group, the northwest face of Half Dome is regarded as one of the most tantalizing climbing problems in the United States, demanding a respectful approach and a painstaking reconnaissance. Rock climbing, a British authority on the subject once observed, "is a game played slowly, which goes not to the swift, but to the skillful and levelheaded." The men on Half Dome, who had already scrambled up the boulder slopes now were crawling up the sheer cliffs of the northwest face at the rate of only 200 vertical feet per day, or about one seventh the height of the Empire State Building. To storm the cliff in one sublime burst of speed would have been suicidal, for the rock was far too difficult. A more sensible conclusion was reached—to search for a possible way to the top and to make the assault later, after careful planning.

At the end of two and one half days, Royal Robbins, Warren Harding, Jerry Galwas and Don Wilson had managed to rise exactly 450 feet through a (Continued on Page 99)

Although he is over fifty years old, businessman Fritz Wiessner finds "an escape from the pressures of the world" in rock climbing. Here, Wiessner ascends the formidable Indian Face, in New York's Adirondack Mountains.

Don Claunch (right) belays Pete Schoening as he clambers up Crooked Tower, an inhospitable little peak on the side of Cathedral Mountain, in eastern Washington.

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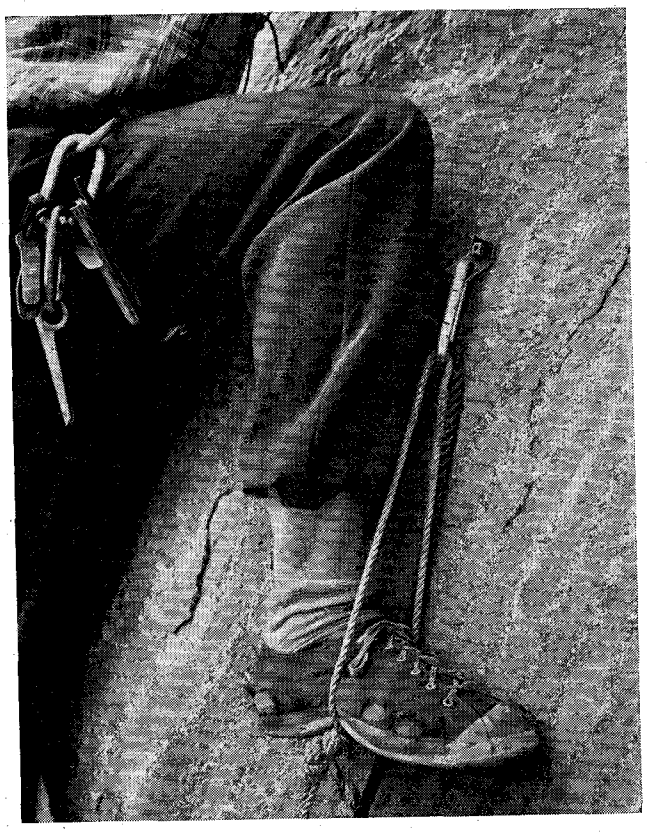
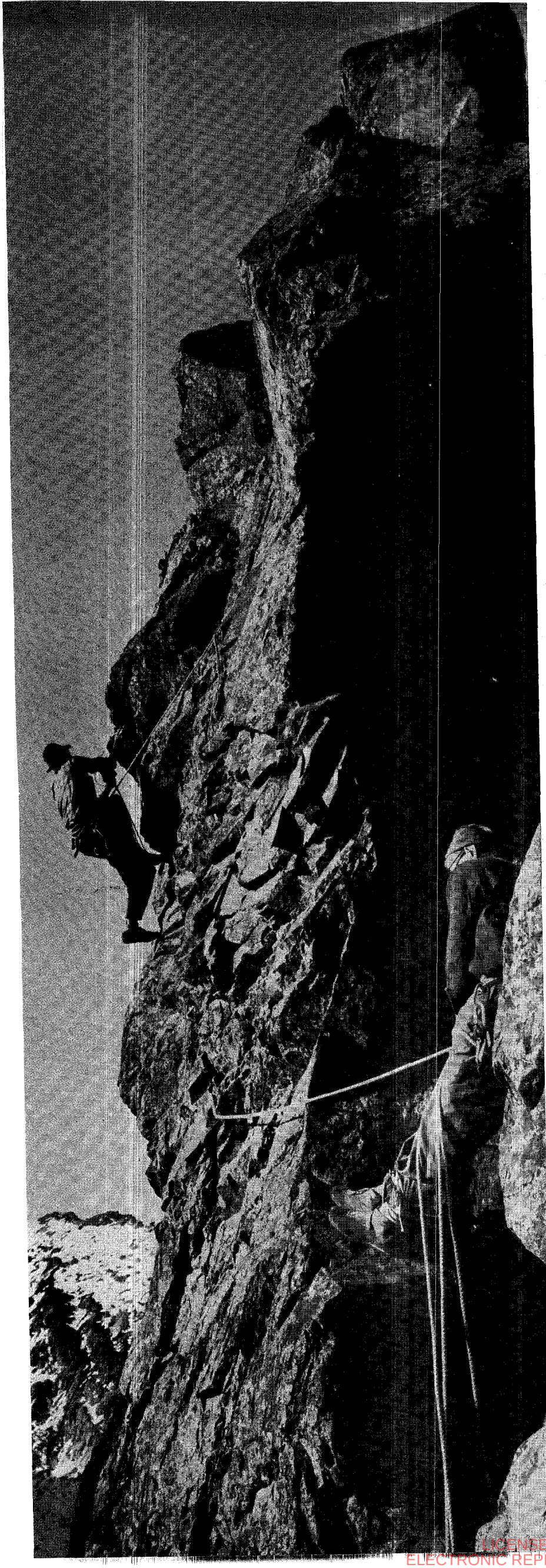
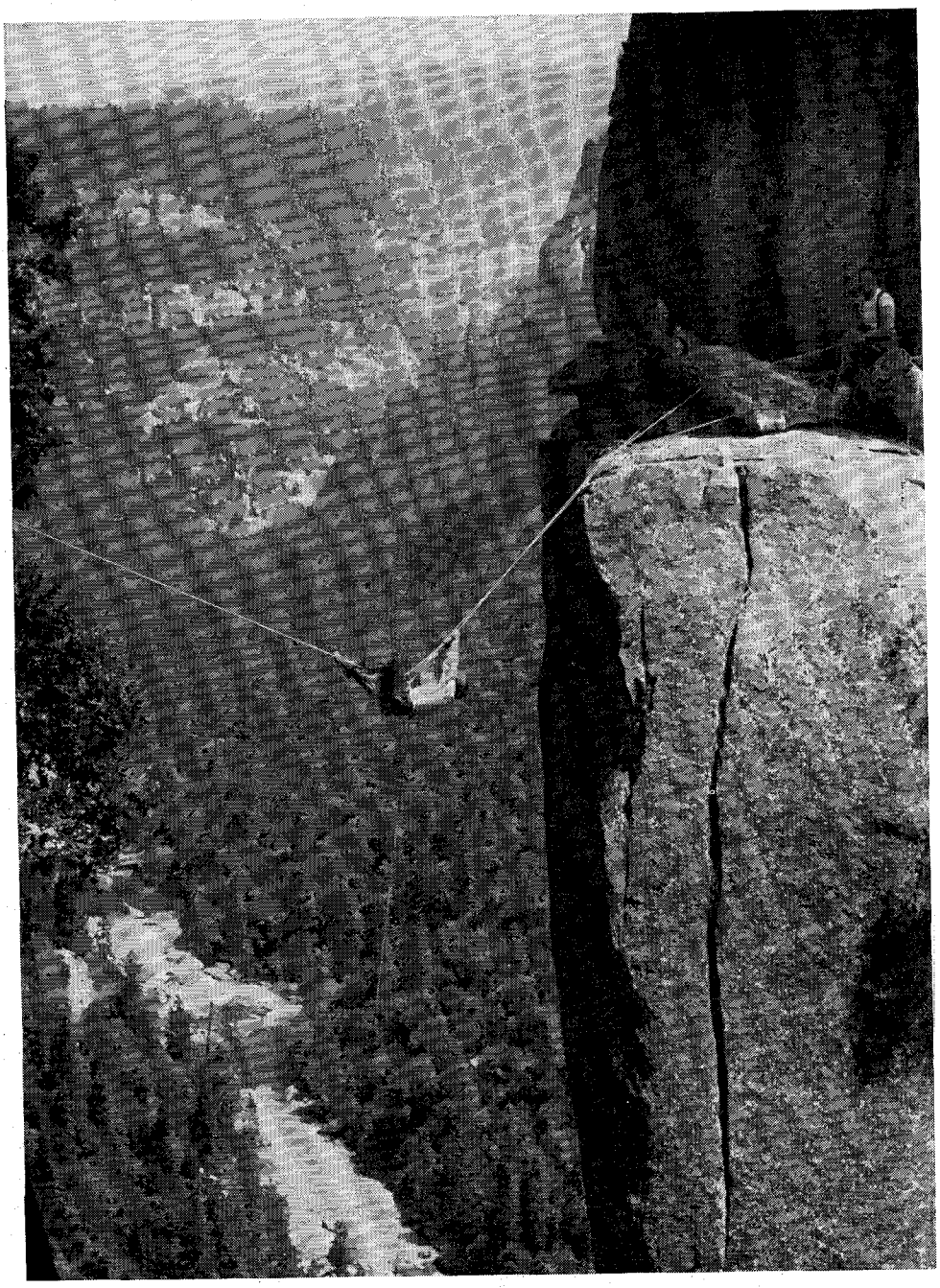


Expansion bolts and rope slings are essential. So are pitons, carabiners (hanging from belt) and tattered tennis shoes.





Is she scared? Maybe—but she likes it that way. Mary Ann Matthews crosses a mountaineer's rope bridge in Yosemite Park. Man on ledge holds a safety line.

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MY BATTLES IN WAR AND PEACE:

★ ★ ★ ★

CONCLUSION: THE KOREAN WAR

By **GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY** AS TOLD TO HAROLD H. MARTIN

Christmas, 1950. General Ridgway took command of the Eighth Army when it was reeling before the Chinese communists' onslaught. Here he tells his story of its comeback and how we might have won in Korea if we had been willing to pay the price.

The author, wearing the grenade that was his trade-mark, inspects a front-line position in Korea.

Talk and happy laughter filled the living room of our dear old friends, the Jaynes. In the pleasant hubbub I could hardly hear the voice at my shoulder, telling me I was wanted on the telephone. It was December 22, 1950. In Washington and at Fort Myer, the undying spirit of Christmas was beginning to glow warmly in men's hearts. But in Korea, at that moment, a shattered, freezing Army was falling back, by land and sea, before the Red Chinese who were storming across the Yalu. Despite the brief moments of happiness that I had enjoyed with my old friends that evening, that knowledge weighed heavily upon my spirit, for as Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations, the fate of this Army was of profound concern to me.

I looked at my watch as I left the room. It was almost midnight. Whatever news awaited me at that hour, I knew it could not be good.

Gen. Joseph Lawton Collins, the Chief of Staff, was on the phone.

"Joe speaking, Matt," he said. "I am sorry to have to tell you this. Johnny Walker has been killed in a jeep accident in Korea. I want you to go out there and take over Eighth Army just as quickly as you can."

Whatever personal implications this message had for me were immediately lost in the deep pang of sorrow I felt at hearing of Lt. Gen. Walton Walker's death, for in war and peace, for more than thirty years, he had been my honored comrade and good friend.

I went back to the party. Across the room, Penny, my wife, was looking at me with a question in her eyes. I shrugged and smiled as if the call were of no importance. I had already resolved to break no sad news to her that night. Our hours together would be short, I knew, and morning, just

(Continued on Page 127)

July, 1951: The crew of a 75-mm. recoilless rifle opens up against the Reds. At the time, the 8th Army had driven the communists back into North Korea.

General Ridgway's story, as told to Harold H. Martin, will be published as a book, in more extensive form, by Harper and Brothers in April, under the title, SOLDIER. —The Editors.

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McKay got one of the gunmen
just as his side-kick, Smith, was cut down.

THE DUNCAN GANG

The gunmen had shot their way across six states. It would take more than a couple of hick cops to stop them now.

By ROBERT DEXTER NEFF

A sign across the freeway said: ROCKY BEACH 1 MILE. Dan Grabow swung the well-kept, inexpensive sedan into the banked arc of the turnoff and a moment later caught his first glimpse of the town. Above the rooftops, sparkling colorfully in the early morning sunlight, countless tall, loose eucalyptus trees shivered gently in the light land breeze. Beyond lay the ocean, greenish at first, then blue, dotted occasionally by a white triangle of sail.

It was hard to imagine such a handsome town in trouble. But it was. That was the reason Dan Grabow was here. At thirty-eight, Grabow had handled a lot of trouble. Though gray had begun to streak the brown hair about his ears, he was still in surprisingly good condition.

Of medium height, he was solidly built. The mouth that held an unlighted panatela was strong; his eyes, though not unkindly, were restless and uncompromising. If he had the air of a case-hardened cop—well, he'd been a cop for seventeen years.

Another sign said: SPEED LIMIT 35 MILES. And beyond it a police car cruised leisurely toward town. The morning watch, on its last loop before checking in. *A good time to get on with the job*, Dan thought.

Except for himself and the patrol car, the road was clear. Dan picked up a pistol on the seat beside him, prepared for just such an opportunity, and stuck it behind the sun visor. Then he tramped on the throttle and passed the patrol car at fifty miles an hour. At once its red light came on.

Dan gave the officers a brief hot pursuit. He imagined he looked like most any distressed citizen as they ordered him to the curb. One of the men got out, (Continued on Page 70)

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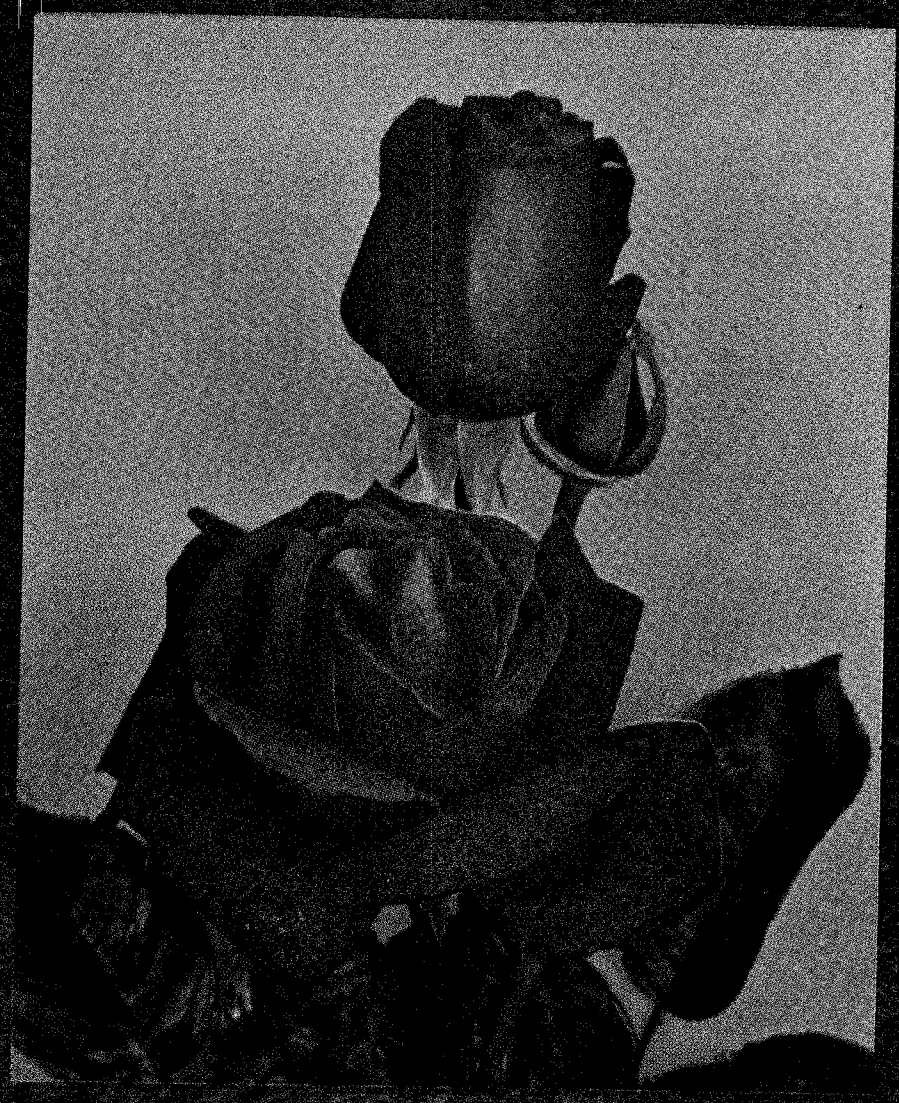

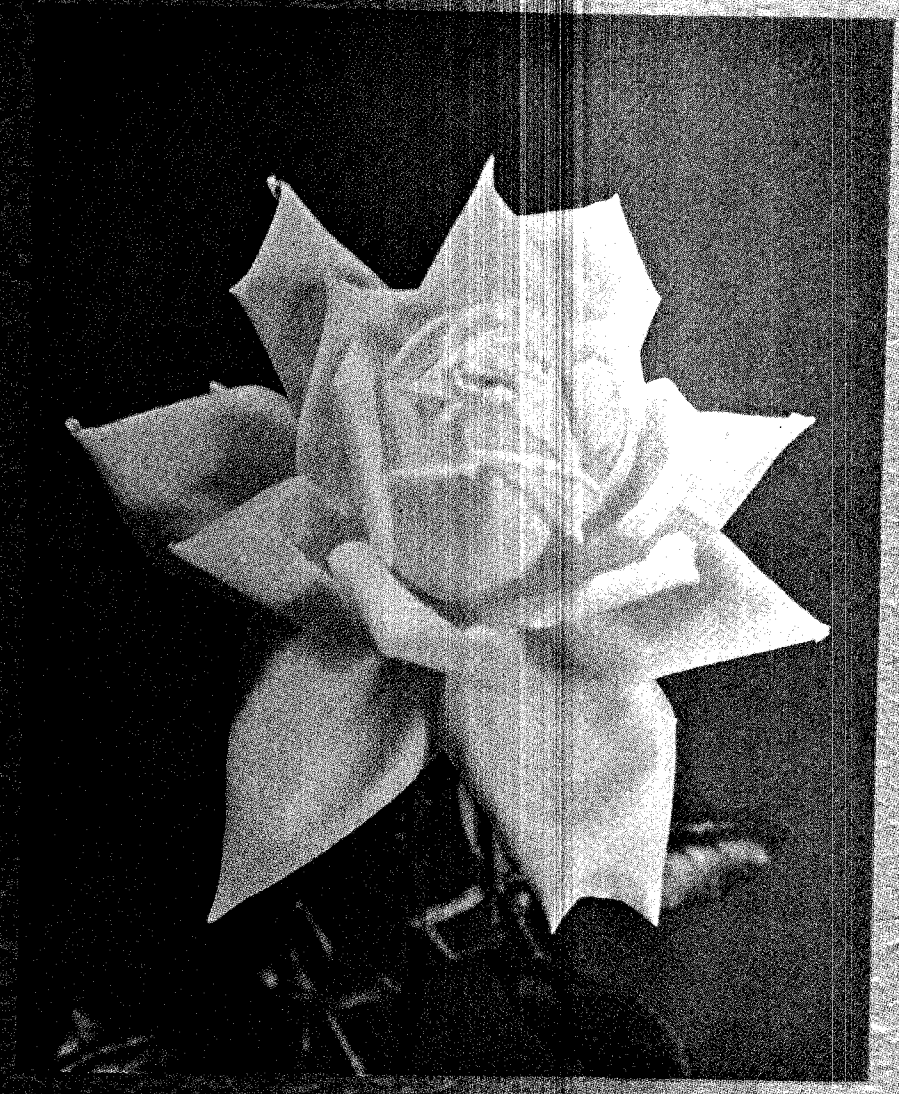

...wocking with the home gardeners last year.

The Great Rose Lottery

By Frank J. Taylor

At their Newark, N.Y., headquarters, the four Perkins brothers—Charles, Ralph, Carroll and Clarence—hold a meeting to choose an appropriate name for a new rose.

Two years ago, the Perkins brothers of Newark, New York, decided to move the location of one of their million-dollar beds of roses from Texas to Arizona. For most rose enthusiasts, this would have been a formidable chore, because the Texas bed had 2,000,000 rosebushes growing in it.

But for the hustling Perkinses, it was nothing extraordinary. Gruff, cigar-chewing Charlie Perkins merely detailed a task force of digging machines to uproot the 2,000,000 Texas rosebushes, which were then pruned, loaded in boxcars and shipped not to Arizona but to the state of New York. There they were stacked in cold-storage bins to hold them dormant until they could be packaged in cartons and mailed to customers all over the country.

At the same time, field crews poked 10,000,000 cuttings into the desert soil near Phoenix. With the blessing of irrigation and Arizona sunshine, these grew into a larger rose bed than anybody had ever planted before, one with 10,000,000 bushes in it.

Roughhewn Charlie Perkins, president of Jackson & Perkins Company and undisputed boss of the 4000-acre rose empire, likes to grow roses in round figures, by the million. The home rose beds around Newark, atop New York's Finger Lakes, have

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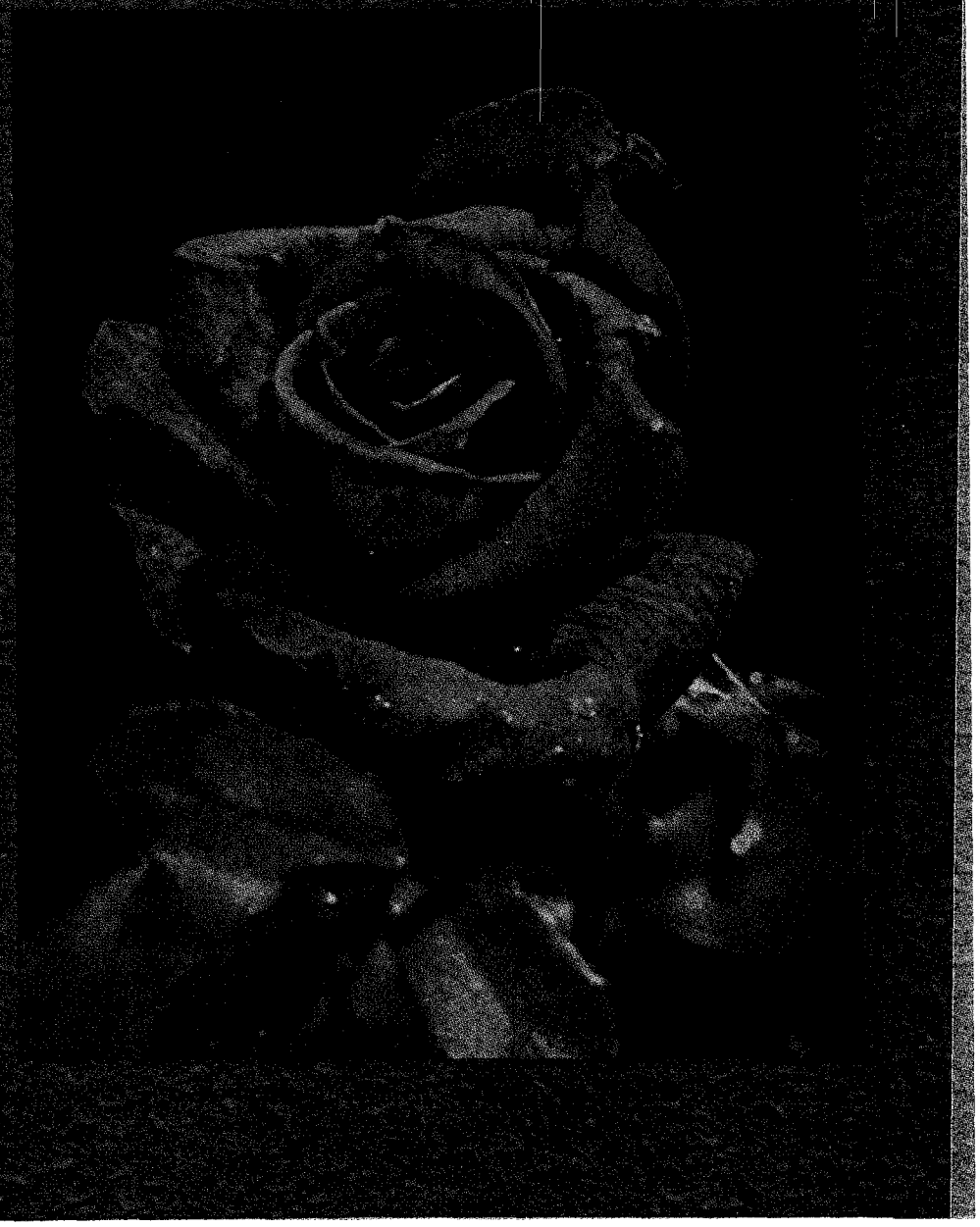

Pageant, alle

In the highly competitive business of rose growing, the brothers Perkins may gamble $50,000 on a new bloom—and win a jack pot many times that size.

about 4,000,000 rosebushes in them. The Perkinses grow 8,000,000 more rosebushes annually in California, not far from San Francisco. Counting small half-million-bush beds in Delaware, Ohio and Oregon, the Perkins clan has about 20,000,000 rosebushes scattered over the country each summer.

Every fall the outfit ships up to 10,000,000 bushes to market. Out of this mountain of rosebushes, some 2,000,000 are tagged for greenhouse growers, who force them in hothouses to yield 100,000,000 cut flowers for the florist trade. Half a million bushes are potted for rosarians who like to do their rose growing indoors. About 7,000,000 are bought by home gardeners, either by direct mail or through neighborhood nurseries. Another half a million are transplanted in parks and other public grounds. Perhaps as many more are tossed on huge bonfires. The Perkinses boast that they burn more rosebushes than anybody else.

Why? Well, the Perkins clan—Charles H., the head man; Clarence C., the farmer, and Ralph E. and Carroll E., the sellers, and another partner, Eugene S. Boerner, the hybridizer, are forever pursuing rainbows. Though they grow roses by the millions, they are always looking (Continued on Page 61)

Charles Perkins and Gene Boerner comb the company's vast California research gardens for spectacular new varieties that may be next year's prize winners. Below: visitors stroll through the Jackson & Perkins' "living catalogue of roses," at Newark, N.Y.

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Extra Girl

This is what happened to Junie, the girl who was always left out of things . . . .

By HUGH B. CAVE

"Only five minutes more!" someone yelled, and Junie looked out the train window again, feeling the fright like a swelling in her throat. Going on a long trip like this was like going to a movie, she thought. At first you were thrilled and excited. Then the strangeness began to wear off and there came a moment—thud—when you were just sitting in a theater again, and nothing seemed to be any different.

Nothing was different here. Not really. There was snow on the ground, and people were skating, but the kids inside the car were the same kids she went to high school with in Louisiana, and they still resented her. That hadn't changed.

Tommy Gates, striding long-legged up the aisle, leaned over Hope Hammond, seated in front of Junie. "'Member now, sugar. If that gal you're staying with turns out to be as gorgeous as her picture, I crave an introduction."

"Over my dead body you'll get an introduction to any Northern beauty!" Hope said.

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"I'm counting on you, sugar." He chucked her playfully on the chin and without even a glance at Junie went looping off again. To Thomas Lawton Gates, senior-class president and basketball whiz, girls like Junie Allen just didn't exist.

The train was slowing down.

"All set, everybody?" Mr. Dutemple, the history teacher, marched the length of the car, counting male noses, and in his wake came little Miss Morrissey, counting the female ones, though Miss Morrissey was probably counting eyes and dividing by two; she did everything the hard way. "Remember," Mr. Dutemple warned. "No one is to leave the station until his or her name has been checked off. We don't want any lost sheep."

He looked tired, Junie thought. So did Miss Morrissey, poor soul. It was no easy thing, chaperoning twenty high-spirited school kids all the way from Louisiana to Massachusetts. Even the kids were keyed up after the long train ride.

Junie was more than keyed up. She was scared. She watched the snow-covered platform glide alongside the train, and at sight of the waiting crowd she looked away and clenched her hands. She alone of the twenty students had not written to the family she would be staying with. There hadn't been time.

She stood up to slide her overnight case from the rack, and lifted Hope's down at the same time.

"Thanks," Hope said. "Hey, you're awfully pale, Junie. Are you sick?"

"My knees are knocking."

"Oh?"

All right, Junie thought. *So they ought to be knocking. Go ahead and say it.* But Hope was already on her feet, going down the aisle.

Junie followed and found herself on the platform, at the edge of the crowd. The wind stung her face and brought tears to her eyes, but she waited. When the others had been taken care of ——

"Junie! Junie Allen!" Miss Morrissey called.

Reluctantly Junie went forward.

"So there you are." Waving a list of names, Miss Morrissey took her by the arm and led her through the noisy throng. So many people, all talking at once! And a band playing. And fluttering overhead a huge banner bearing the words WELCOME LOUISIANA! But suddenly there were only three persons in the whole wide world.

The man was a mountain bundled in a vast overcoat, with a tan muffler hiding half his face, and the woman was elfin-small and lovely beside him, in a fur coat. And the girl ——

"Hi!" the girl said. "Welcome to Mayfield!"

"This is June Allen," Miss Morrissey said. "Junie—Mr. and Mrs. Brownell and their daughter Audrey."

Mr. Brownell looked down at Junie and said with an easy smile, "How are you, Junie?" and folded a big warm hand over her half-frozen fingers. "But isn't there a mistake?" he said then. "Our girl is named Claire, I believe. Claire Latham."

It was the moment Junie had dreaded. "I—Claire was taken sick, Mr. Brownell, and I ——"

"At the very last minute," Miss Morrissey said. "And so June is taking her place. I do hope you won't mind. We thought, after you had gone to all the trouble of making preparations ——"

"Of course, we don't mind," the elfin woman said quickly. "We're delighted to have you, June." She took the overnight case from Junie's hand and passed it to her husband. "May we go along now, Miss Morrissey? I understand we're to pick up the luggage later, at the school."

Miss Morrissey said yes, that was so, and she would see them later, and thank you so much for everything. Applying a pencil to her list of names, she hurried off to attend to someone else.

"This must be awful for you," Junie said, "having to take in a complete stranger. The others had time to write to the people they'd be staying with, and send their pictures."

"Stranger?" Mr. Brownell said, taking her hand. "A stranger is just a friend we haven't met yet."

They were nice people, Junie decided; very nice people. She prayed they would like her.

It was a big house, much bigger than her own, but everything in it seemed to say, "Make yourself at home; you're welcome here."

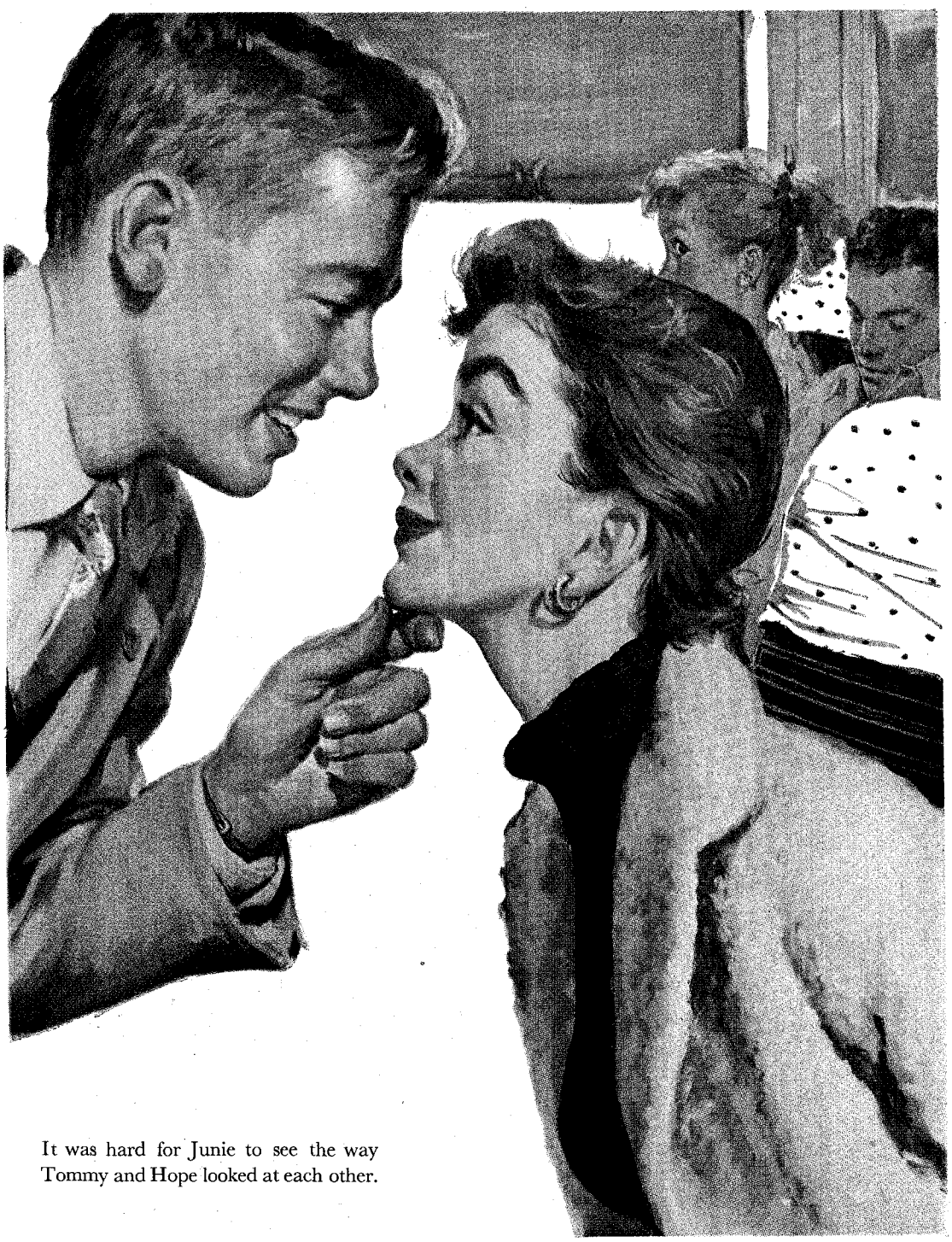
If houses had personalities, this one was a combination of Mr. Brownell's easy good humor—he was not at all what Junie had imagined a bank manager would be—and his lovely wife's gentleness.

Mr. Brownell had brought her two suitcases over from the school, handling them as carefully as though they were not cheap and shabby, and now, with her things put away, Junie sat on her bed, in pink pajamas, in the room she was to share with Audrey. Audrey sat on the other bed in pajamas covered with roses, with her back against the rose-covered wallpaper and her arms around her knees, talking.

"I know one thing," Audrey said. "You're going to be a hit with the boys here in Mayfield."

"They don't pay any attention to me at home," Junie confessed. (Continued on Page 83)

Illustrated by Ernest Chiriaka



It was hard for Junie to see the way Tommy and Hope looked at each other.

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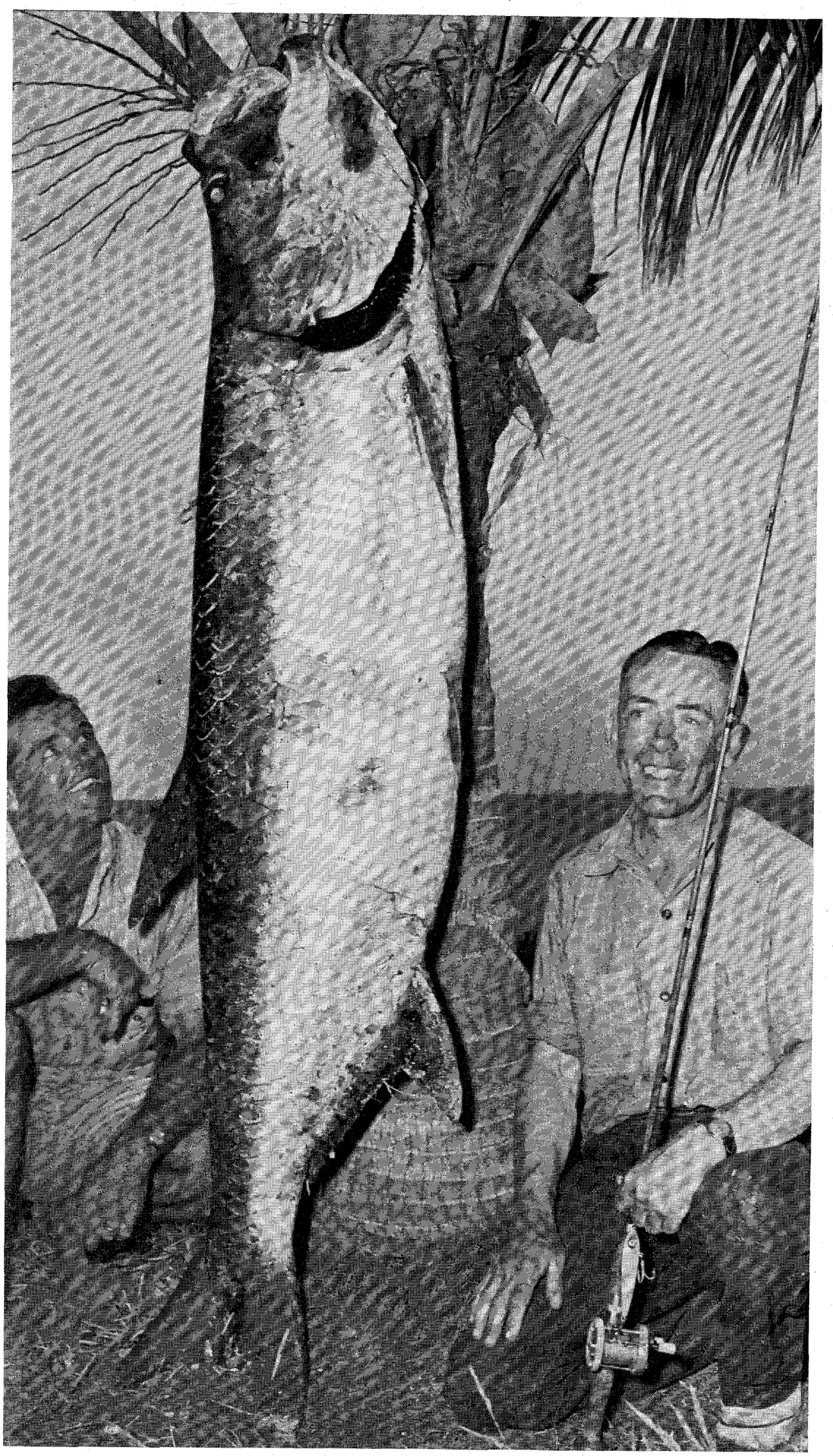

Coughlan (right) with his record-breaking 160½-pound tarpon caught in 1950. At left is guide Jimmie Albright.

Uncanny Angler of the Keys

By GEORGE X. SAND

Is Jerry Coughlan the best fisherman in this country? Here are some of the amazing things this pint-sized Irishman does with a rod and reel.

Americans of moderate income, millions of them, are apt to be frustrated anglers. Try this for size: You have never landed a record fish. If you could afford heavy, expensive tackle and big-boat charter fees —— But you can't. It's a rented rowboat for you, a small reel and bait-casting rod, and catfish-strength line. You never expect to catch a large fish.

"But you can," says Gerald N. Coughlan, a pint-sized fishing champion from Essex Fells, New Jersey. "With such ordinary equipment, properly handled, you can land them as big as you wish."

Jerry should know. He's been hauling in prize catches for nearly a decade. Year after year, he tops outstanding entries made by the tens of thousands of hopeful anglers who descend on Florida to compete in the Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament. And he does this with the same light tackle many of us used as kids to catch our first small bass.

Jerry Coughlan is a fifty-one-year-old Irishman who weighs less than many of the large game fish that he overcomes. A pure amateur — his business is manufacturing household cleaning products — he first entered the Florida angling scene in 1946. "For fifteen years I'd spent my vacations in Canada, chasing after muskellunge, the world's most overrated fish," he explains. "So I decided a bit of Southern ocean fishing might provide better sport."

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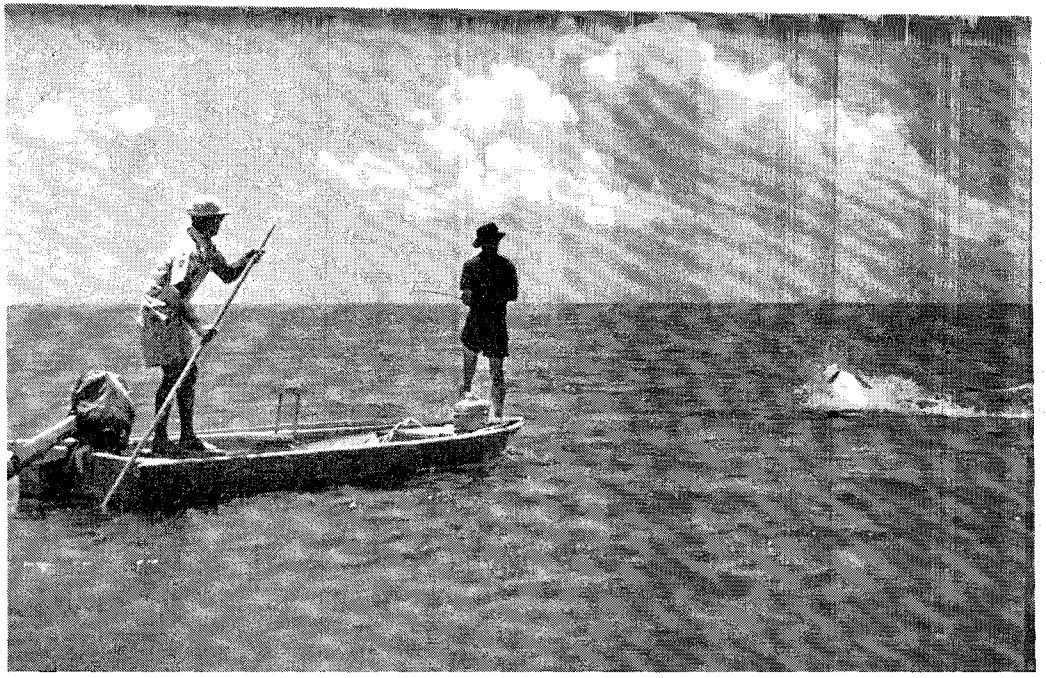


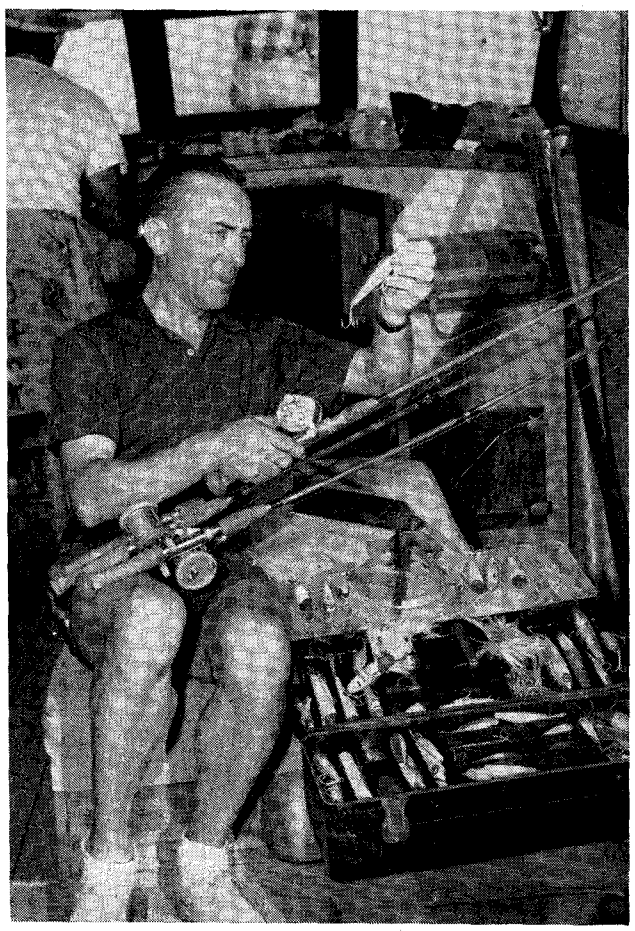
Strike! A big one breaks the surface of Florida Bay to grab Coughlan's plug. "Tarpon are like women," he says. "Once you get one hooked, you never know what it is going to do next!"

Little man and light rod versus big fish. Coughlan has won the Miami Fishing Tournament's "outstanding angler" award for six straight years.

What he found, however, didn't impress Jerry. In the Gulf Stream he saw men who "trolled after the poor fish with ropes tied to telephone poles." When he turned away to fish in the shoals of the Florida Keys, guides took one look at his pencil-thin fresh-water rod and told him to get smart. "There are sharks and tarpon and other tackle busters in here that will jerk you right out of the boat."

That first year Jerry Coughlan landed an eighty-seven-pound tarpon on his little rod, with line tested to break at fourteen pounds, and a three-quarter-ounce minnow lure. The startling catch brought him the top tarpon honor in the Metropolitan tourney, plus the Outstanding Angler Achievement Award. In other words, he had outfished every contestant.

But skeptics weren't convinced. "Pure luck," they said. "He couldn't do it again."



Coughlan uses "everyday tackle." He refuses to "troll after the poor fish with ropes tied to telephone poles."

When Jerry returned to Florida the following spring, he placed second in the tarpon division of the big tournament. The next season he came in third. However, he hadn't been wasting his time. Fascinated by the great silver kings, he had spent weeks fishing the glittering shoals of twenty-mile-wide Florida Bay, where six-footers fed and spawned.

"I guess some of the Keys folks thought I was a bit daft," says Coughlan. "I used to stand in a skiff for hours under the hot sun, trying to improve my casts and retrieves, and seeing what effect different lures would have on the fish."

Probably equally important, Jerry met Jimmie Albright, a serious young guide who could cast a plug with either hand. He had once guided deep-sea fishing parties out of Miami. Now he had ideas that closely paralleled Jerry's, which called for exclusive use of light tackle.

Together they watched how the wily tarpon shot away across the flats every time they tried to approach in a skiff. Even the faint shadow of Jerry's casting line would flush them.

"Sure, now, they scatter like young ladies caught nude at a swimmin' hole," said Jerry. "We've got to do better than this."

Jimmie agreed. In fact, he was already working on a plan.

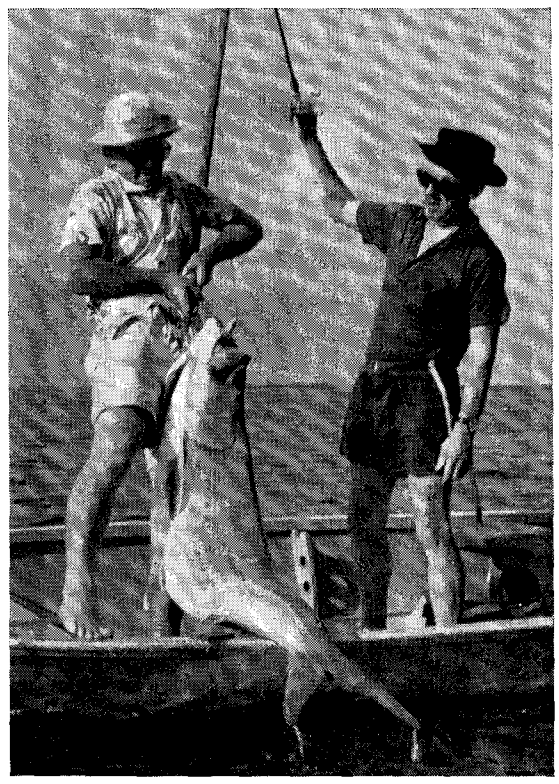
In 1949, Jerry Coughlan won another first place in the plug-casting division of the Metropolitan tourney, with a 115-pound tarpon. Again he was acclaimed the outstanding angler in this large December-through-April contest. One Northern newspaper observed: "It may very well be that Mr. Coughlan is the best fisherman in the country."

It was not until the following season, however, that Jerry Coughlan and Jimmie Albright hit their stride. One bright March morning they shoved off in a skiff to explore sheltered bay waters west of the little Keys fishing village of Islamorada, where Jimmie lives.

The big guide stood in the bow, using a sixteen-foot pole to push their craft slowly and silently. Both men wore glare-reducing glasses, which they'd found helpful for spotting fish in the glittering shallows. Jerry sat amidships, atop a large wooden tackle box. "When Jimmie spots the fish and points them out, I climb up on the box to cast, because I'm such a runt."

They had glided thus into a colorful marine setting of large underwater "lakes," separated by shallow submerged bars, when Albright announced quietly, "Big tarpon dead ahead."

Guide Bill Smith boats Coughlan's prize. The bantam fisherman, an ex-Olympic track star, lives in New Jersey.



"There were four or five of them, swimming in eight or ten feet of water," Jerry recalls. "All over a hundred pounds, and the leader was the heaviest. Since they were moving pretty fast, I cast my plug about twenty feet before them. As the leader drew close, I worked the floating lure, making it flutter and dance. The leader went for it."

There began a typically wild series of tarpon acrobatics. The powerful silver fish proceeded to tear up the milky shoals, leaping violently into the air some fifteen times, twisting and turning and rattling its heavy gill plates. Then the great tarpon suddenly made off for the horizon.

With Jimmie Albright poling frantically, they tried to keep up with the plunging fish. But Jerry's light line was dangerously tight as it proceeded to tow off their skiff. Only a few feet of nylon were left on the reel. Designed to take a fourteen-pound pull, the line was ready to snap. (Continued on Page 124)

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More than a fortune depended on this impersonation.

His life was at stake too.

MURDER IN DISGUISE

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Raphael sat back in the easy chair in his hotel room and took the papers from Benjy Neils' wallet. "The key to a fortune," Benjy had said.

Raphael had met Neils as Benjy was on his way to see Mrs. Amelia Dooley, a wealthy widow who was looking for her dead sister's long-missing child. Benjy, an impostor, claimed to be the lost nephew.

Benjy decided that Raphael's old suit would be more appropriate for his purpose than the new one he was wearing. Raphael was glad to make the exchange. In changing clothes, Benjy forgot his wallet. He accused Raphael of stealing it, and tried to pull a gun. Raphael made a lunge and knocked Benjy off the train.

When Benjy's mutilated body was recovered, Mynnelu Schultz, Raphael's traveling companion, identified it as Raphael. Raphael himself decided to disappear in order to beat a possible murder charge.

Raphael was once a top trapeze artist. He had gone to pieces when his partner, Lynne Lamonte, was killed in a fall. Mynnelu had taken Raphael into her third-rate vaudeville act. She had so enmeshed him in debts and contracts that he was practically her prisoner. Raphael was actually glad to have this chance to get away from Mynnelu.

Raphael went to a nearby hotel and registered as Benjy Neils. Raphael read Benjy's correspondence with Miss Amelia, and decided he himself could pose as the lost nephew.

Miss Amelia really believed the man on his way to visit her was her nephew. However, Kathi, Miss Amelia's secretary, insisted the man was a fraud. Ichabod Carr, the widow's lawyer, was withholding judgment.

That afternoon Raphael kept Benjy's appointment with Miss Amelia. As he rang the bell, Raphael noticed the paper on the door mat. POLICE BELIEVE TRAIN DEATH IS MURDER, read the headline. *Murder*, Raphael thought dazedly. *I'm wanted for murder.* Then Amelia Dooley opened her front door.

II

Raphael put a hand against the frame of the front door. In the late-August warmth, he felt very cold, but he was sweating. Wanted for murder. He was wanted for murder. The police believed an arrest would be made shortly.

Amelia Dooley said softly, "My dear, you must not be so upset at our meeting. Do come in. I wanted to welcome you myself."

He forced his eyes away from the deadly headlines of the paper at his feet. Forced himself to look at Amelia Dooley. She was very like the picture of her in the news clipping. She was small—only slightly over five feet tall. And yet she looked different. There was a briskness to her walk, a rosiness to her cheeks. Somehow he had pictured her as an old and helpless person. Amelia Dooley was far from being either.

She moved spryly, almost youthfully. The odor of lilies of the valley moved with her. She wore an enormous diamond on her left hand as casually as if it were glass, and some heirloom pearls at her throat.

She put a gently imperious hand on his arm. "You are very prompt. All the Jordans have always been prompt."

Away. I must get away. If I can, I can change my name and appearance. There isn't a chance then that they'll ever connect me with the man on the train. But if I don't get away before that child or somebody else on the train sees me and identifies me, I'll hang.

His hands went to his throat. He made a short strangling sound. Amelia Dooley looked at him questioningly. She drew him into the house, closing the door. He felt an impulse of pure panic as the door shut. He wanted to run toward it. Run through it. Run. Anywhere.

Calm. I must keep calm. I can't get out of town until dark. Then I can slip away. When I get to another town I can take a plane. By this time tomorrow I can be hundreds of miles from all danger.

Amelia Dooley's look was openly wondering now. Raphael smiled at her. He was thinking

"My heart is O.K. now," Raphael said. "That was just a temporary thing. I'll be fine in the morning."

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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He let his body down to its full length. He was hanging by his finger tips.

more clearly; the first panic had passed. Tonight. His life depended on his getting away then. He would make it. But in the few hours until darkness, what safer place than the aristocratic home of Amelia Dooley? The police would not be looking for a fugitive murderer at Eagle's Point, unless he gave himself away. Raphael found that he was sweating again. He had come here purely on a chance, a gamble. He had had nothing to lose. Now he had his life. For his actual life depended on his ability to maintain this impersonation of Amelia Dooley's long-lost nephew for the next few hours. A wrong answer, a quiet phone call to the police. Once the police began a check on his identity, he was trapped.

He saw that Amelia Dooley was smiling at him tremulously. He realized suddenly that she was expecting him to kiss her. He bent to put his lips gently against her cheek. Miss Amelia flushed like a young girl. She said, "Thank you, my dear. Suppose you come into the library where we can talk."

Raphael followed her down the wide hall, from which a great staircase curled gracefully upward. She paused in front of two large portraits. One, a man of obviously Irish origin, regarded them with a gay twinkle in his eyes.

"Dear Mr. Dooley," said Miss Amelia. She moved her hand (Continued on Page 108)

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Post Scripts

Joint Return

Now, take this pen and make your small mark
Right under my distinguished hallmark.

Yes, our Return is fully made out—
Why, no, it isn't quite all paid out
Because we got some extra folding
From Dividends with no Withholding.
Yes, those concerns paid taxes, too, dear;
Then why should we? . . . Well, we just do, dear.
Yes, I'm convinced it's not a racket,
Be glad we're in a lower bracket.

Yes, sweet, I took off all Deductions
In line with the enclosed Instructions;
That Main Street Santa last December
You gave a buck to? I remember.
I won't, though you're a great exhorter,
Refigure this to save a quarter!

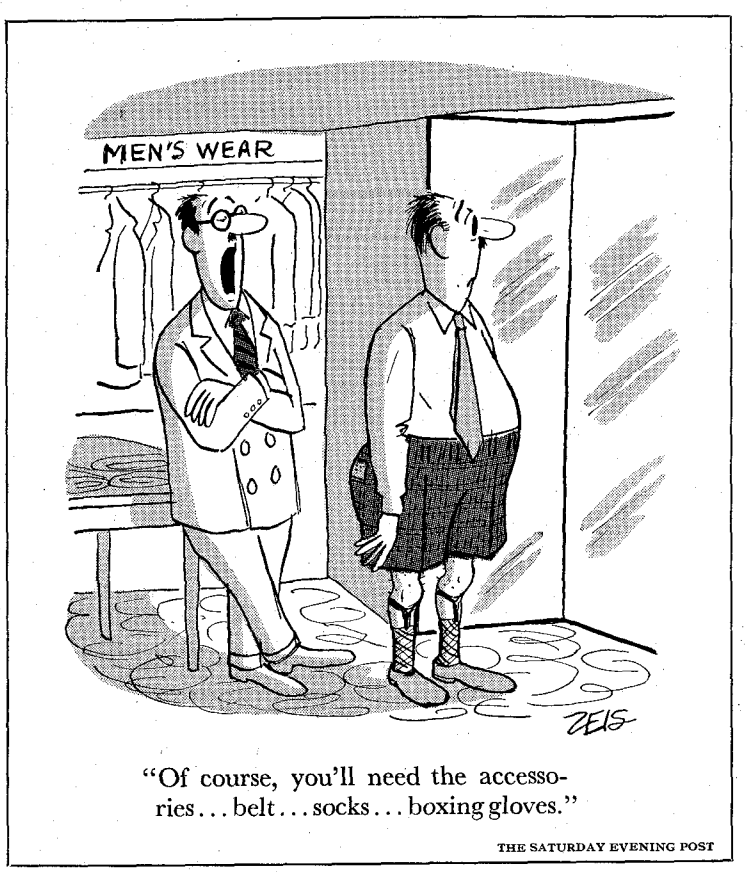
Our dinner dance? Just disavow it—
As an Expense they won't allow it;
Some people can deduct them, honey,
But only when it makes them money.

No. Though I'm certain the Collector
Would not prefer that you neglect her,
Our stray cat, saved by your redemption,
Cannot be claimed as an Exemption.

Now, if you've nothing else to quibble
About, the pen is poised to scribble.
No, love, I did not overpay it—
I'll have no C.P.A. okay it:

Though I esteem your kind suggestions,
Please, sign your name with no more questions.

LOYD ROSENFIELD



"Of course, you'll need the accessories . . . belt . . . socks . . . boxing gloves."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"George always did have a gift for turning a phrase."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Encore!

Liberace, my grandmother's pinup boy, has just issued a book on piano playing which includes information on: "How to Bow"; "How to Announce Your Selection"; and "How to Sit Down at the Piano." Lest any undercurrent of tittering be apparent, I wish to state flatly that I think the inclusion of these items in a book on piano playing is highly practical.

I took piano lessons for many years; first with one hand and then with the other, and finally with both. It was my honor, at around eleven years of age, to give brief concerts at Sunday-school halls, P.T.A. meetings and hospitals. My management started off with hospitals where all the patients were in wheel chairs, so that no one could get at me. We moved up to schools and meetings later.

The first piece I played in public was Fairies at the Fountain, by Zhuckwjuzwji. It took me two months to learn to play the piece and six weeks to learn to pronounce the composer's name.*

I played the piece about 87 per cent accurately and only about five seconds too slowly—a pretty good record in those days. I went on playing sonatinas and fugues for a while, but I never did catch on. If I had had some professional dope on how to bow, and so on, I might have been the Iturbi of my day.

I used to come out on the stage and then run back to my mother and bury my head in her skirt. In those days mothers wore skirts big enough to bury all of me in. Then my mother would push me back on stage and I would stand there with my thumb in my mouth. I didn't bow at all. I just shook my way to the piano stool and stared at it. I didn't sit down elegantly, my hands poised. I sat down on the side of the stool hastily, causing it to revolve, to the high amusement of groups of small children in the front row.

A little dizzy, I would finally grab hold of the keys with a great discord, and stop the stool from spinning. With a great sigh at having landed, I would mumble, "Fairies at the Fountain," which was good for another laugh in the front row, the only area that heard me.

After my selection was mentioned, I whispered that it was a light little waltz, a favorite of Queen Victoria's and written in four stinking sharps.

After I finished my piece I would race to the wings and bury my head in my mother's skirt again. No tumultuous applause brought me back.

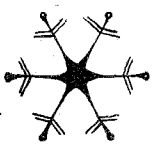
So, if I had had Liberace's inside dope I might have played, bowed, announced, explained, winked, shaken my hair and smiled well enough to make a career of it all. I'm glad someone is explaining all this to young pianists today.

They ought to go just one step farther and include a chapter on how to get out of taking piano lessons in the first place.

ROBERT FONTAINE

* Actually it's not too hard.
It's pronounced: Zok-jzw-hgk-i.

See the Snowflake



This is a snowflake. Isn't it lovely?
Ah, what a pity that it's so shovely!

W. F. MIKSCH

"All You Have to Do Is —"

Maybe I'm just dense, but it does seem to me that most directions and instructions I get from my friends are a bit on the vague side:

"Our place is on the way to South Putney—on the right. Come in time for dinner. We'll be eating early."

"It's a cinch to make. You just add the right amount of onions and celery and cook until it's done."

"Just use your weight and balance better and you'll be skiing like a veteran in no time at all."

"Old man Jeepson a tough character? Don't be ridiculous! You'll land that contract without any trouble at all. All you've got to do is handle him right."

"The rules are simple. Just remember that the game's a cross between baseball and ice hockey, except that you have to serve underhand. Team with the highest score wins."

"The main thing to remember, if you're going to build an outdoor-grill chimney, is to build it so the chimney has a good draft."

"You'll find that it's a short trip. . . . How short? . . . Oh, I'd say *quite* short."

PARKE CUMMINGS

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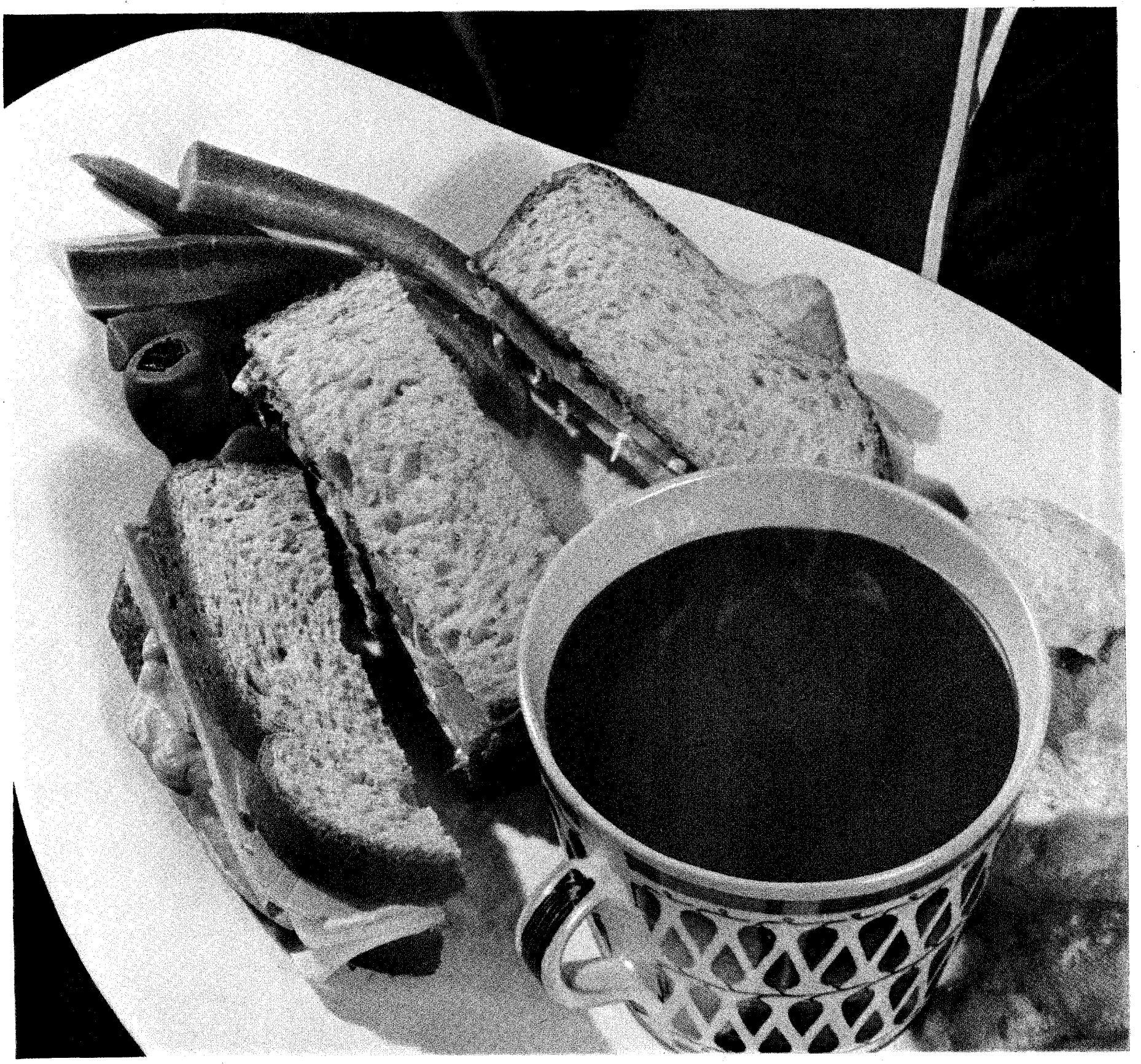
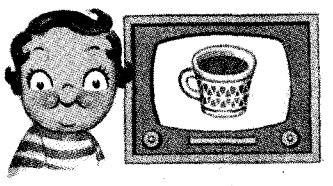


M'm! M'm! Good!



This is the way to watch TV!

Try this with television.

Take a cup or bowl of your favorite good hot Campbell's Soup. Put it on a big plate with a sandwich. Sit back — and enjoy yourself.

You might choose Tomato Soup—warm and glowing with Campbell's famous sun-ripened tomatoes. Or you might vary the meal with other kinds of soup — all soups are good for you! There are healthful proteins and vitamins and minerals in beef and chicken and bean soups. There's wholesome milk in cream soups like mushroom and chicken.

Do have a satisfying, nourishing soup with television—regularly. See if you don't feel better for it, find viewing more refreshing.

It isn't any trouble — there are 21 kinds of Campbell's. You can heat any one in minutes!

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

PROTEINS—*for upkeep and growth*
VITAMINS and MINERALS—for vitality
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy
LIQUIDS—*for digestion*

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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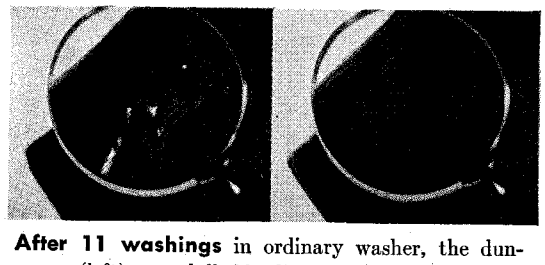
NEW 1956 G-E FILTER-FLO WASHER GIVES YOU CLEANER BRIGHTER CLOTHES—NO LINT FUZZ

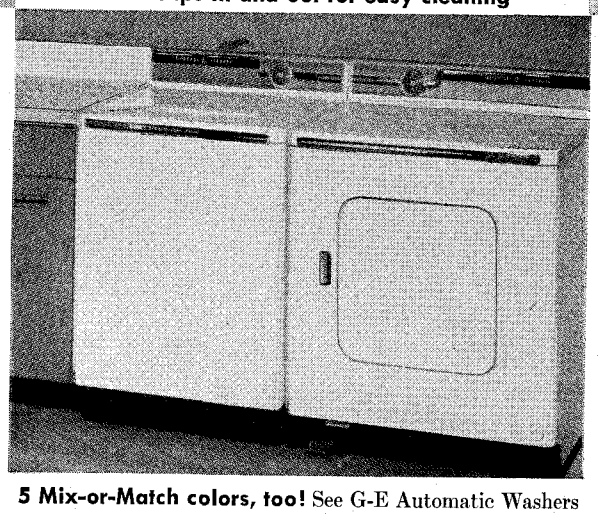
General Electric's new Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans wash water . . . removes lint, sand and soap scum.

As you wash, this G-E Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons a minute. Sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is caught in the removable filter which lets only cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

With 50% more clothes capacity than many automatics, it's today's best buy. About $3.35* weekly. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky. **After a small down payment. See your dealer for price and terms. Most models available in Canada.*



After 11 washings in ordinary washer, the dungarees (left) were dulled by lint. After 11 washings the G-E way, an identical pair showed almost no lint.



5 Mix-or-Match colors, too! See G-E Automatic Washers and Dryers in canary yellow (shown), turquoise green, petal pink, cadet blue, woodtone brown, $10.00 extra. Also white.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The police found Norma's body in the auto court where Donavan was to meet her.

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

Donavan was going to kill the man who had framed him. Nothing else mattered.

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Elizabeth Matthews stood before Donavan, her fists clenched in angry frustration. "Why didn't you tell me?" she demanded. "Why didn't you tell me you didn't kill her?"

Donavan put his hands on her trembling shoulders. "Why tell you something I couldn't expect you to believe?" he asked.

Donavan had been framed by his partner, Jack Murphy, for the murder of Murphy's wife. Donavan was sent to prison, and had served six years when he was recruited with a gang of convicts to fight a flood. He was freed when the river overran the dike on which he was working.

Elizabeth was caught in the same flood. She was rescued by Donavan, together with Peebles, another convict; and Tom Sharkey, a prison guard. Donavan set Sharkey free on a raft, but refused to let Elizabeth ride on the flimsy craft. Instead he took her along with him in a rowboat he found.

Donavan traveled at night, and at daybreak camped on a small island. Elizabeth was grateful to Donavan for saving her life, but felt she had to prevent his escape. While he and Peebles slept, Elizabeth tramped out a distress signal in a field of grain.

Sharkey had reached shore and begun a search for the fugitives. He spotted Elizabeth's signal from the air, then flew back for a boat.

In order to get Elizabeth's help, Peebles told her how Donavan was framed, and warned her that Donavan intended to return to West Mills and kill Murphy. Elizabeth couldn't dissuade Donavan. The law had failed him; now he personally was going to make sure Murphy paid for his crime.

Murphy himself had been trying desperately to repulse the flood and save the construction business he had ruthlessly acquired. But his men had rebelled against Murphy's treatment and deserted him. As Donavan came down the river, Murphy waited, alone.

VI

The ending of the rain, if only for a few hours, brought relief to thousands of people in the flood-stricken areas. It was enough to be homeless, enough to be without shelter at all, or to be sleeping in tents, or to be lying on the floors of overcrowded halls, without the rain. The queues that moved slowly and endlessly toward the field (Continued on Page 90)

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One Chose America's Hottest Car...The Othe

They're as different in their wants as in their looks—yet both are supremely happy behind the wheel of a Pontiac!

You will be, too—because in all the things that make a car great, Pontiac stands out! No other car combines so well so much of all you hold worth-while!

A touch of your toe proves the point in performance.

Instantly, Pontiac's blazing 227-h.p. Strato-Streak V-8 comes to life with a torrent of high-compression power.

Alert, split-second take-off for traffic. A tremendous serve that lets your engine literally loaf in cruising ra The extra might for safer passing at any speed.

You enjoy smoothness beyond belief in all-new Str Flight Hydra-Matic*—smoothness that takes you from st ing start to cruising speed without a hint of hesitation!

Back of all this high-styled, high-powered beauty is most enviable reputation in the industry—a record for

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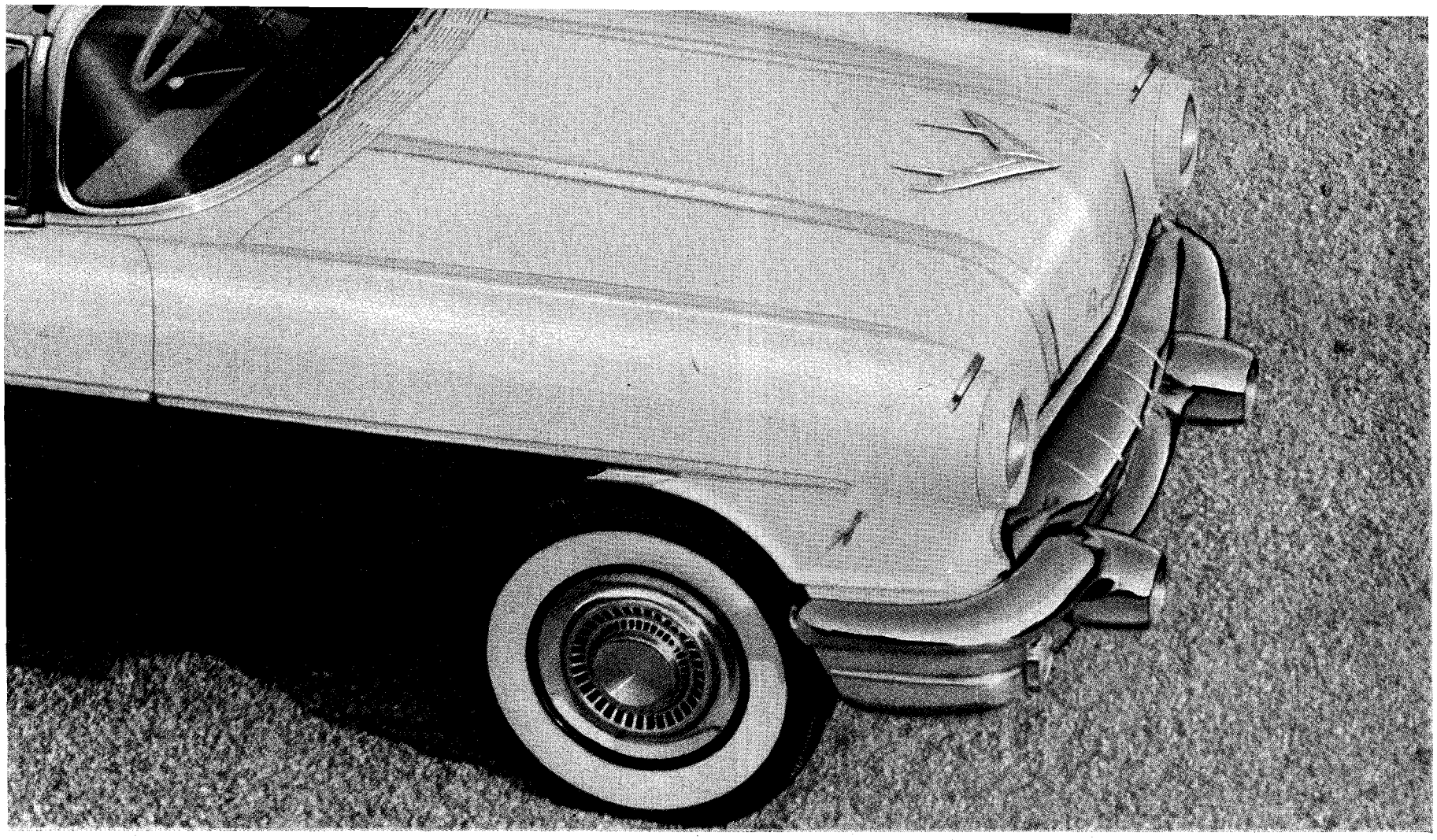

:hose America's Most Dependable Car !

:ndability, carefree operation and year-in, year-out economy ısurpassed by any other car at any price!

Come in soon and *see how easy it is* to satisfy both your aving for action and your respect for a sound investment. ow easy? Listen to this—*you can actually buy a big, glamorous ontiac 860 for less than you would pay for 44 models of the w-priced three!*

**An extra-cost option.*

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'56 STRATO-STREAK

Pontiac

WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC

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Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?

Up to the palace for tea with the Queen.

We both dined on Jell-O, but her plate was bigger

She eats all she wants and still keeps her figger.

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BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
SEVEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
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Innocent on Broadway

(Continued from Page 27)

to relax. It was ritual with her before a production.

"Marcia wouldn't tell me a thing on the phone," he said. "All she did was sputter about my catching the four-fifty-five plane."

"But what if she can't do the production at all?" Pamela cried.

"You don't know the terrible Miss Farr," Andy laughed. "She's been producing plays on Broadway for thirty years. It would take more than a broken arm to keep her out of the theater."

Pamela was silent. Then she said, "I've counted so much on her making me a success. Do you think New York will like me, Andy?"

He looked at her in surprise. "All your pictures have been terrific box office here," he said. "Why wouldn't New York love you?"

Pamela was twisting a pair of gloves. "I don't know. It's a rather frightening thing for an actress to appear for the first time in a strange country," she said. "I've had American girls tell me the same thing about London. I felt so—well, safe, with Marcia Farr."

Her voice stopped, suspended, and Andy tried to reassure her. "But what are you worried about?" he said. "Marcia's a very tough bird."

"I hope so," she sighed, but he knew he had failed.

He went in with her, when they reached the hotel, to make sure everything was all right. "Can we have dinner tomorrow evening?" he asked, as she turned toward the elevator.

"Of course," she said, and smiled. "I know I'm being just a little silly, Andy. But I get intense too." She looked up at him anxiously. "You'll know about everything tomorrow when I see you?"

"I'll know about everything," he agreed.

Driving to the garage near the office of Farr Productions on Broadway, Andy thought of something Marcia had told him when she explained Farr's Law. "Remember that the theater's a business," she said with her intense blue eyes stern, but glowing too. "It's a wonderful, fascinating, beautiful business. But it'll ruin you if you let it touch your private life. I don't know why, but it always will."

Andy thought of how warm and eager Pamela had been when she greeted him and how the news about Marcia had been a sudden barrier between them. He thought bleakly of Farr's Law. . . .

His first impression of Marcia Farr in the Hanover hospital just behind the Dartmouth campus made Andy smile in spite of his anxiety. She was sitting in bed with her left arm in a heavy cast, raised in a sort of comic gesture of greeting.

"Come in, Andrew," she called impatiently, as he hesitated in the doorway. "Don't just stand there, and if you want to laugh, get it over with quickly. You have my permission."

Andy crossed the room and kissed the cheek she turned for him. "I'm terribly sorry," he said. "What have they done to you, Marcia?"

"I'm in traction," Marcia announced, "but it doesn't mean I'm going anywhere. If you would like me to be clinical, I am prepared to parrot that nice young doctor who is taking care of me and tell you that I have a fracture of the greater tuberosity of the humerus, with separation of the fragments." She stirred impatiently. "Now tell me about the office. Did the Dane girl touch down this morning?"

"Yes, of course, she did," Andy said. "And the office is fine. But I want to know what happened."

His aunt sighed. "I had the misfortune to find an antique shop open last evening," she said. "I stepped on a large antique marble some clumsy oaf had knocked on the floor. I lost my balance and put out an arm to save myself. It was a mistake."

Andy's eyes followed along the upstretched arm to the fingers, which fluttered faintly. "If you had told me how serious the break was," he said, "I could have started postponing rehearsals."

His aunt's lips tightened. "There will be no postponement," she said. "I never postpone a production."

Andy felt a touch of admiration. "Marcia, you're magnificent," he laughed. "No one but you would put a play into rehearsal with an arm sticking up like that."

"Who said anything about me?" she inquired. "I shall be right here for several weeks. I expect you to supervise the production."

"But who's going to direct?"

"You are," she said calmly. "I wouldn't trust anyone else."

He was stunned for a moment. "But you're taking such a gamble!"

"Broadway's always a gamble," Marcia said. "It's time you found it out for yourself."

Andy laughed a little in wonder. "It's as though the skipper of my carrier had come to me when I was a j.g. and said, 'Maitland, I can't go out on this voyage. You're in command.'"

Marcia nodded. "It's just like that."

She had a script of Dust From a Rainbow beside the bed, and they spent the next hour going over the first act. Back at the inn, Andy studied the rest of the play, trying to hear the lines in his mind. He let the characters absorb him completely, and when he put the script down he felt a sense of exhilaration. He had been through a dozen productions with Marcia, watching her, learning from her. That must be why he felt so calm inside. But then he thought of Pamela, and for a moment panic came. It was a delicate, elfin part she had to play. It was perfect for her—perfect if he could bring it out. He was troubled when he went to bed.

He was back with Marcia at nine next morning, and they worked on the script until it was time to leave for the 2:10 plane. "I'll call you if I get into trouble," Andy promised.

Marcia shook her head. "If you get into trouble, you'll get out of it yourself," she said. "I've spent the last three years teaching you what I know about the theater. You're in command, Maitland."

Andy looked at those frosty blue eyes, which gradually went warm. "Aye, aye, skipper," he grinned. "And, Marcia—thanks." . . .

When Andy stopped at the desk of Pamela's hotel a few minutes before seven that evening, a clerk told him she was in the Oak Room.

He made his way there, wondering, and almost immediately he saw her with Eliot Pierson, who had written Dust From a Rainbow. A flush of annoyance went through Andy as he walked to their table.

Pamela smiled up at him with a question in her eyes, and Andy shook hands with Eliot. "I phoned Pam last night," Eliot explained. "What's all this about Miss Farr breaking an arm?"

"Just that," Andy said. "She's got to stay in the hospital."

"And we're going to postpone rehearsals?" Pamela asked anxiously.

"I suppose it's the only thing we can do," Eliot said. "Pity."

"There's no question of postponement," Andy said briskly. "I'll be in charge. I'm directing."

There was a little gasp from Pamela.

"Now wait a minute," Eliot Pierson frowned. "When I let Miss Farr have Dust From a Rainbow I never dreamed she wouldn't direct the play herself. I don't like this," and he shook his head.

"You've never directed a play, Andy," Pamela said anxiously. "It's not that I don't think you'd do it marvelously. Only ——"

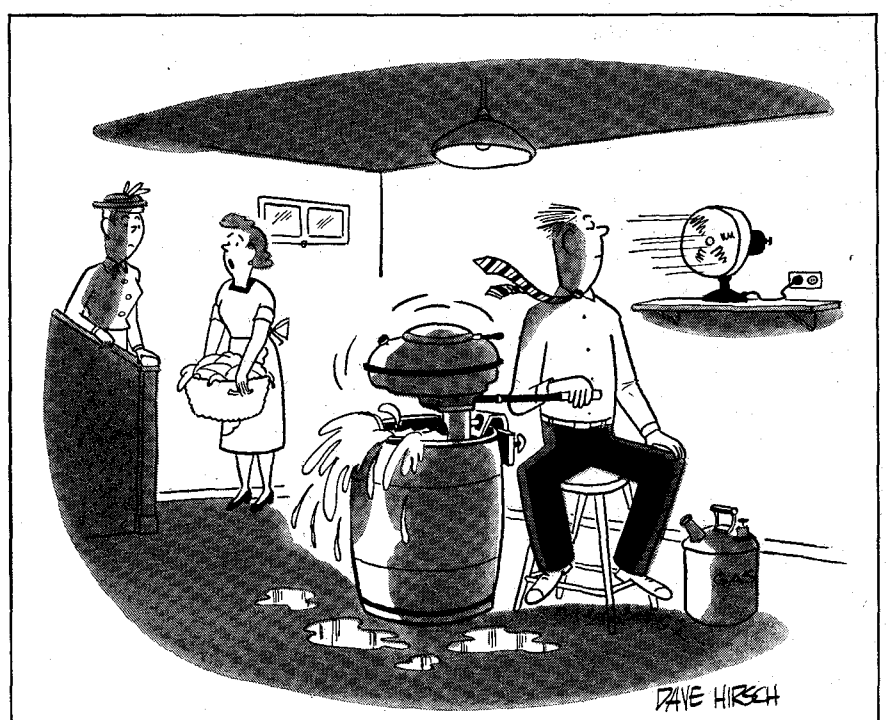
Eliot finished his Martini and stood up. "You two are having dinner," he said, "and I don't want to mess things up." He turned to Andy, and his manner softened. "Why don't we just postpone things? A few weeks won't be fatal."

Andy shook his head. "Miss Farr wouldn't think of it," he said; and then he added, "I wouldn't consider it either."

"All right," Eliot said abruptly. "If you insist on going ahead, there's not much I can do about it. But you'd better be a wizard, boy. I don't want my play ruined."

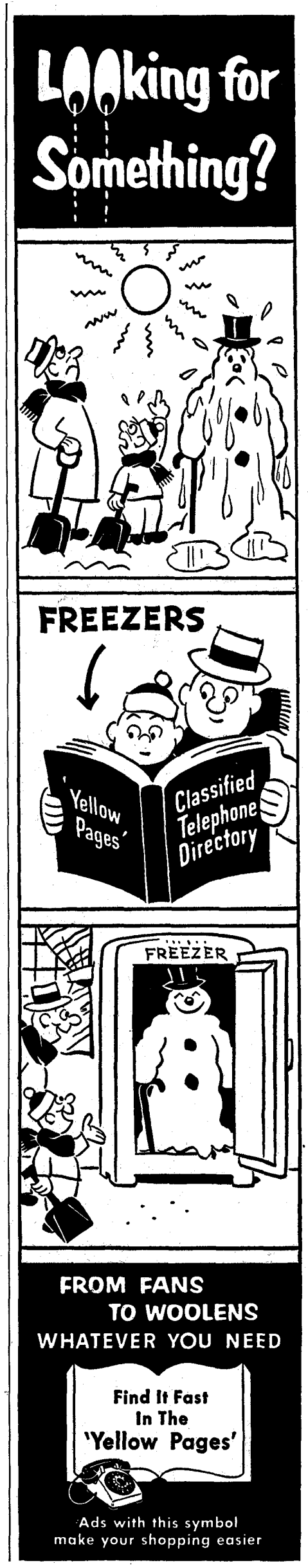
He strode from the room, and when Andy looked back at Pamela, she was frowning. "That was hateful of Eliot," she said.

Andy shrugged. "I didn't know you'd met Pierson," he said.



"How I dread these rainy weekends."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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"He came out to Hollywood," Pamela explained. "I saw quite a lot of him. He'll calm down, Andy."

"I didn't think you gave me much of a vote of confidence either," Andy said.

She looked at him in surprise. "I? But you're going to direct me. I've got to believe in you." She smiled. "Let's go on to dinner. I'm starved."

He took her to one of those little French restaurants which open at five on Sundays, and in seconds the room was conscious of Pamela Dane. Heads craned in her direction, and Andy said crossly, "I was hoping people wouldn't recognize you here."

"And I was afraid they wouldn't," Pamela laughed. "It's such a relief to know that New York recognizes me, Andy. Order me something very light and very delicious. And I think I'd like some wine."

All through dinner she chattered gaily. She told him about seeing Eliot on the Coast, about London and her seasons of ballet at Covent Garden, how she came to have her first dramatic part. She was a bright façade, and Andy could not find Pamela behind it. He was bewildered by her sudden change of mood. This wasn't his memory of Pamela.

What had impressed him deeply about her in Hollywood was that she was simple and genuine and unaffected. The trouble with most actresses he knew was that they could never forget they were part of the theater. But Pamela could forget. That night they were together she had talked about her childhood in England, her family, familiar things. She had been the center of admiration and seemed unconscious of it. She wasn't that way tonight. She was the center of this small restaurant and she seemed to love it.

He took her back to her hotel earlier than he had intended, and he was puzzled. She gave him her hand in the lobby. "I quite loved it, Andy," she said. "Did you mind that I liked being noticed?"

He grinned wryly. "I guess any actress likes it," he told her.

A shadow crossed her eyes, and he could not tell what it meant. "I think you'll be very glad I'm an actress tomorrow and all the rehearsal days ahead," she told him, and turned swiftly into the elevator. . . .

Most of the company was assembled on the bare stage of the Booth Theater when Andy arrived the next morning a few minutes before eleven. His stage manager, Sam Tate, was arranging the long bare table and battered chairs, which were the only props they would have during rehearsals. Rose Gilbert, who managed the Farr office with beaverlike efficiency, was making sure each actor had brought the sides on which his part was typed with the cues he must learn. Rose had been instructed, too, to tell them about Marcia's accident and that Andy would direct. If he had to make a speech, Andy knew it would get the whole thing off on an apologetic note.

Pamela was missing, and then Andy saw her in the third row of the orchestra, talking in low tones with Eliot Pierson. She rose quickly and came through the fire door to the stage. "Met the company?" he asked, and she nodded. "Before you came in."

It was a small company, six men and three women. Andy looked around at them conversing with one another. Some were old friends from other productions. Some were meeting for the first time. Andy felt a touch of loneliness as he saw Pamela walk over and join the group.

He was realizing what a place apart the director had. He'd seen the crew of his carrier look warily at a new skipper when he took over, just as these people were looking at him warily now, wondering what he was like, wondering whether their professional lives were safe with him.

Andy cleared his throat. "All right," he said. "If you'll sit down we'll read through the play. Don't try to give the lines much. I just want to get the sound of how they go together."

They read through the first two acts, and Andy called a break for lunch. He sent Rose out for a sandwich and spent the interval talking with Sam Tate. The company was back in an hour, and they read the third act. Then Andy took them back to the beginning, and they read the play straight through.

Watching the script, glancing up at each actor as a speech was read, Andy felt good. His mind was completely absorbed. He looked at Pamela and realized how preposterous it would be if he let himself think of her as anything more than the sensitive actress she was. He had great confidence in his star. He told himself grimly that was all.

She brushed past him after rehearsal. "You really can't help reading those lines right, can you?" he asked in admiration.

For just a moment her brown eyes held his. "Why, what a nice thing for a director to say," she smiled. "It's a lovely part."

He kept them reading around the table for the next two days, and he knew actors get restive until they can move about.

"Hadn't you better get them on their feet?" Sam asked anxiously.

"When I think they're ready," Andy replied shortly.

He phoned Marcia that night. "I don't want to hear a word about rehearsals," she told him quickly. "My arm itches, and I'm bored, but, Andrew, that nice young doctor says I am a remarkable patient, and I'm having a wonderful rest. I hardly think about you-know-what."

"I don't believe it," Andy said. "You're a fraud."

He heard a chuckle from the hospital bed in Hanover. "What else can a helpless old woman say?"

He hung up with a glow of appreciation. He knew what it must be costing the great Marcia Farr to be away from the theater. There would be a hundred things she wanted to tell him. And she was deliberately keeping her hands off.

He gave the company another day of reading and then he got them on their feet. He could sense the change in mood, the excitement of feeling that now the play would really move. Instead of the flat, occasionally bored sound of voices around a table, life flowed into them.

Andy was off the stage now, sitting in the second row of the orchestra, standing often to fix a piece of stage business or correct the reading of a line. His eyes were everywhere, seeing new groupings for the characters, and he listened always for speeches that had to be rewritten as the play took on movement.

There was always rewriting in any play, changes that the action indicated. Eliot was quite alive to the need. But there was a grudging acceptance in his attitude that irritated Andy.

"Look, Eliot," he said, during the second week, when they were breaking for the day, "wouldn't it be a lot easier for both of us if you didn't raise a fuss every time a line has to be changed?"

Eliot whirled on him quickly. "I haven't been unreasonable, have I?" he demanded. "I'm giving every change you want a long thought. That's all. I've got my own interests to protect—and Pam's."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Isn't it fairly obvious?" Eliot asked, and moved up to the stage where Pamela was waiting for him. They walked out together.

Andy slumped back in a seat. It hadn't occurred to him that Pamela might be in love with Eliot. For just a moment he thought of Marcia and her warning that the theater was a business. "It'll ruin you if you let it touch your private life."

He took his car from the garage and drove into the park. By the time he had circled it once in the early dark his mind was clear. He had dinner and went home, and he knew now there was something missing in the play. It was a charming, sophisticated comedy, and he was sure Broadway would like it. Pamela would be charming. But there was no plus in it. The way the play was written, it was brittle dialogue only—an evening to please a limited audience. The play would begin to fade after a month or two, no matter how enthusiastic the critics were. He wondered if Marcia had realized that.

Two days later, when they were working on the third act, Andy suddenly saw what was missing. He caught his breath at the sense of discovery. He dismissed the company, hurried back to the office and told Rose Gilbert to hold up any calls. Then he locked himself up to study Pamela's part.

In the play, Pamela was a sort of country cousin, invited for a Long Island weekend with a highly sophisticated uncle and aunt and their several guests. The essence of the character was that everyone assumed she was sweetly pure. But she kept startling them with apparently innocent comments which just might have a double meaning. She set the others to quarreling among themselves, all of them protecting her, all of them wondering what this elfin creature was up to. The maneuvers by which she manipulated people and events were deliciously challenging until the last five minutes of the play. Then her planned mischief was revealed as the key to an innocent charade.

For two hours Andy worked excitedly over the script, penciling in new lines, making rough notes for others. When he sat back and thought through what he had done, he knew that he had built something vital and fundamental into the play. He had changed the whole emphasis, and he was suddenly conscious of the dangers too.

He thought of Marcia. He'd seen her change plays during rehearsal, but never with the daring of what he was planning now. He thought, *I've got to tell her*, and then he knew he mustn't call Marcia. She'd gambled on him. Now he was gambling on Broadway—gambling that Broadway would echo the excitement that was rushing through him. This was his lonely responsibility.

He flipped the intercom. "Find Miss Dane and Mr. Pierson and ask them to come here," he told Rose. "Tell them it's important."

Five minutes later, she called him back. "I've found them both," Rose said. "They'll be along directly."

Andy paced the room, stopping now and then to look down over Broadway. *It's a wonderful, fascinating, beautiful business. But it'll ruin you. . . .*

Pamela and Eliot arrived within minutes of each other. They hadn't been together then, he reflected, and waited before talking till they were both seated in front of the desk. Then he said, "I've got a wonderful new conception of the play."

"Now wait a minute," Eliot bristled, starting up from his chair.

Pamela put a hand on his arm. "Let's hear what Andy wants to tell us," she said quietly.

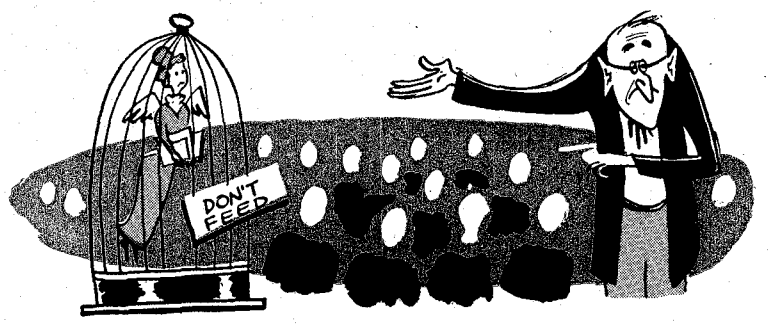
Andy leaned across the desk. "We've got a comedy now," he said, "and nothing more. What I'm suggesting is deeper values, more penetrating lines which make Pamela a mystery when she leaves that Long Island weekend. With a shift in emphasis, not too much rewriting, we can send the audience out of the theater guessing at what she really is—arguing from one end of New York to the other about this fascinating sprite of a girl."

Pamela looked puzzled and disturbed. Eliot stared out the window. "I think it's a crazy idea," he said sullenly. "You've got to make her character clear at the curtain."

"No, you haven't," Andy said quickly. "Look." He pulled the script toward him. "It's toward the middle of the second act that we start building the girl's mystery," and he began reading the new lines, sketching out ideas for others from his notes.

For two hours they went over the script. He could

(Continued on Page 59)



The Perfect Squelch

The public meeting of the school board and town council had been called to discuss the possibility of raising teachers' salaries. But it wasn't getting very far, because one elderly, opinionated man persisted in doing all the talking.

He remembered and described all the teachers of his youth and told how happy they had been at their work. He talked at length of the rewards of molding youth. He went into great detail about teachers' vacations, the pleasant surroundings they enjoyed and their very convenient hours of work. Then, finally, he ended his lengthy speech by saying, "Now I call on our senior teacher, Miss Upton, to respond to the toast, 'Long Live Our Teachers!'"

Miss Upton rose, and her response in full was, "On what?"

Mrs. W. F. Wood

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He meets the challenge of new frontiers

WITH MEN WHOSE HERITAGE is pioneering, it is natural to be a step ahead of the crowd. Men like these don't follow trends. They set them.

Today these leaders have quietly started a trend in the fine car field . . . shifting away from the now commonplace to a truly distinctive motorcar . . . the Imperial of 1956.

And these men will be followed. For even the less discerning can readily see that the Imperial for 1956 is the new leader on the American road.

For its driver, Imperial offers the most advanced engineering features available today—the most powerful type of engine on the road . . . push-button automatic transmission . . . full-time power steering . . . and super smooth power brakes.

For its passenger, Imperial has every luxury. It has more head and leg room than any other comparable car. It is richly upholstered in gold-threaded Imperial brocade, with hand-crafted leather trim. Available, too, is a long-playing hi-fi phonograph to please discriminating tastes in music.

Imperial has more, however, than ease and comfort alone.

It has a distinguished air that sets it apart from any other automobile. It is dramatic, without being theatrical. It has flash, without being "flashy." In every way, it is the finest car America has yet produced . . . and it looks it!

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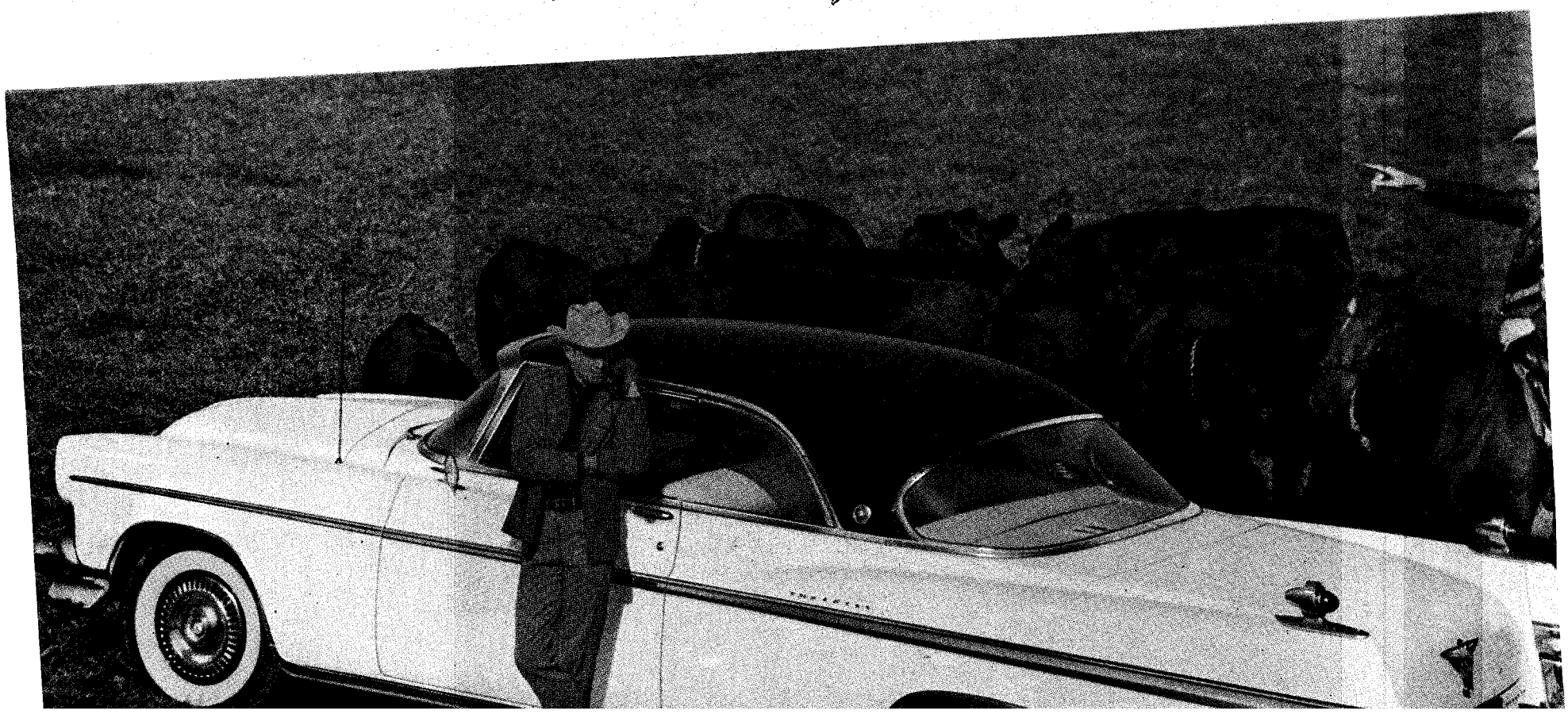
finest expression of The Forward Look



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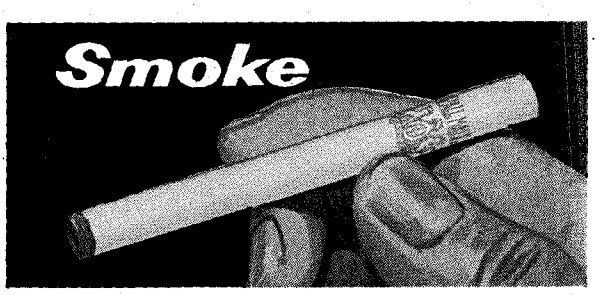
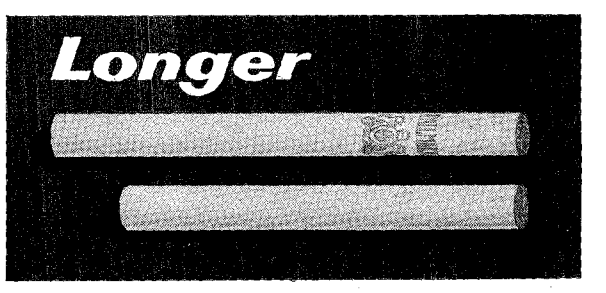
REWARD
with the Pleasure

Get a fresh start with a freshly-lit

PALL MALL



Whenever the time comes to relax, reward yourself—with the smooth, gentle mildness of America's most rewarding cigarette. PALL MALL is so fresh and fragrant, so cool and sweet, it tastes freshly-lit puff after puff. Choose well—smoke PALL MALL.



Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. You get smoothness, mildness, and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Enjoy the finest quality money can buy.

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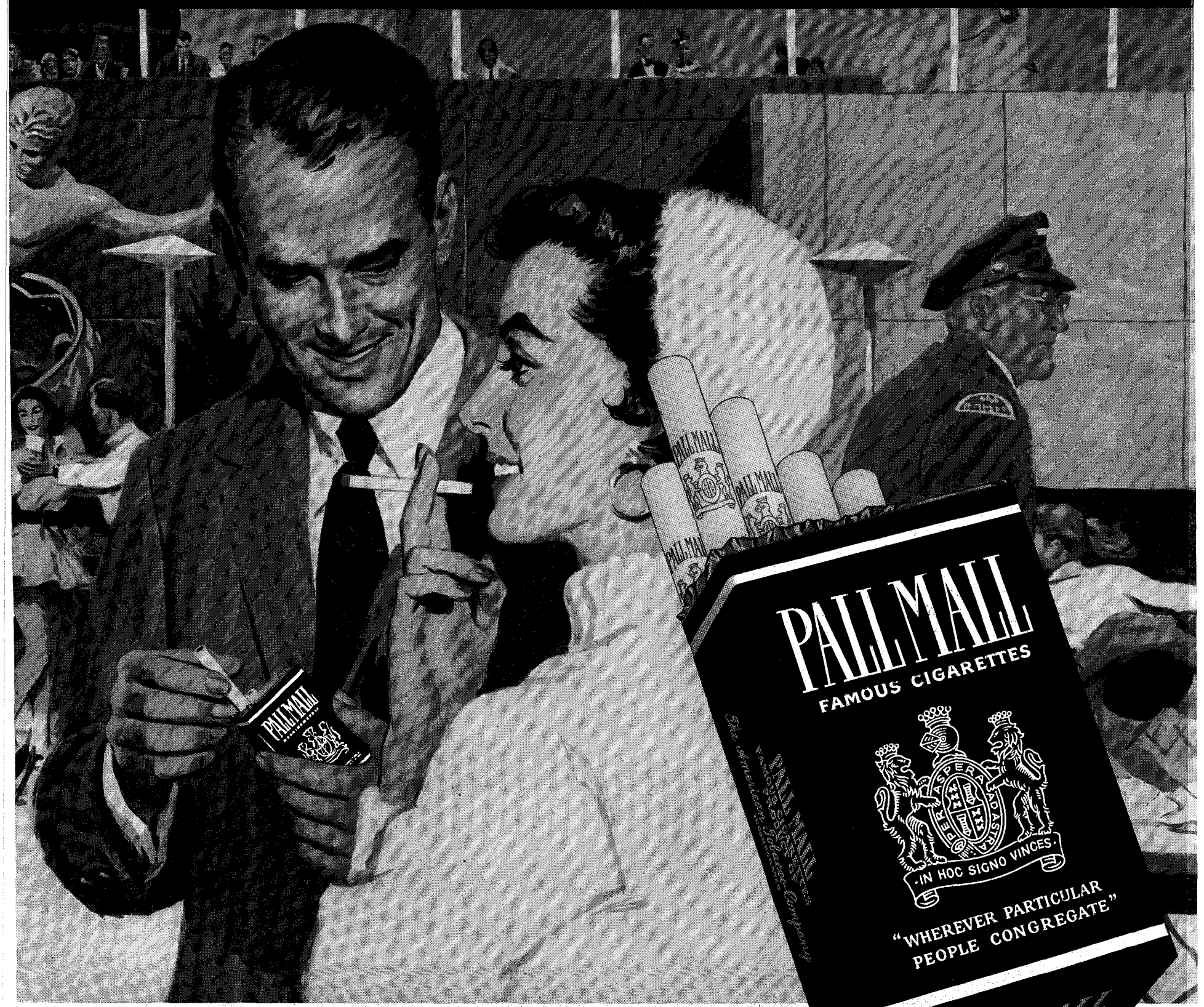
YOURSELF
of smooth smoking



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Finer

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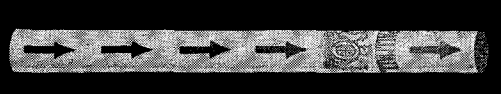
LL MALL tobaccos are the finest quality money can
No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here
s blended to a flavor peak—delicious, and distinctively
LL MALL. Buy PALL MALL today.

Milder



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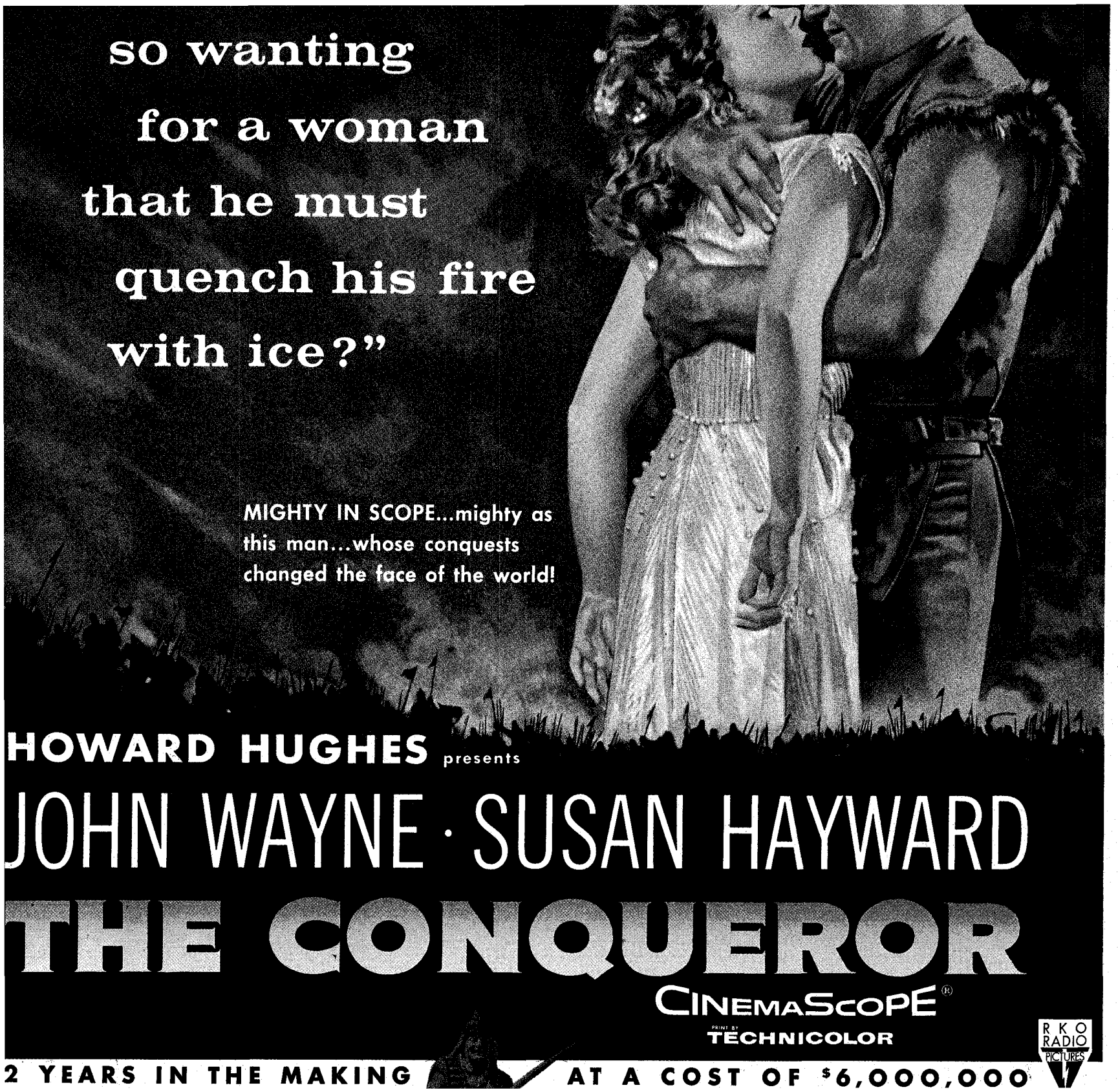

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(Continued from Page 54)

feel Pamela's hesitation, but her understanding too.

Then Eliot reluctantly abandoned his resistance. "You might just be right," he said grudgingly. "I'm not sure you are, but I can see what you want, and I'll try it. . . . What do you think, Pam?"

She said, "I think I love it, but I'm not sure I could do it. . . . It's a frightening responsibility, Andy. You're making the part so sensitive that it's hard for a voice to catch the shades of meaning."

"Your voice could do it, Pamela," Andy said quietly. "You could make this character sum up the riddle of woman."

Eliot gathered up Andy's script and notes. "I've got to get started on these changes," he said impatiently. "Coming, Pam?"

She said, "I want to talk with Andy."

She waited till the door had closed. "Does Marcia Farr know about this?" she asked.

Andy shook his head. "I'm doing it on my own."

"Then call her!" Pamela cried. "If she agrees, I'll accept the changes." Her voice was pleading. "It isn't that I don't trust you, Andy. I've thought you were quite marvelous—confident and strong and—and imaginative. But now I'm frightened. Please call your aunt."

Andy knew what he had to say. "Do you know what it means to have a woman like Marcia Farr trust you with something that is her whole life?" he asked gently. "If I called her now, she'd know I didn't trust myself."

"But what about me?" Pamela cried. "Don't you care what happens to me?" She jumped up, and he could see the spurt of tears. He stood across from her, the desk separating them. "If you make me fail on Broadway, I think I'll hate you!"

"I've still got to do it this way," he said. For a long time he stood looking at the closed door.

Eliot phoned him at midnight. "I thought you'd want to know that I like what I'm doing," he said. "I'll stay with it till I'm through."

Andy saw the changes in the morning and he was enthusiastic. "You've caught the mood!" he cried. "It's all here now, Eliot!"

There was confusion while new lines and cues were studied. Andy drove the company and he drove himself. He thought of Marcia, trusting him, helpless in a hospital bed in Hanover. He thought of Pamela's fear and he wondered whether he had asked her to reach too high. But before those last days of rehearsal were ended he was sure that Pamela was making a rainbow shimmer with the magic of her voice.

They were opening for a two weeks' tryout at the Plymouth Theater in Boston. Andy went up Saturday morning. He found Rose and Sam Tate already in the theater with Roland Bingham, who had designed the set. Sam was going over props with the stage crew, and Rose was making notes. Bingham was working with the lights. They were at it until late Sunday morning and, after a break, they worked almost till time for dress rehearsal. Cartons of black coffee sustained Andy as he studied the lighting with Bingham. The set was charming. Bingham had built a studiedly mannered living room which would draw a ripple of applause.

The dress rehearsal was ghastly. The leading man blew his lines twice, and Pamela was in tears when it was over.

Eliot growled, "You asked too much, and I was stupid enough to play along. Of course, we can change the whole thing back during the Boston run."

Andy turned to him angrily. "We're changing nothing!" he said. "This is the way we're coming into New York!"

A Marcia Farr production was one of the few openings which commanded a full house in Boston. Andy was deeply tired when he went to the theater at eight o'clock and knocked at Pamela's dressing room.

Her eyes were big in the mirror with its frame of bare bulbs. The odd thing was that he thought they were smiling. He said, "Whatever you believe now, Pamela, tonight could be something wonderful."

She didn't turn around. She said, "You were sweet to tell me that, Andy," and she added, in a tone so low he could barely catch it, "I think I believe it now."

The voice was muted music in his mind as he stood at the curb and watched the arriving crowd. At curtain time he stood nervously behind the last row of seats. He mingled with the people in the lobby during the first intermission and caught an infectious feeling of enjoyment. Then, in the second act, the company caught fire. Pamela inspired them. She dominated the play, lifted the others with her. The lobby buzzed with excitement. The end of the act had left them with the unsatisfied curiosity the play was supposed to build. Then came the third act, and in its last brilliant minutes it set the audience cheering as the final curtain fell. Pamela had done it. Something from this sparkling girl had touched these men and women with a spell of enchantment. It was like dust from a rainbow.

Andy heard the excited conversation as the audience streamed out. He started to follow, and then he saw Marcia. She must have been hidden in the crowd. Her arm was still in a sling, but it was no longer held upward in greeting. She saw him and waved her free arm.

"Well, Andrew," she said, when he had pushed through to her. "You're quite a wizard, aren't you?" Then, to his astonishment, she burst into tears, and he put his arm around her. "I was so frightfully worried," she confessed; "and I needn't have been at all. You've taken a pleasant little comedy and gambled it into something that will send Broadway to its knees. Andy, I'm so proud of you I could pop!"

She fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief, and Andy felt he had been awarded the Navy Cross. Suddenly he was all choked up himself.

Eliot Pierson approached them, grinning. "Well, Miss Farr," he said heartily. "Seemed to go all right, didn't it? Those changes I made give the play a whole new value."

Marcia looked at him shrewdly. "They certainly do," she said. "Andy was inspired. Why don't you drive me back to my hotel, Eliot?"

Eliot grinned sourly. "Why, I'd be honored," he said.

Marcia turned to Andy. "You might bring the Dane girl to my suite," she said. "I think I'd like to meet her."

Andy went down the side aisle and through the fire door to the stage. He waited impatiently till the last of the visitors left Pamela's dressing room. When he went in she was standing as though she had been expecting him. She gave him both her hands.

"You were magic," he muttered, and there was wonder in his voice.

"Do you know why?" Pamela asked. "Your aunt came to see me this afternoon. She'd been at that dreadful dress rehearsal and she wasn't in the least worried. She said a bad dress rehearsal was a good omen for a wonderful opening. Rose Gilbert had called her at the hospital every day and told her all about changes."

"Why, the woman's a complete fraud!" Andy cried. Then he was laughing in sheer relief, and Pamela laughed too.

He looked down at her, and the laughter faded. She was exactly the way she had been that night at Ciro's—a woman and not an actress.

"You've been so distant and aloof," he said. "You aren't now."

She shook her head. "I don't need to be any more," she said happily. "Oh, Andy. It's been the hardest rehearsal period I've ever been through. I was afraid if I let you think about me you couldn't think about the play. I've been a fraud, too, and I've hated myself!"

He took a step toward her. "But what about Eliot?" he demanded. "You're not in love with Eliot?"

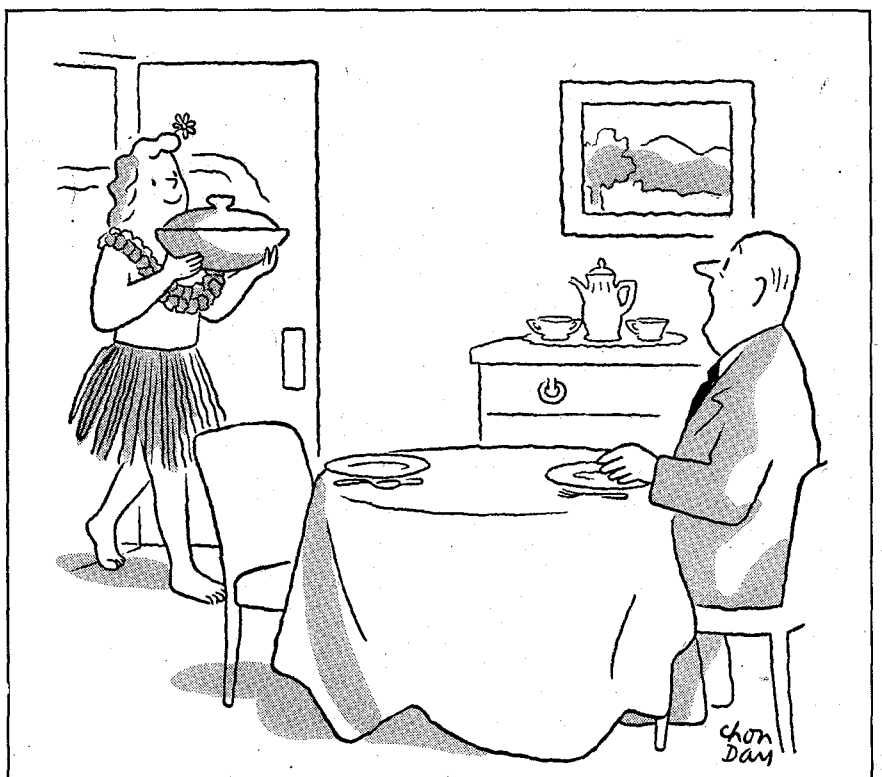
"What do you think Andy?" she said softly, and then her cheek was against the rough tweed of his jacket, and the copper-penny hair brushed his throat.

"You're breaking Farr's Law, you know," she murmured, and he held her away from him, shaking her a little.

"What do you know about Farr's Law?" he asked.

"Your aunt told me," Pamela smiled. "She said you had her permission to break it—with me. But," she added, "I'm glad you had decided to all by yourself!"

THE END



"Oh, no. Not fish and poi again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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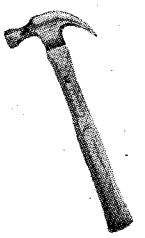

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What airline's captains average 2 million miles? ⟶

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The Great Rose Lottery (Continued from Page 39)

for one single rose, the elusive new wonder rose that may be next year's prize winner. In this exacting pot-of-gold hunt, they comb their vast rose fields, notebooks in hand. To better their odds, they make over a quarter-million hand pollinations annually in research plots and greenhouses.

If, from all these experimental crosses they find a dozen promising roses with outstanding shape or fragrance or color, the Perkins brothers think they have hit the jack pot. They happily save the dozen and burn the rest, hoping that out of the dozen will come one Golden Masterpiece or Fashion or Diamond Jubilee or another Pinocchio strain, to mention a few of what the Perkinses call "million-dollar roses." The Perkinses have had their share of these big-money roses.

A good place to see all of them is in the spectacular seventeen-acre rose garden maintained by the Jackson & Perkins Company in Newark, New York. Here each summer, planted in a beautifully landscaped park, which cost the company over half a million dollars, are dozens of beds and bowers in bloom at one time. Some are formal plantings; some feature climbers; some are rose patios; still others are old-fashioned gardens with roses sprawling over split-rail fences. One, with sandboxes, bears the legend above the low gate: "Adults admitted only when accompanied by children." The garden is open to the public, and in 1955 more than 650,000 enthusiasts from every state motored to Newark during July to check the Jackson & Perkins "living catalogue of roses," the world's largest rose garden.

The Perkins brothers feature not only their own creations but roses of competitors as well. This is canny business, because nearly everybody who visits the garden is a potential customer. In the rose business you grow your rival's patented originations and pay him a royalty on what you sell. Every year the Jackson & Perkins Company hands over about $250,000 in royalties to other originators. Last year, for example, the firm grew and marketed more Queen Elizabeth, the current rose sensation, than the originator, Germain's, of California. That is about like having Ford build more Chevrolets than General Motors. The company also collects a considerable sum from rivals who grow and market Jackson & Perkins creations.

"We pay more royalties than we collect, because we grow more roses," explains Charlie Perkins. "Now that we can patent a new rose, we can afford to gamble real money on research. If we come up with a winner, we get it back fast."

The way to win in the great rose lottery is to develop a new number such as Golden Masterpiece, a huge yellow introduced in 1954, "one of Gene's creations," as Charlie Perkins puts it. "Gene considered it his masterpiece, so that's how we hit on the name."

"Gene" is Eugene F. Boerner, the Jackson & Perkins head hybridizer, who holds seventy plant patents on roses, more than any other originator. Back in 1947, Boerner was wielding his pollen brush on Mandalay, a large-blossom yellow rose that grew on a small, weak plant, and cross-pollinating it with Golden Sceptre, a rugged, vigorous bush that ironically bore insignificant blossoms. From this cross, one of the score of seeds he harvested eventually grew into a sturdy bush that bore gorgeous, seven-inch yellow blossoms. "It looked like a winner from the start," recalls Boerner. But having guessed wrong about new roses several times, Boerner and Charlie Perkins tested the new yellow for five years, in greenhouses and in the field, before becoming convinced that they had the answer to the florists' prayers for a large, long-stemmed yellow rose for the cut-flower trade. In 1952, their enthusiasm bubbled over and they shot the works by ordering field crews to bud 150,000 root stocks to Golden Masterpiece. By 1955 they were ready to spring it on the market.

"We guessed wrong again," admits Perkins. "Golden Masterpiece didn't catch on with the greenhouse trade at all. But it was a knockout in the home gardens."

So they will get their money back fast, plus some winnings. Perkins estimates that the company planked down $50,000 in developing Golden Masterpiece. Which gives an idea of the kind of change it takes to play the great rose lottery.

But not always. A few years back Prof. G. L. Jordan, of the University of Illinois, whose hobby is roses, discovered a new red mutation in his garden. Remembering Gene Boerner, who had studied at Illinois, he mailed a twig containing three "eyes," or buds, to Jackson & Perkins.

Boerner budded the three eyes on vigorous bushes in the greenhouse. They grew fast and burst into blooms that rivaled those of New Yorker, which the Perkins clan considers "the finest red rose of all time." The following season they budded the professor's red rose onto field stock. It did even better out-of-doors. Admiring the gay and festive blossoms, Boerner and Charlie Perkins concluded they had a winner, and named it Mardi Gras. It became a steady seller, although not a truly big-money rose. But every year the professor has cashed a royalty check running into four figures as a reward for his foresight in sending in a twig with three little eyes.

Sometimes a lucky find in the rose bed leads to fortune. One such was another red rose sport discovered in the J. H. Hill greenhouse at Richmond, Indiana. Joe Hill knew a good new rose when he saw one. He filed for a patent on his find and, since the country was just pulling out of the depression, named the sport Better Times. Hill licensed Jackson & Perkins to grow the bushes, which they did by the hundreds of thousands annually.

The new rose was remarkable in that it yielded up to sixty blossoms per bush each season, all of them on tall, straight stems. It sold so well in florists' shops that before long more than half of all greenhouse-grown roses were Better Times. Every time any grower sold a Better Times rosebush, Joe Hill garnered a royalty, ranging from 20 per cent of the sale price in the first year to 8 per cent after the fourth year. Before his patent ran out, Hill had collected more than half a million dollars in Better Times royalties.

"That's what keeps us hunting new roses," says Charlie Perkins.

When anybody asks Perkins what, in his opinion, is today's top money rose, he takes another puff on his cigar, squints his blue eyes (Continued on Page 64)

Crying Shame

By R. H. Grenville

I wish that someone would
explain
This feminine psychology:
How wives can lose an
argument
And still win an apology.

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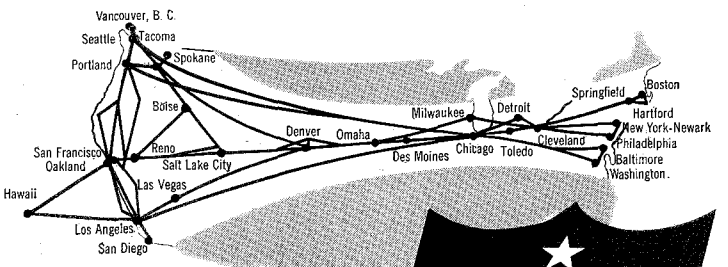

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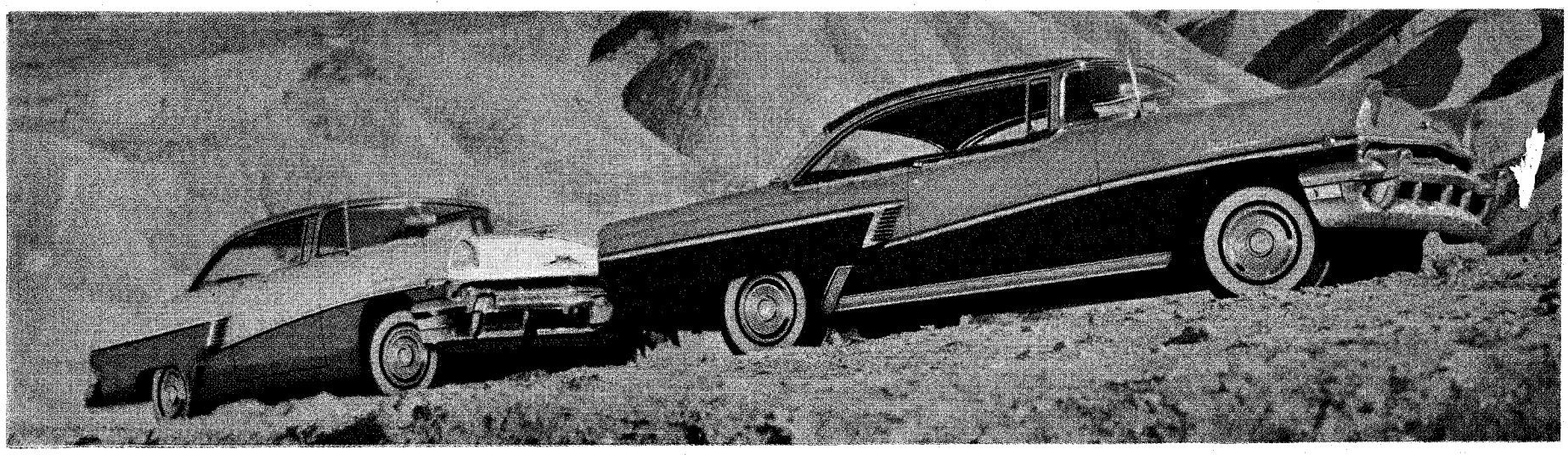

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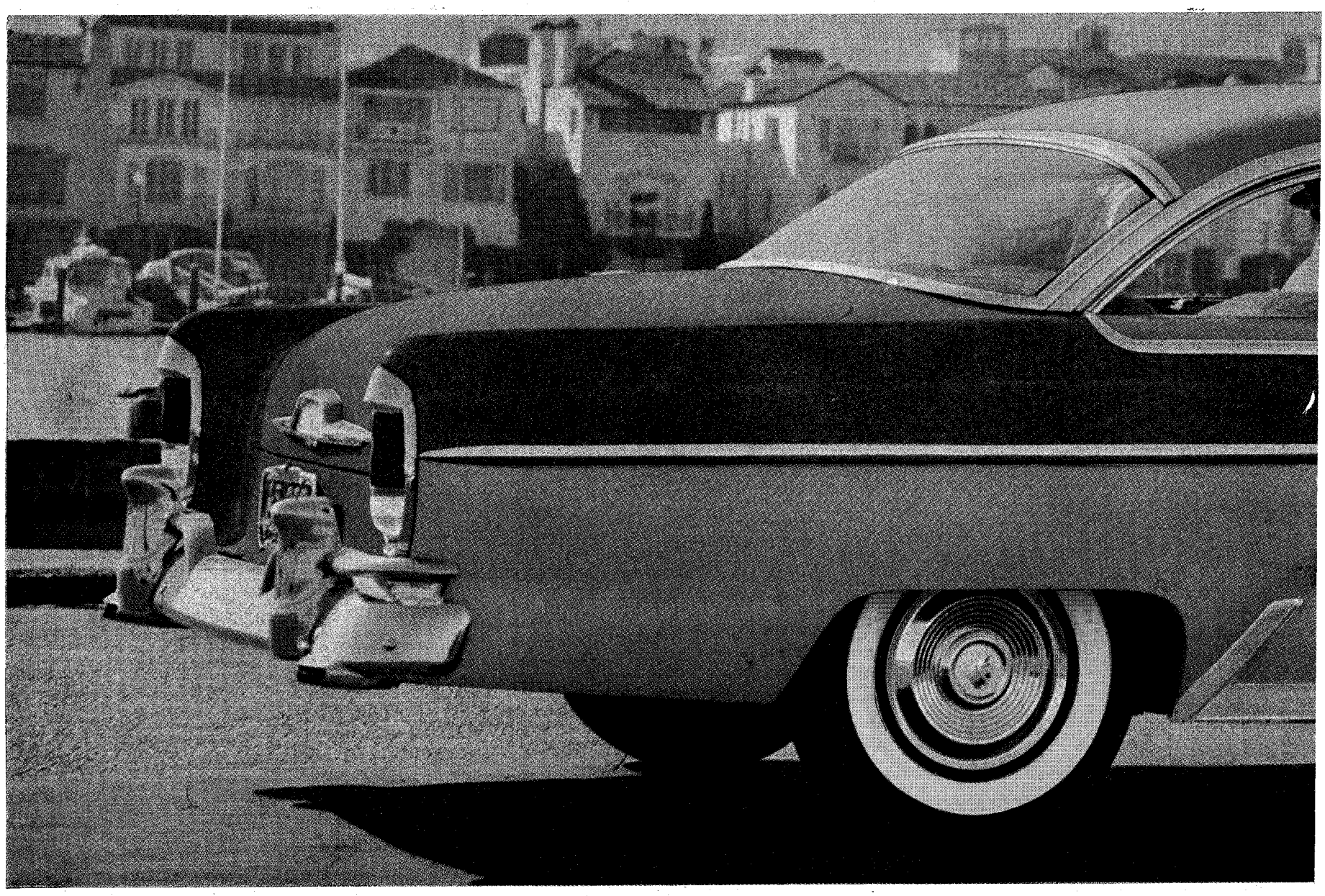
We chased desert heat and arctic cold



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(Continued from Page 61) reflectively through his glasses, cocks his slouch hat and does some thinking. Then his vote is for Fashion, another legendary rose.

This was "one of Gene's creations." In 1943 Boerner crossed a pink called Pinocchio with a red known as Crimson Glory. Out of the Pinocchio-Crimson Glory mating he harvested a score of "apples," as the rose seed pods are known. In one Boerner found only four seeds, about half the usual gleaning. He planted those separately and all four sprouted into tiny rose plants. These shortly bore small blossoms, the sight of which sent Boerner's temperature soaring. Two of the flowers bloomed in striking new colors, which Boerner and Charlie Perkins described as "coral pink" and "cherry coral."

Boerner concentrated on the coral twins. He budded both onto vigorous greenhouse stock, for a quick check on full-sized blossoms, which came in clusters of gorgeous flowers on strong stems. A visiting stylist from Neiman-Marcus, the famous Dallas department store, spotted the eye-catching new colors and decided to feature one of them—the coral-pink—in a style show.

This gave the rose hunters a hunch. They named the coral-pink twin Fashion, and the cherry-coral twin Vogue. Stepping up their testing and production program, they gambled $60,000 to prove up Fashion, which vindicated their judgment by winning the All-American Trials award as the "rose of the year" in 1949.

Charlie Perkins, after a lot of chawing on his cigar, had decided to go for broke by ordering 350,000 bushes budded to Fashion for the 1949 season. It was a long-shot gamble.

"If Fashion failed to catch on, we'd have had three hundred thousand bushes to burn," said Perkins. Luckily, the bushes grafted to Fashion sold like the proverbial hot cakes. Rival growers quickly got into production and during the five years since its debut, Fashion has topped the 500,000 mark annually, outselling even Peace, which had been the sensation of recent years.

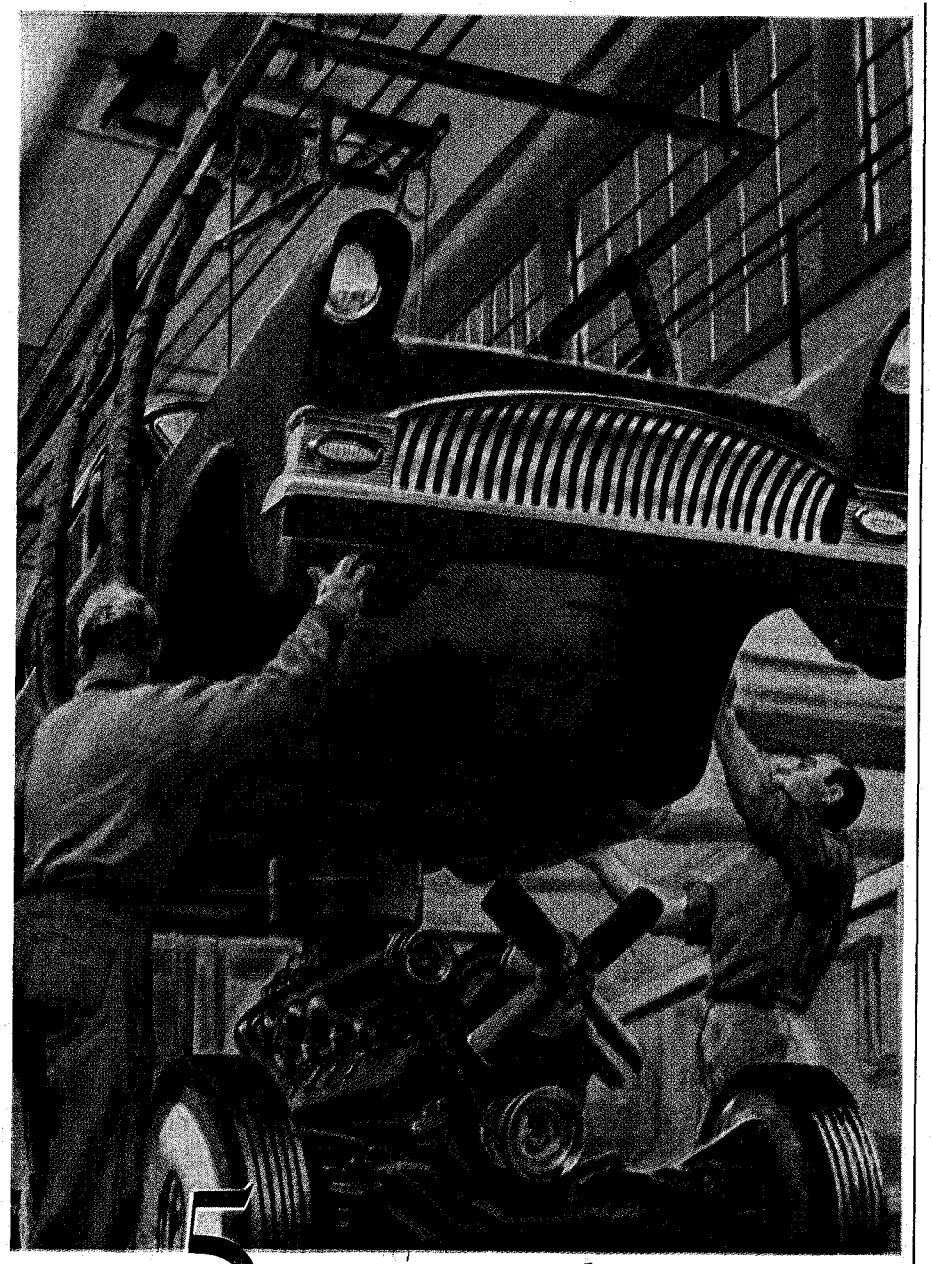
Mention of Peace brings up a money-rose memory that Charlie Perkins would just as soon forget. The rose now known as Peace originated in the gardens of a French rosarian named A. Meilland, who brought it to this country in 1945, looking for an American firm to exploit it. Called Madame A. Meilland, the rose was amazing for the manner in which it burst into bloom in a delicate, creamy color, which deepened into a strong yellow with fringes of pink in its petals as they unfolded. In fact, it was something of a freak, and Charlie Perkins turned it down.

So Meilland took his rose to a rival grower, Conard-Pyle, of West Grove, Pennsylvania, who renamed it Peace, probably the happiest choice that could have been made at the time. Capitalizing on the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, Conard-Pyle shrewdly exploited Peace, which quickly became the most popular rose in American gardens, although in Europe, where it was introduced as Madame Meilland, it was only moderately successful. Jackson & Perkins had to add it to their line, of course, to meet demands of customers. The company treasurer has paid up to $30,000 a year in royalties to Conard-Pyle ever since.

"Just shows how wrong you can guess in this business," Charlie Perkins comments wryly.

Perkins doesn't waste any tears over Peace, now that Fashion has outsold it, bringing in a quarter of a million dollars in royalties in the past five years. Vogue, the other twin, which made its debut the year after Fashion, is catching up. Which isn't so bad for two seeds out of one rose apple.

The Perkins brothers and Boerner credit a lot of their good fortune in recent years to a good guess they made about a hardy new type of rose that came out of Europe in the early '30's. Originated by Wilhelm Kordus, a noted hybridizer, in his garden near Hamburg, Germany, the rose was unique in that it bore clusters of large blossoms on a single strong stem, a "candelabra," as Boerner describes it. Some of the stems bore up to sixty blossoms. Outspoken Charlie Perkins took a violent dislike to the name "polyanthus hybrid," which rosarians had tagged onto the newcomer. Every time he toured a visitor through the gardens in Newark, Perkins invited suggestions for a better monicker. One day Ed Seymour, a visiting horticultural writer, rang the bell. (Continued on Page 68)



5 horsepower handles entire car body

This new Motor Oil can give your car 5 to 10 more horsepower

You can treat your car to 5 to 10 extra horsepower by switching to Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium. That's a big power bonus—enough to carry an entire car body.

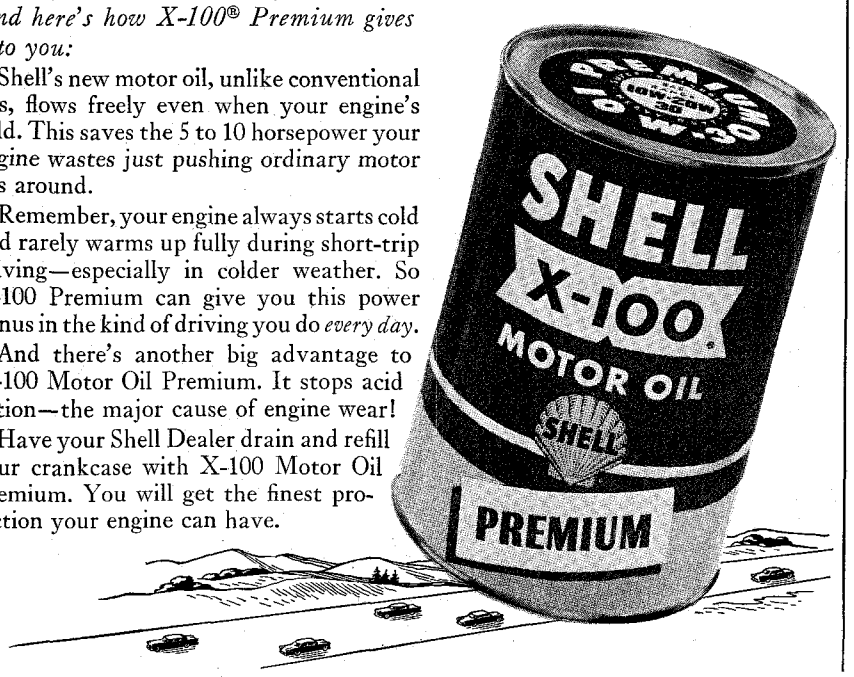
And here's how X-100® Premium gives it to you:

Shell's new motor oil, unlike conventional oils, flows freely even when your engine's cold. This saves the 5 to 10 horsepower your engine wastes just pushing ordinary motor oils around.

Remember, your engine always starts cold and rarely warms up fully during short-trip driving—especially in colder weather. So X-100 Premium can give you this power bonus in the kind of driving you do *every day*.

And there's another big advantage to X-100 Motor Oil Premium. It stops acid action—the major cause of engine wear!

Have your Shell Dealer drain and refill your crankcase with X-100 Motor Oil Premium. You will get the finest protection your engine can have.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It is now seven fifty-five. You will bring my daughter home at exactly. . . ."

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE HAS INCREASED YOUR LIFE EXPECTANCY...

Now you can make living longer more enjoyable!

Your later years can be your fullest years when you receive a lifetime retirement income provided by New York Life's low premium Whole Life insurance.

When the business and family obligations of youth have ended, the most carefree years of life can begin—if you're financially independent.

When you've reached retirement age, New York Life's Whole Life plan can be used to pay you a fixed monthly amount *for the rest of your life*—for necessities, travel or hobbies. It will supplement income from your other life insurance policies, your company pension plan, other savings and Social Security. And until you retire, the Whole Life plan provides substantial life insurance protection for your family. Moreover, any cash value available could be used for an emergency.

Economies made possible by Whole Life's minimum face amount of $10,000 are passed on to you in low premiums. So you can probably afford more Whole Life insurance than the $10,000 minimum in order to increase both family protection and retirement income.

For example, the annual premium per $1,000 for standard Whole Life insurance is only $17.59 at age 25; $23.59 at 35; $33.64 at 45; $50.46 at 55. And dividends can be used to reduce your premium payments.

Ask your New York Life agent about this life insurance that can offer you a brighter tomorrow—at a cost you can afford today! Or mail coupon!

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Dept. EP-15, 51 Madison Avenue
New York 10, New York
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

nylic

Please send me, without any obligation, full information on your new Whole Life insurance coverage. Also please send me your booklet, "A Man and His Dream."

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

ZONE_____ STATE_____

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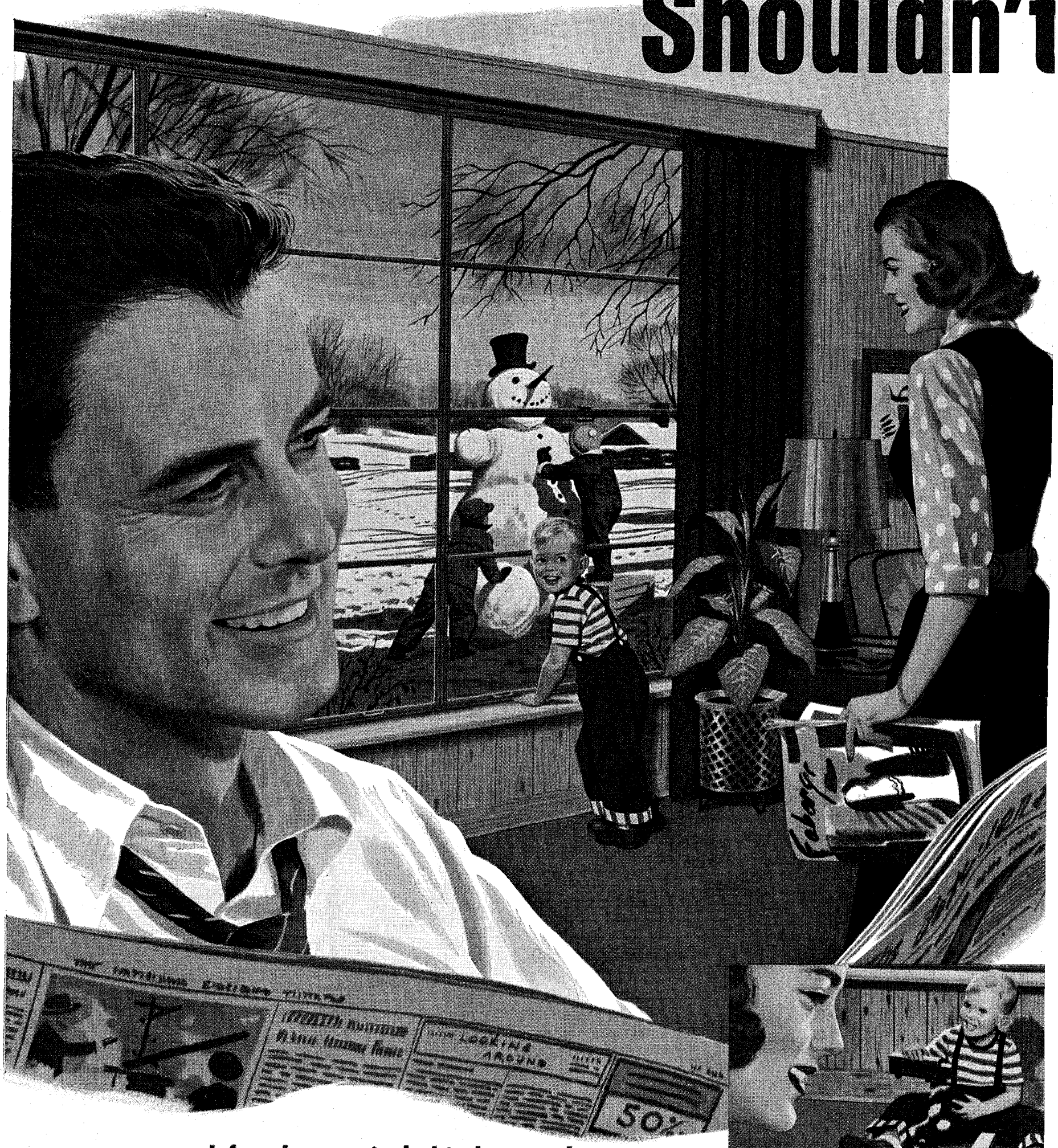
Shouldn't



...and for the magic behind your thermostat

Let 'er blow! You're free from furnace drudgery. You simply "dial" winter or summer comfort, as easily as tuning the radio. Thermostatically controlled, automatic heating systems are safer, too. Dangerous overheating has been engineered out.

Steel makes such magic possible. Some of the Republic Steel products that help get the fuel to you, and then help you enjoy every last bit of warmth, are detailed on this page.

If you're still a slave to furnace tending, or sweltering in summer, isn't it time you made a date with your local heating and air conditioning contractor?

THE FLOOR IS THE "RADIATOR". Or, the ceiling or si walls, when you have radiant heat. Steel pipes embedded in flo ceiling or wall carry hot water. The complete area becomes c uniform heat source. For many years, steel pipe has been standc for closed system heating lines. Its trouble-free service proves y need nothing more costly for closed radiant heating panels. Toda Republic Steel Pipe is even better than the pipe which served well twenty years ago. The radiant heating principle, usi Republic Steel Pipe, is ideal for outside snow-melting systems, t which go into action at the first sign of snow, keeping drivew and sidewalks clean and safe.

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we all be grateful for the true prosperity we enjoy today?

This is not false prosperity—this prosperity behind the magic of your thermostat. It is the true solid prosperity of thriving business. Think back to how it started.

Just three short years ago, United States and allied United Nations forces were fighting a "shooting war". The nation's economy was geared to war.

Today, the peace economy is booming—producing more goods for more people, creating more jobs, supporting a higher standard of living than ever before. In a word, Prosperity!

The difficult job of both ending a war and of sustaining the national economy has been accomplished. Successfully. Government and business have each done its job well. A flood tide of confidence has been generated, and the people have responded.

Better living has taken up the slack. The better living you wanted.

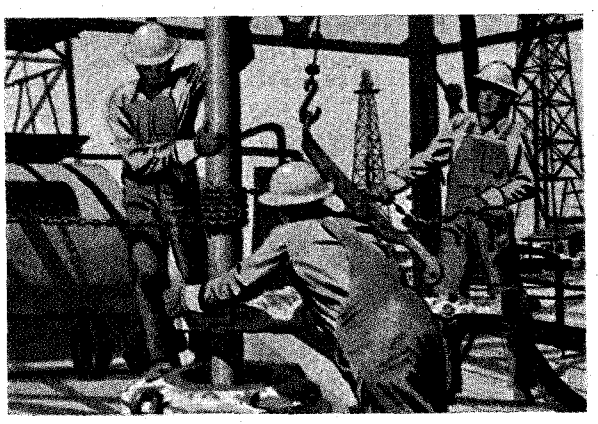
You can feel the new confidence in the air, see it on the street, hear it from the people. More money in your pocket. Possibly a bigger house, a better, newer car. More toys for the children at Christmas. A tidal wave of new school and church construction. A houseful of work-saving appliances. Tastier, more nourishing, more convenient food . . . and more of it. You've been better able to afford them all.

That's the dynamic American standard of living based upon business prosperity. The magic behind it all? It's a precious extra you enjoy—a system dedicated to you and your well-being. A system made amazingly productive by confidence in the present and in the future. This is the heart of the new prosperity—the special kind of true solid prosperity—America now enjoys. And which so much of the world envies and wants.

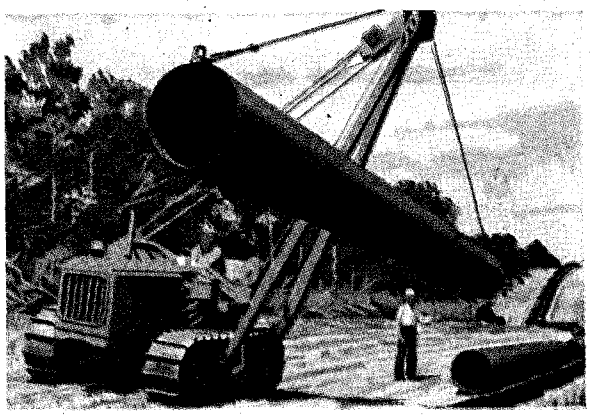
REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

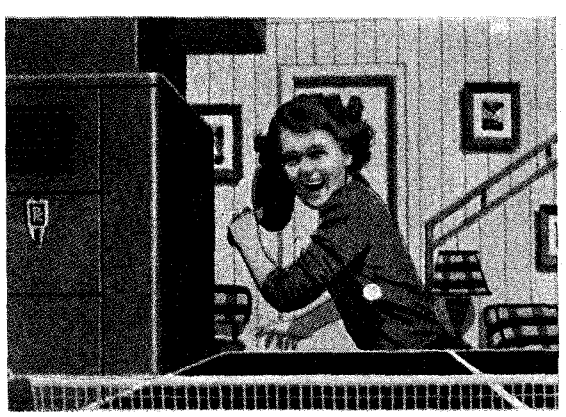
World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products



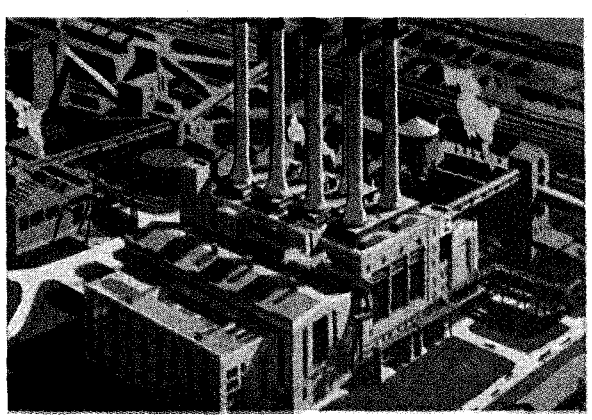
OIL IS PRODUCED THROUGH STEEL "STRAWS". Bits made of tough, hard Republic Alloy Steels are digging deeper and deeper. The holes they chew are lined with Republic Electric Weld Casing—a special pipe with uniform wall thickness and roundness. The oil to heat your home and to power your car is brought to the surface through Republic Electric Weld Tubing. Republic pioneered the electric resistance welding process that uses flat-rolled steel to make uniform pipe. No better tubular goods are made. Write Republic for the interesting story



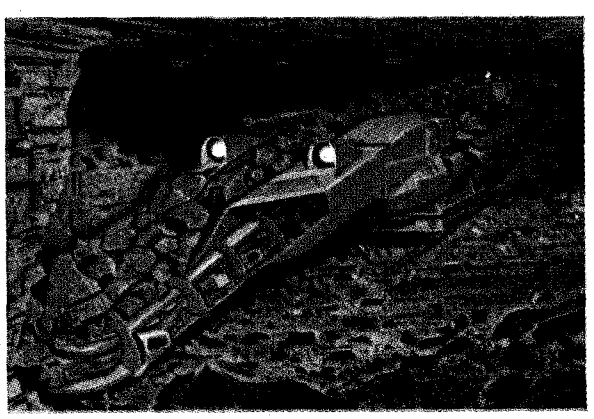
NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T. Republic Steel Line Pipe, buried in the ground, carries oil and gas to your home and to industry. Pipelines are the least costly, most efficient method of moving large quantities of fluids. Republic Fusion Welded Line Pipe is large diameter, capable of moving millions of cubic feet of gas over thousands of miles. Republic Electric Resistance Weld Line Pipe helps pipeliners move fast over all kinds of terrain. New pipelines are being installed regularly so that more and more American communities can enjoy automatic heating. Republic is contributing to this effort!



RNACES NO LONGER ARE SPACE-STEALING "MONSTERS". w units are compact, trim and tidy. Many brands are made from ublic Flat-Rolled Sheet Steel, so attractively finished that a w furnace often gives you an extra room. Efficient burners and boxes are cast of Republic Chateaugay Pig Iron, the highest ality domestic iron.
Many such sheet steel products are completely manufactured contract by Republic's Berger® Division, world's largest sheet tal fabricator. If your business has need of large-volume sheet el assemblies, it might pay you to investigate Berger facilities. ite Republic.



ELECTRICITY IS A HEATING FUEL, TOO. Your thermostat is electrically operated, of course. And, electricity is coming to the fore in several types of radiant heating systems—as clean and efficient as your electric cooking. Much electricity is generated in coal-burning power stations where giant boilers make steam to operate mighty turbines. Republic ELECTRUNITE® Tubing is the heart of these boilers. ELECTRUNITE Boiler Tubes, made by Republic's Steel and Tubes Division, are the most thoroughly tested tubes power stations can buy. And, current-carrying wiring is protected in Republic "Inch-Marked"® ELECTRUNITE Electrical Metallic Tubing.



COAL CUTTING IS HIGHLY MECHANIZED. The miner's pick has been replaced by ingenious automatic machines that cut and convey the coal. Thanks to continuous research and improvements by equipment manufacturers and to new methods of mining, the number of tons per miner has increased by 40% in the past decade. Coal cutting and carrying equipment depend, in large part, on the strength and toughness of Republic Alloy Steels. No other material can do this job so well. Corrosive mine waters are carried off in Republic Plastic Pipe. And, safety is increased by the use of Republic Mine Roof Bolts.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stop floor marks, too!

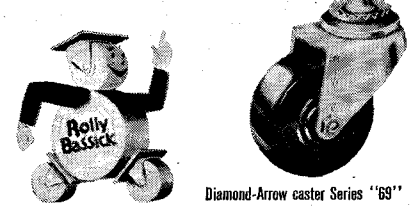
Bassick Quality Rubber-Cushion Glides make furniture behave—even for small fry. Chairs, tables, toy chests, or practically anything will move easily on broad, flat, hardened steel bases *without* marring floors or floor coverings. And Bassick glides move silently, too—a rubber cushion absorbs the noise. Ask your local hardware dealer for Bassick Rubber-Cushion Glides.

Do not disturb

Wherever silence is golden these days—in hospitals, restaurants and schools—you're sure to find Bassick Rubber-Cushion Glides at work. They're always whisper-quiet in action. Moving or standing still, they won't let furniture dig into floors. Why not try them and see? There are sizes and types with adapters to fit all kinds of furniture and equipment . . . wood or metal.

Easy action at the office

Put new life in swivel office chairs with Bassick "Diamond-Arrows," the casters with *double* ball-bearing action. They won't balk or drag, or mark and ruin floors. See your office supply or office furniture dealer today. THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 2, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ont.



Diamond-Arrow caster Series "69"

Bassick
A DIVISION OF STEWART SW WARNER

MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS... MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

(Continued from Page 64)

"Why not call it 'floribunda,' which means 'many-flowered'?" he suggested.

After that the new cluster rose was floribunda around the Jackson & Perkins garden. Perkins refused to let nurseries use his color plates of the new rose unless they called it floribunda. The American Rose Society stuck by "polyanthus hybrid." Most people may not regard this as too important, but in the rose business a name is a name. The feud lasted three years. By that time the new strain was known as floribunda. Before many years, more than three fourths of the roses grown for home gardens were floribundas. The hybrid teas are still preferred by florists because they bear one blossom to a stem. Customers object to paying twenty-five cents a blossom for a dozen on one stem.

With the floribunda strain to supply new vigor and blooming quality in roses, and hybrid teas to furnish the colors, the Jackson & Perkins rainbow chasers plunged into a hybridizing program, making as many as a quarter million crosses in a single summer. In the vast Newark greenhouses, Gene Boerner made his meticulous blueblood matings of carefully selected strains. In outdoor hybridizing fields at Pleasanton, California, his understudy, Denny Morey, used crews of girls wielding pollen brushes to make shotgun crosses by the thousands. Morey has collected native roses from Europe, the Orient and all over North America for mass crosses, in the hope that out of 100,000 will come one that will be the pot of gold.

Dozens of big-money roses have blossomed from these assists to Nature. One is the now-famous Pinocchio family. The first Pinocchio was a bright pink floribunda, which bore great clusters of blossoms on a low, robust bush. Originator Kordus called it Rosen Marden.

"There's a great rose," declared Charlie Perkins, "but it won't sell with that name."

The thinking sessions in which the Perkins brothers and Boerner rack their brains for appropriate rose names are tense affairs. Charlie Perkins has been known to chew up a whole pocketful of cigars in the process. But this time it was relatively easy. Walt Disney's film, Pinocchio, was a current hit, so they borrowed the name for the gay pink rose. They also decided to make Pinocchio crosses by the thousand to build a family of husky, heavy-flowering roses in all shades.

This rose building paid off handsomely. Out of the greenhouses and testing gardens emerged Pinocchios in all colors but blue. Boerner does have a lavender Pinocchio, which is about as far as you can go; no hybridizer has ever succeeded in getting all of the primary colors in one flower.

Probably the prize of the Pinocchio family is a rogue called Masquerade, which bears blossoms in four shades at one time, ranging from yellow to pink to light red and then dark red, all on the same single-stem cluster. When Gene Boerner first spotted the exotic plant in a field of roses, he exclaimed, "Here is something! Four different roses on one bush!"

Ordinarily a freak like this would be discarded. But this was such a super-duper freak that Charlie Perkins said, "Let's bud a few dozen bushes and see what people say about it."

The people had plenty to say, all of it good. Masquerade became a lively seller. It is especially popular in the British Isles.

"It's a good thing we had some imagination that day or we wouldn't have Masquerade," recalls Perkins.

The current rage is a tree rose, which has to be constructed out of three separate rose stocks. Clarence Perkins, who is the grower among the brothers, lays the foundation for these on the farm at Pleasanton, California, by planting cuttings of hardy, multiflora root stocks. These are budded at the end of the first year to another type which shoots up a heavy stem, sometimes eight or ten feet tall. Into these trunks, about three or four feet above the ground, the budders insert three or four buds of the variety which produces the blossoms. When the buds are calloused to the trunk, the latter is topped. All of the plant's strength goes into the buds, which become stout branches. The following year, the rosebush grows into a sturdy little tree loaded with blossoms. Because of the extra year's work, the rose trees cost more, but they sell so fast that Jackson & Perkins haven't been able to produce enough of them to meet the demands.

Outside their "showcase" in Newark, where they are as fussy as home gardeners, and their research plots, the Perkins brothers are mass-production farmers, utilizing the last word in agricultural technique. The root-stock cuttings, about six inches long, are planted by the million in California and Arizona, where they grow faster and make hardier bushes, even for transplanting in the East. Each October, mowing machines top the bushes eighteen inches above the ground, after which powerful mechanical diggers uproot the budded bushes. They are then trimmed and loaded into freight cars bound for Newark, New York. There the bushes are stored in huge refrigerated warehouses until they are ready for packaging in cartons, their roots surrounded by damp moss or sawdust, and shipment to the customers.

Prior to 1940, the company sold its roses only to nurseries and greenhouse growers. That year Jackson & Perkins was invited to plant a model rose garden at the New York World's Fair. Charlie Perkins took down 7000 bushes, most of them the then-new floribundas. When visitors wanted to buy the new cluster roses, they were advised to order through local nurserymen. Many of the prospective customers berated the company for its roundabout selling technique. After listening a couple of days, the Perkins brothers decided to give direct-mail marketing a try. They now mail out 2,000,000 catalogues and sell 4,000,000 rosebushes by mail each year.

The Perkins clan has been growing roses at the same old stand, Newark, New York, just outside Rochester, for eighty-two years. The company was founded by Charles E. Perkins, an uncle of the present head of the house, in partnership with his father-in-law, A. E. Jackson. Though there were no other Jacksons, Perkinses were always plentiful. Charlie, named for the founder, came to work in 1902 when he was twelve years old. Three younger brothers, Clarence, Ralph and Carroll, followed him into the business. All of them began as field workers; then became traveling salesmen, covering the country and selling trees, shrubs and rosebushes to nurserymen.

In 1928 the four Perkins brothers bought the company from their cousin, George Perkins, son of the founder, on a shoestring, which became longer and more frayed during the depression. At one time they were $875,000 in debt. Charlie Perkins kept the firm afloat by sheer grit, borrowing dollars anyplace that he could find them. Gradually their new roses, developed first by Dr. J. H. Nicolas, a noted French rosarian, caught the public's fancy. The Perkins brothers pulled out of the red by 1940. Boerner, who likewise started in the rose business by shoveling manure, then graduating to selling on the road, became head hybridizer after Nicolas' death. He is the only outsider sharing ownership of the firm.

While they are selling this year's bushes, the Perkins brothers and Boerner are always brooding about roses for five years from now. All they have to do is guess the rose gardeners' whims far enough ahead to root nine to ten million new bushes annually and bud them to the right varieties.

"Guess wrong and you have rosebushes to burn," says Charlie Perkins, who once guessed so wrong on a scarlet rose named Siren, and described in the catalogue as "fire-engine red," that there were 75,000 of the variety to be dumped on the annual bonfire.

"The public just didn't want a rose to look like a fire engine," he recalled. Siren is still in the catalogue, but rebilled as "a flaming red that sparkles and glows like a precious ruby."

"It may catch on yet," says Perkins hopefully. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The big university was registering students for the spring semester. Hundreds stood patiently in line. The football coach, to save time for "his boys," had arranged for them to be registered immediately whenever they appeared.

Elbowing his way to the head of the line, one muscular behemoth took advantage of his privilege as if it were a right. When a bespectacled senior blocked his way, this giant rumbled, "I'm a football player."

"Glad to meet you," the senior replied. "I'm a student."

Charles S. Oldham

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There's New Magic Every Mile In NASH_the World's Finest Travel Car

New Speedline Styling *and new "BOLD FRONT" give Nash the most distinctive look on the road. Ambassador Country Club, above.*

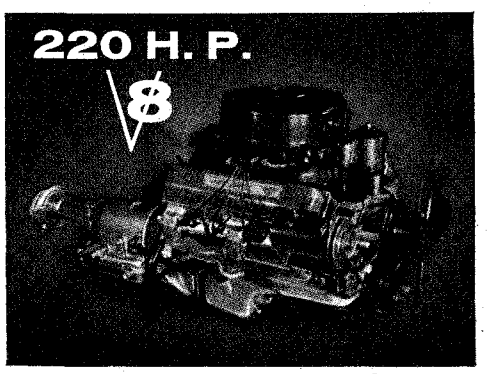
Start with your first glimpse of the swiftest, boldest speedlines of the year—and enchantingly smarter new interiors.

Then slip into the *widest* front seat, behind the *widest* windshield . . . and take that big Nash wheel. Here's travel magic!

Thrill to the quick getaway of 220 enthusiastic horsepower. Let Power Assists do all the "work" of steering, braking, shifting gears, lifting windows. Touch a knob for split-minute warmth in winter . . . icy-cool comfort in summer. Flick one lever to adjust your seat-back and banish fatigue . . . another to make an instant "nap couch" for tired youngsters, with a concert-sweet "Hi-Fi" radio to lull them to sleep.

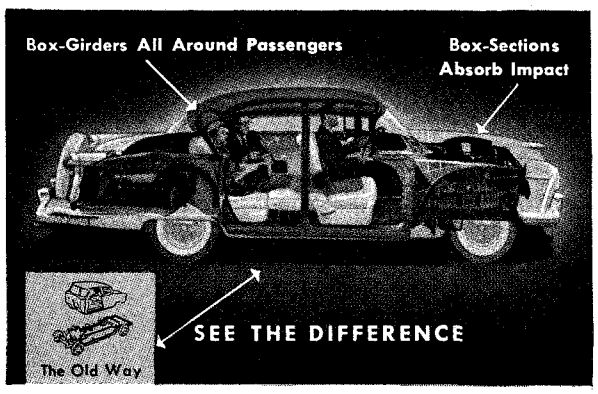
Ride in the biggest, safest room on the road, protected by *welded*, Double Safe Single Unit Car Construction. Feel a new kind of springs make rough roads 3 times smoother!

Discover modern travel magic—at your Nash dealer's today.

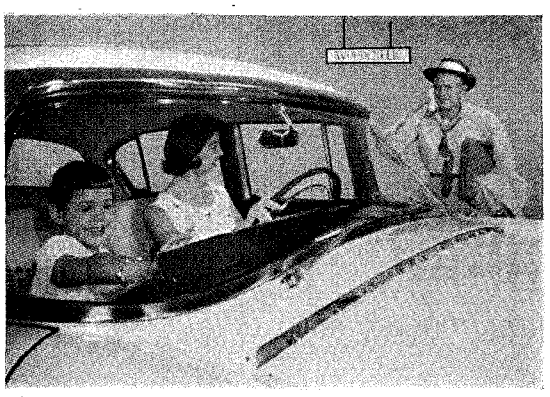


There's a torrent of power under your toe—the smoothest, liveliest 220 horsepower that ever poured from a V-8. Try it with Twin Ultramatic Drive . . . today!

Imagine a daybed that "makes itself" instantly at lever touch. Youngsters nap on schedule. Still leaves plenty of "sit-up" room for parents. Twin Travel Beds for camping, too.



Twice as strong as old-type bolted body-and-frame, left, Nash *welded* construction, above, extends structural girders up and around passengers—immeasurably safer. Rattleproof, it gives "double lifetime" service.



No summer heat or dust, no cold winter drafts. It's always May in your Nash with exclusive All-Season Air Conditioning that warms, cools, dehumidifies, ventilates and filters. Amazingly lower-priced.

WORLD'S FINEST TRAVEL CAR

Nash '56

TOPS IN RESALE VALUE

See the All-New Rambler, too, at Your Nash Dealer

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

See Disneyland—great TV for all the family over ABC network.

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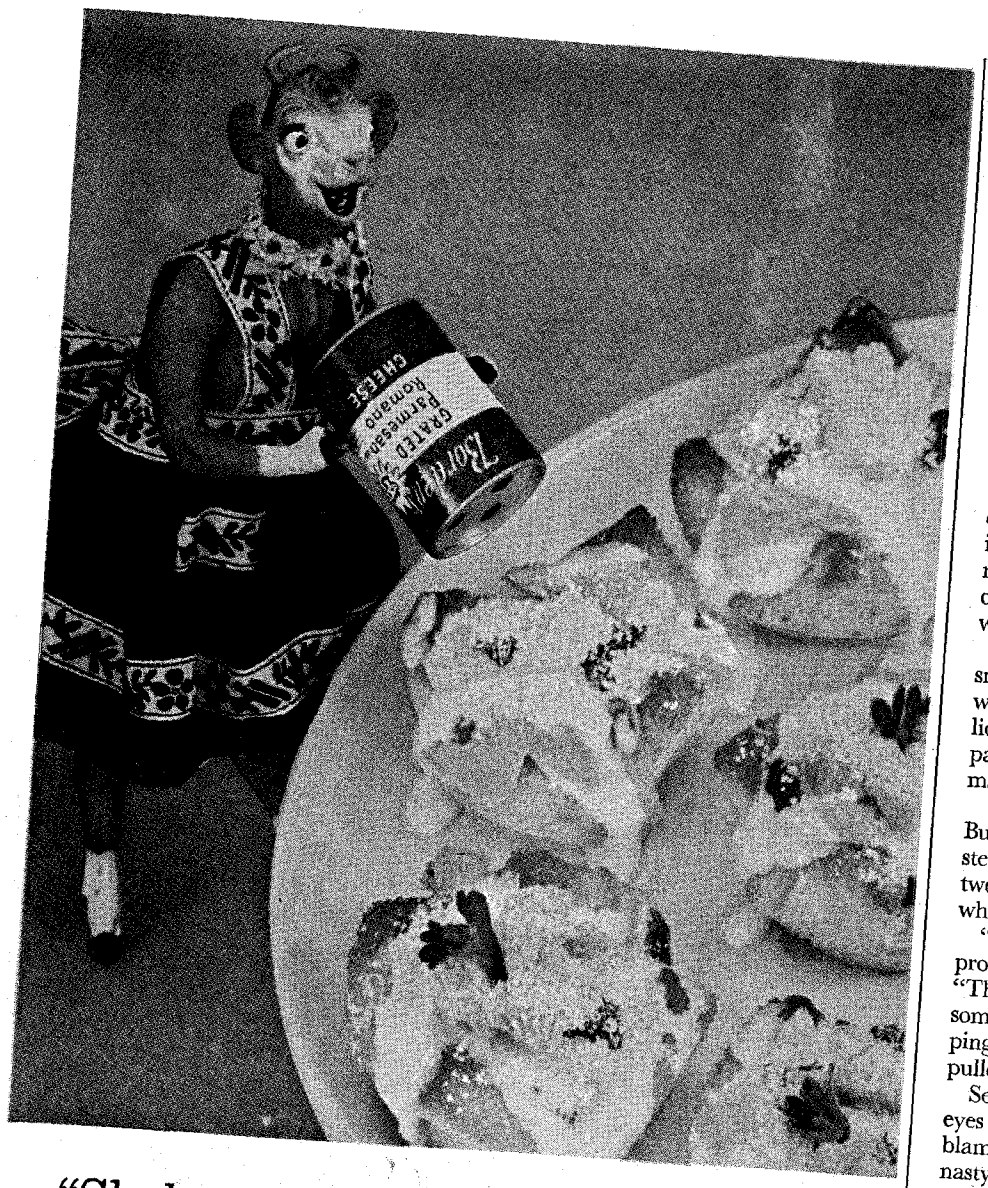

"Shake this extra cheese goodness on your favorite dishes" SAYS ELSIE

TUNA CAPRI

(enough to fill 8 toast cups—serves 4)

8 slices fresh bread
3 tbsps. butter
1¾ cups milk
¼ tsp. salt
Softened butter
½ cup Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese
3 tbsps. flour
½ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. chopped pimiento
1 can (7-oz.) tuna fish, drained

Cut crusts from bread. Spread both sides with the softened butter. Press into cups of 2-inch muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. While toast cups are baking, melt 3 tbsps. butter in saucepan. Stir in flour. Gradually add milk, and stir to blend well. Add seasonings. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is thickened.

Stir in cheese. Be sure you use Borden's. For only Borden's brings you this perfect blend of *two* fine Italian cheeses. Dry, sharp Parmesan and rich, full-flavored Romano. Cook over low heat until cheese is melted. Add pimiento and tuna fish. Spoon into toast cups and sprinkle with additional cheese.

P.S. Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano can add exciting new flavor and zing to so many of the foods you serve. Shake it generously on spaghetti, onion soup and hot buttered vegetables. It's magnifico!

FREE! 15 page ITALIAN CHEF RECIPE BOOKLET. Send name and address to: The Borden Cheese Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

another of BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

© 1956 by The Borden Company.

The Duncan Gang

(Continued from Page 37)

sauntered up and said the not unusual, "What's the hurry, buddy?"

Then Grabow let him have it. In a flash he closed his hand on the pistol planted on the visor, pulled it into view and shot a long stream of water into the young cop's face.

Startled, the man stumbled backward, fishing uncertainly for his gun with one hand, wiping his face with the other. "Why you ——" he spluttered. Then he saw the twisted smile on Dan's face and the water pistol in his hand. Anger blended with his confusion.

"I'm Dan Grabow," Dan said, "police chief of Rocky Beach, starting today. Which is mighty lucky for you. If I were hot, you might have got a face full of lead instead of cold water." Dan handed the officer his wallet. "Here's my driver's license."

The patrolman took the wallet: Dan snatched it back. "Never accept a suspect's wallet," he said. "Make him take out his license and hand it to you. And call your partner. As long as I'm chief I want no one-man car squatting."

For the next three minutes Officers Hal Butler and Ernie Fiske, clean-cut youngsters with less than a year's experience between them, stood beside the car window while Dan chewed them out.

"Even on a simple traffic violation, approach a car with caution," Dan concluded. "There's always a chance of getting shot by some wanted killer who thinks you're stopping him for the gas-station stickup he just pulled off. So don't goof."

Seeing the burning resentment in their eyes as he read them off, Dan couldn't blame them. The water-pistol trick was nasty. But they were in a nasty profession, and the shocking burst of water was an old training gimmick that worked. They might hate him for it, but Officer Butler would never approach a car again without remembering.

"O.K., fellows," Dan said, lighting the panatela. "I'll follow you to the station."

Rolling through the clean, pleasant streets of Rocky Beach, Dan remembered his briefing by Capt. Mel Logan, in charge of personnel on the city force.

"Not one of the Rocky Beach boys has been to an academy, Dan," he'd said. "They're in the habit down there of handing a man a badge and a gun, and saying, 'There's the town. Go police it.' Two weeks ago four teen-agers beat up a patrolman in back of a drive-in. Under pressure, the chief resigned. The senior officer was Lieutenant Lyle Smith. Korean-war hero. Air Force. Came home and married the niece of the bank president. He wanted the chief's job bad. Good man, lots of friends. All he lacks is about ten more years' police experience."

Logan answered a phone call before he continued, "Most of the council were sold on Smith, but fortunately the public safety commissioner, a sensible guy named Al Harper, was able to talk them into trying outside help. We recommended you, Dan. They're trying you out for ninety days."

"Ninety days," Dan said. "A lot you can do in ninety days. But I'll take it. Things haven't gone so well ——"

He hadn't needed to say it. Since he'd been fired off the city force five months before. He wasn't complaining. A cop has to keep his head, and he'd lost his. But when you catch a crummy pusher breaking in kids on the stuff—well, it's pretty easy to blow your top. The papers had demanded the riddance of a brutal, sadistic cop. He hadn't had a leg to stand on. The chief said, "Sorry, Dan. Maybe later, when this blows over ——" But Dan knew better than that. Still, the chief and Logan had plugged him for this chance. He was grateful. And Logan had said, "This could be your break, Dan. Do a good job down there, make friends, and you'll be fixed for life."

"I'll try," Dan said. But there was always that joker. Do a good police job and make friends too. That was usually next to impossible. He smiled wryly now, thinking he hadn't exactly made friends of Butler and Fiske.

The police car nosed into a painted stall against the City Hall. Dan followed the men through a side door. Like most small-town police stations, this one had a counter with a desk sergeant behind it. A barred door, operated with a push button, led to

"I don't see why your head should hurt this morning—you certainly didn't use it last night."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Separate checks, please!"

the jail. A door led to a squad room and another to a small photo-and-print lab. Across from the counter two offices bore labels: CHIEF and WATCH OFFICER.

Dan introduced himself. The sergeant shook hands. "Been expecting you, chief. Want me to call the boys?"

Dan nodded. Sergeant Hough touched a buzzer button. At once Fiske and Butler came out of the squad room, followed by four day men buckling on equipment. The door marked WATCH OFFICER opened and a lieutenant appeared. Dan leaned against the counter, taking their measure, feeling their curious eyes on him. The lieutenant, a clean, handsome blond of about thirty, stepped forward.

"Grabow?" he said stiffly. Dan nodded and handed him his ID card. The lieutenant read it carefully, then shook hands. "Lyle Smith," he said. "These men are——"

Dan stopped him. "Just a moment, lieutenant. I want to meet the men. But first I want every emergency vehicle on the ramp turned around with the nose facing out. And I don't ever want to see them parked facing the building again."

There was a moment's quiet; then a shuffling of feet toward the door. When the men filed back a few minutes later, they ranged against the wall in heavy, unfriendly silence. Dan glanced at Lieutenant Smith. His face was white, his mouth compressed. He was obviously mad clean through.

"Thanks, men," Dan said. He walked down the line, shaking hands with each of them. Already they disliked him. Not half as much yet as they would. But that was bound to go with the job of toughening them up.

The morning watch went home; the day watch rolled out on patrol. "Go on with your regular business," Dan suggested to Lieutenant Smith. "But first, unlock the files."

Most of the day Dan spent in his new office going over the records. It was worse than Captain Logan had told him. It wasn't just little things, such as the dozens of traffic tickets being regularly fixed by the "right people." There were men on this force who apparently couldn't even handle a gun. No wonder the council had become worried. What had been a remote resort town was being turned by the new freeway into a mushrooming suburb of the city. New people were arriving in droves. And with the inflow of desirable new citizens would come an inevitable small percentage of vicious scum. He had to whip this department into shape as fast as humanly possible. And hope nothing broke, meanwhile, that they couldn't handle.

At two o'clock Commissioner Harper, a slim, friendly, graying man, who owned a large hardware store, arrived with two other councilmen and the mayor. Dan noticed faint amusement in Harper's eyes as his colleagues insisted on extending their welcome on the City Hall lawn before a camera of the local paper. He instinctively liked Harper.

Afterward Dan returned to his office and the records. At three o'clock he went to the bus station to meet his wife, who had stayed behind to close up their house in the city. Janet, who was underweight and suffered periodic asthma attacks, was worried about finances now too. It bothered Dan to see the faint rings under her good-humored brown eyes as she stepped, smiling, from the bus.

They had coffee in the station; then went out to look for an apartment. "Such a pretty town, Dan," Janet said delightedly. "And the air is so clean and tangy. I love it here."

Dan pressed her arm. "I'll be leaving you alone a lot. So let's get a pleasant place overlooking the ocean."

"An ocean view?" Her eyes lighted briefly, then turned soberly practical. "No, Dan. The rent will be too high."

But he insisted. They found an exciting water-front apartment with winter rates and moved right in. While Janet prepared their first meal, Dan sat unseeing in the picture window, worrying about the job ahead.

The following morning he announced to the changing watches, "At seven o'clock tomorrow evening we're starting classes. Two nights a week, from now on, we're going to study police work."

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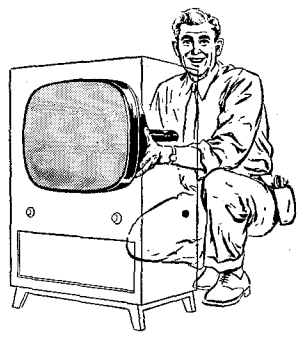

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Groans of protest met the announcement.

"Furthermore," Dan said, "we've a good pistol range handy. We're going to use it. Now let's see your firearms."

There was the clicking of guns being broken. Grabow worked around the room. "Clean it and get some oil on it," he said, shoving a .38 police special into one lad's hands. "O.K.," he said to the next man, and the next. He stopped in front of a slight, freckle-faced man of twenty-five. Eddie McKay. He recalled that McKay had a wife and three kids.

"McKay," he asked, "has this gun ever been fired?"

"Why, no, sir," the young man answered.

"H'm-m. Have you ever fired a gun at all?"

There was a pause. Someone wisecracked, "McKay's a lover, not a killer." There were muffled laughs.

McKay pinkened slightly. "No, sir," he said again.

"Have you any idea what might happen to you in a battle with an experienced gunman?" Grabow demanded angrily. "He'd blow your guts out before you decided which hand to hold this thing with. Now get up on the range tonight, as soon as you're off shift, and start shooting."

Dan moved on down the line. He stopped before a short, stocky man with snapping black eyes and a carefully trimmed mustache. "Carlos?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see by the records you're the only man here drawing a shooting bonus. Where'd you learn to shoot?"

"Marines, sir. Two hitches."

"Good. Will you teach some of these boys?"

"Why, yes, sir," he said hesitantly. "If they want me to."

"Good. You can take McKay up tonight."

Grabow dismissed the men, went to his office and took up the night's reports. A house burglary, two unnecessary auto accidents, one of them bad, plus another teenage hassle. Grabow filed the reports and walked down the street to Harper's hardware store. Harper greeted him with a quizzical smile.

"Commissioner," Dan said, "I need six or eight twenty-two-caliber rifles with a lot of ammunition, and I don't have any money for them. I'd like them as a contribution from the local businessmen."

"Well," Harper said, "this is sort of unusual. What do you intend to do with them?"

"As soon as my boys can handle a twenty-two without shooting themselves," Dan said, "we're going to hold free rifle classes on the police range for every high-school boy who wants to learn to handle a weapon."

"Good heavens, Grabow!" Harper blurted. "What are you going to do? Teach them how to really kill somebody?"

"No," Dan said, and explained, "Boys nowadays don't have enough to do. They get restless. They're grown men physically. They want action. Well, supervised rifle practice ought to let off some of that steam. And I'll promise you, once these boys and my men get to know each other by their first names, there will be no more cop hating and no more monkeyshines to bring men they've learned to respect out after them."

Harper straightened a rack of garden shears while he thought this over. "Chief," he said finally, "this is going to be hard to sell, but I'll see what I can do."

Back at the office, Dan wrote an order and posted it in the squad room. From here on, traffic citations would be issued to every violator from the mayor on down. There would be no more fixes. It was a tough, much-needed order, but it was not likely, Dan realized, to win many friends.

That evening Dan called the roll in a borrowed traffic courtroom. Sixteen sullen men, who had canceled other plans, answered. When he called Stanhope there was a halfhearted "Here." Dan looked up. "Is Ray Stanhope here?"

Two or three voices said, "No, he ain't here."

Dan examined the roster. Stanhope's partner was a rookie named Flynn. "Flynn," he called a second time. The voice that answered was the one that had answered for Stanhope.

Grabow studied the temper of the class a moment, then grinned. "I admire your loyalty, Flynn. When you see Stanhope, tell him you tried."

The class laughed and Flynn blushed. Grabow stuck a fresh panatela between his teeth and, using the courtroom blackboard, explained how to handle a prowler-there-now call. How to roll silently without lights into a neighborhood. How best to handle gun and flashlight, and how to shake down a house where an armed burglar might lurk in the shadows.

Gradually the class' hostility seemed to thaw a little. All but Lieutenant Smith's. He sat stone-faced in the rear, listening attentively, taking notes on everything, saying nothing.

As the men were leaving, Dan asked Carlos, "How did McKay do on the range?"

Carlos gave a sickly grin. "He's plenty willing."

"But can you teach him to shoot?"

"Too early to tell. He still closes his eyes when he squeezes the trigger. But like I say, he's willing."

"O.K. Stick with him. He's got to learn or else." He had a feeling he should let McKay go. At least suspend him until he learned to use his firearm.

The next day Dan had a police receiver installed in his car, and right after dinner that night he went to bed. He was up again at two o'clock, had a cup of coffee, then drove toward town. At a shadowy, tree-lined street he parked, turned on the radio and settled down to monitor the morning watch, rolling his last panatela in his mouth.

At three o'clock, Car 2 took a keep-the-peace call. A barking dog. Then complete silence for an hour. Dan sighed, twisted in his seat and put a match to his cigar. Just then the radio came alive.

"Car Four. Go to Three-three-two Mariposa Lane. Prowler there now."

Car 4 answered—Flynn and Stanhope. The address was two blocks west, seven south. Dan slipped into gear as a siren passed on the highway below.

Dan bit the panatela in disgust. For two hours he'd lectured on how to sneak up on a prowler, but Car 4 was taking the call Code Three—red light and siren. What creep would hang around with a police siren howling toward him?

At Mariposa Lane, Dan cut his engine and lights and glided to the curb. A block ahead, red stop-lights flashed as Stanhope hit the brake pedal. Then the loud "gzzink" of the hand-brake ratchet. Dan winced.

Not that it mattered how much noise was made. The prowler would be far gone by now. Dan walked quietly to the patrol car. Flynn and Stanhope had gone up to the house, leaving the ignition key in the switch. Dan pulled it out, pocketed it and returned to his own sedan. When he saw the officers return empty-handed, he drove away.

Five minutes later, he surprised the desk sergeant in the middle of a cat nap. The startled man jerked upright and began foolishly rearranging papers.

"I'm expecting visitors shortly," Dan said curtly. "I'll be in my office."

At his desk, Dan reviewed Stanhope's file. A sorry record, containing, among other things, three complaints from citizens he had accosted with liquor on his breath. Why hadn't he been fired? The answer appeared in his original application. He was the brother-in-law of a local politician, Councilman Forbes.

A few moments later he heard the side door open and the desk sergeant's surprised voice, "Hi! What gives?"

"You got another key to Car Four?" It was the deep, hard voice of an angry man who had just walked a mile and a half.

The sergeant said, "Where's the one you had?"

"Never mind that. Just give me another one."

Dan walked into the hall and tossed the key on the counter. Stanhope recognized it and swung angrily on Dan. He was large, neatly constructed, with thick wavy hair. What you'd call a widow's peak on a woman gave him cruel good looks.

"I might have suspected the water-pistol gunman would pull a stinking trick like that," he said. He took a step closer to Dan. "Listen, Grabow, don't ever let me catch you monkeying around with equipment or anything else in my charge. Understand?"

Dan quietly met the man's hot, arrogant eyes. "If you'd shown up for class," he said, "you'd have known better than to leave the key in the switch, where the prowler could steal your own car for a getaway. The next class meets Thursday. You either be there or you're through. Do you understand? And from this moment on," he added, "you're on probation. One bum move and you've had it."

Dan turned to walk away; then stopped. "One thing more, so we'll really understand each other. It wouldn't make any difference if you were my brother-in-law."

He walked into his office and sat down. An enemy now on the city council. Funny, every time you made the right move on a police force, you made an enemy. "All you have to do," Logan had said, "is do a good job, make friends, and you're set for life." Dan morosely regarded the tattered stub of the panatela. Then he threw it in the cuspidor and went home.

The next day Dan lost another friend. Councilman Hicks came in and asked for a permit to carry a gun. His reasons for wanting it were vague. Just made him feel safer to have a gun, he said. And being a councilman, he thought Dan should be able to fix him up.

Dan turned him down. "A gun," he said, "will get you into more trouble than it will ever get you out of." He couldn't make Hicks see it that way, though. Hicks left red-faced with anger and offended pride.

On Thursday evening Stanhope showed up late for class, but he did show up. Dan showed movies on shakedowns. In the classes that followed he covered stakeouts and riots, citizen arrests and family squabbles. The whole book. Nights when the weather was good he took the men outside and ran them through practical field tactics. Every other Tuesday evening the entire class went to the pistol range.

As the weeks passed, Dan could see marked improvement in his men. They began to walk and talk and handle themselves with more confidence. They obviously disliked him to the core, especially Lyle Smith. But he was getting results. Ten days before his probation was due to end, Dan reviewed the record. Felony (Continued on Page 76)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When Susie quit her husband to marry another man, she let her husband keep the children. But when he handed them over to his parents to bring up, Susie sued for their custody.

"I felt I had no right to insist on taking the children when I walked out on my husband," she said. "But if he doesn't want them, I have every right to take them from their grandparents. After all, I am now remarried and better able to care for them than anyone else is."

"By misbehaving with another man while still married to me, Susie proved that she was not a fit mother for our children," the husband replied. "My parents are giving them a better home than she and the man she ran away with can provide."

If you were the judge, to whom would you give the children?

• •

Susie got the children. The court said that while the father might have kept them if he were bringing them up himself, the mother was more entitled to them than the grandparents were. It added that the mother's past misconduct should not prevent her from having the children as long as she was of good character now.

Based on a 1954 Mississippi decision.

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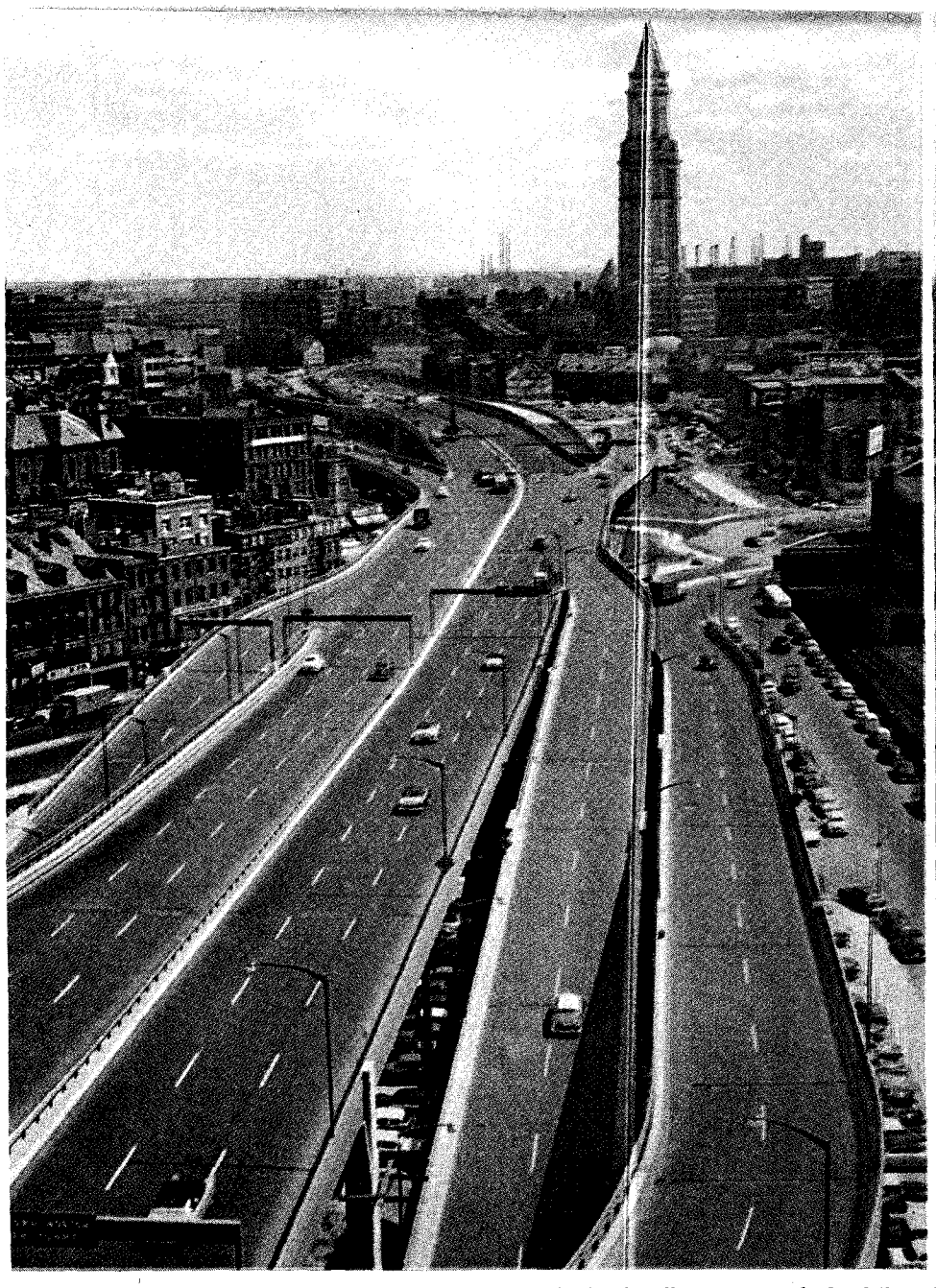
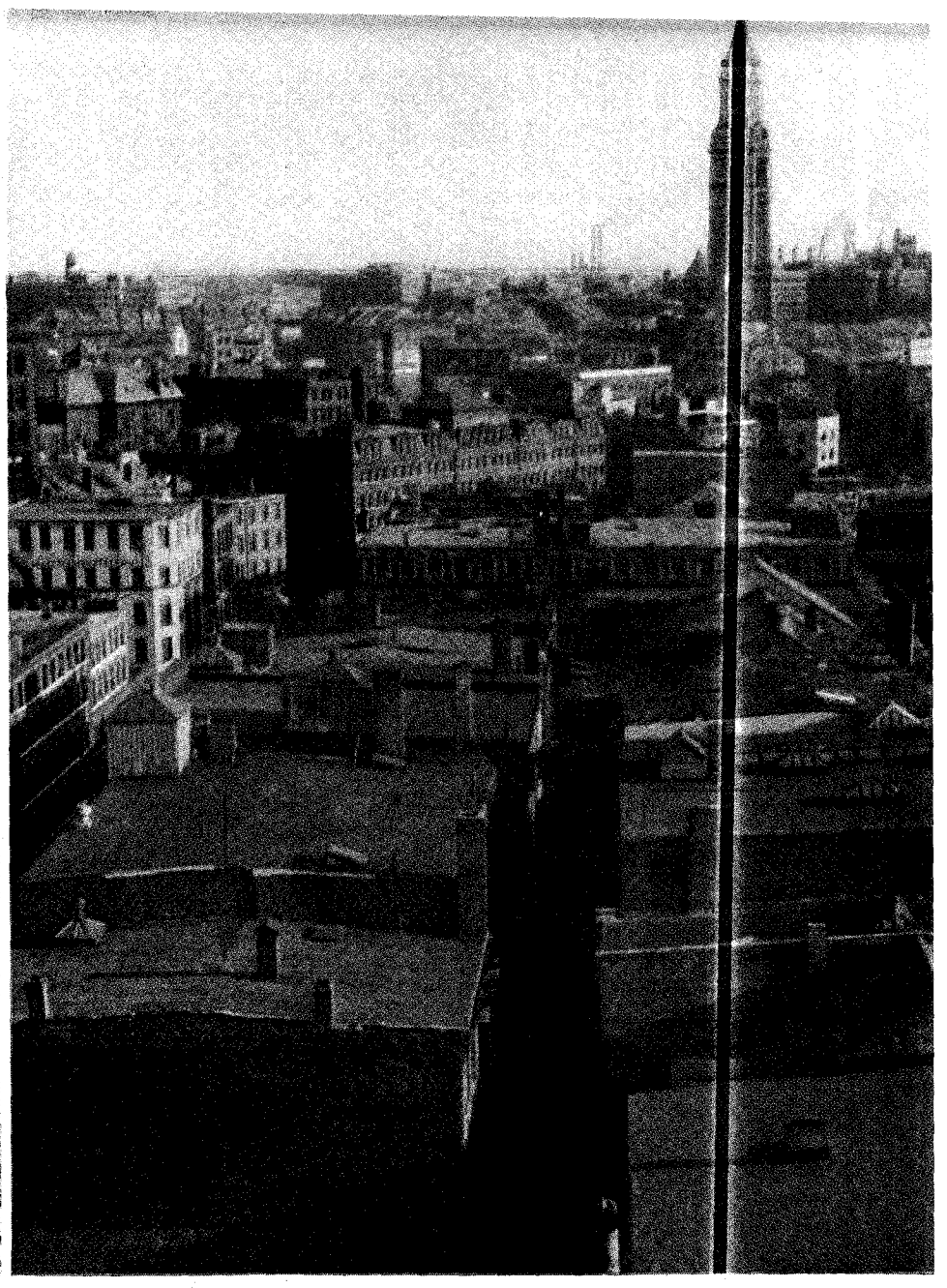


Boston's new Central Artery, seen from the Mystic River bridge, handles 120,000 vehicles daily.



This is the same downtown area of Boston, as it looked before the Central Artery was constructed.

8 minutes from home . . . or 40?

Here's how Massachusetts gives Thomas Johnson more time with his family—less time on the road. What's traffic like in your state?

Thomas Johnson works at an office on Washington Street, in the heart of downtown Boston. He lives in Chelsea, five miles away. Before the new Central Artery was built, the trip took 35 to 40 minutes' driving time each way in nerve-wracking traffic. Now he does it easily in eight minutes. He has nearly an hour more at home!

Boston used to be known as the worst traffic bottleneck in America. Old streets, narrow and twisting, plus a huge concentration of industry in a small area, made the Bay State capital a motorist's nightmare. Today, thanks to a farsighted policy of spending state highway funds where they are most needed, Boston is a different city.

It took courage and cash to tear through whole city blocks and build the Central Artery at a cost of $37,000,000 for a single mile. But since 70% of all traffic in the commonwealth originates or has its destination in Boston, voters recognized the vital need and supported the required bond issues. Meanwhile the other 2500 miles of state highways are not being neglected. Massachusetts has spent $285,000,000 for road improvements in the past four years, and even larger outlays are planned for the future.

Good highways *save* more than they *cost* —in time, in lives and in actual cash. They are the lifeblood of business and industry. If you want to know what *you* can do to help the road program in your own state, write today for the free booklet, "Road Block." Just mail a card to Dept. 2, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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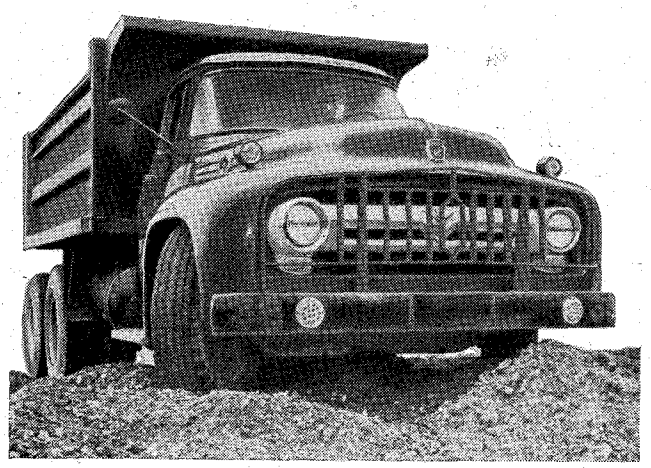

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Ford builds BIG JOBS up through 65,000 lbs. GCW! And for '56, Ford extra-heavy-duty trucks give you big capacity increases, to let you haul as much as 5,000 lbs. more payload!

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No other truck manufacturer can match Ford's long *experience* in building extra-heavy-duty Short Stroke engines! So it's no wonder Ford BIG JOBS have made such phenomenal sales gains in the past eight years—and are *more and more* the choice of operators in the extra-heavy field. Talk to your Ford Dealer!

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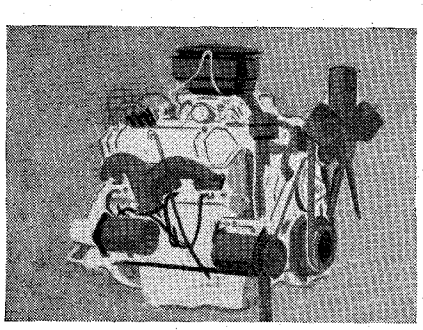
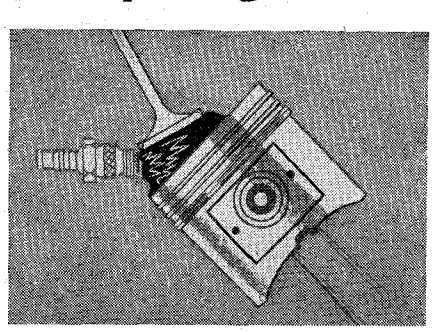


Now! More horsepower per dollar than any other truck line in Ford's weight range! Proved by comparisons of net horsepower and suggested list prices.



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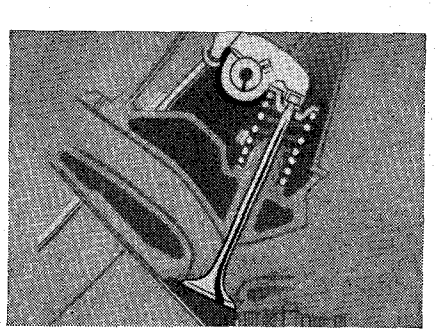
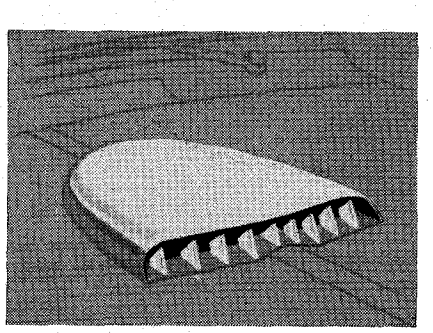


New sodium-cooled exhaust valves run up to 225° cooler. Tungsten-cobalt valve seat inserts are all but wear-proof. New self-sealing intake valves.



New hood air scoop, 4-barrel carburetor, and dual exhaust system available on Series 750 and up, for extra reserve power. More pull on hills.

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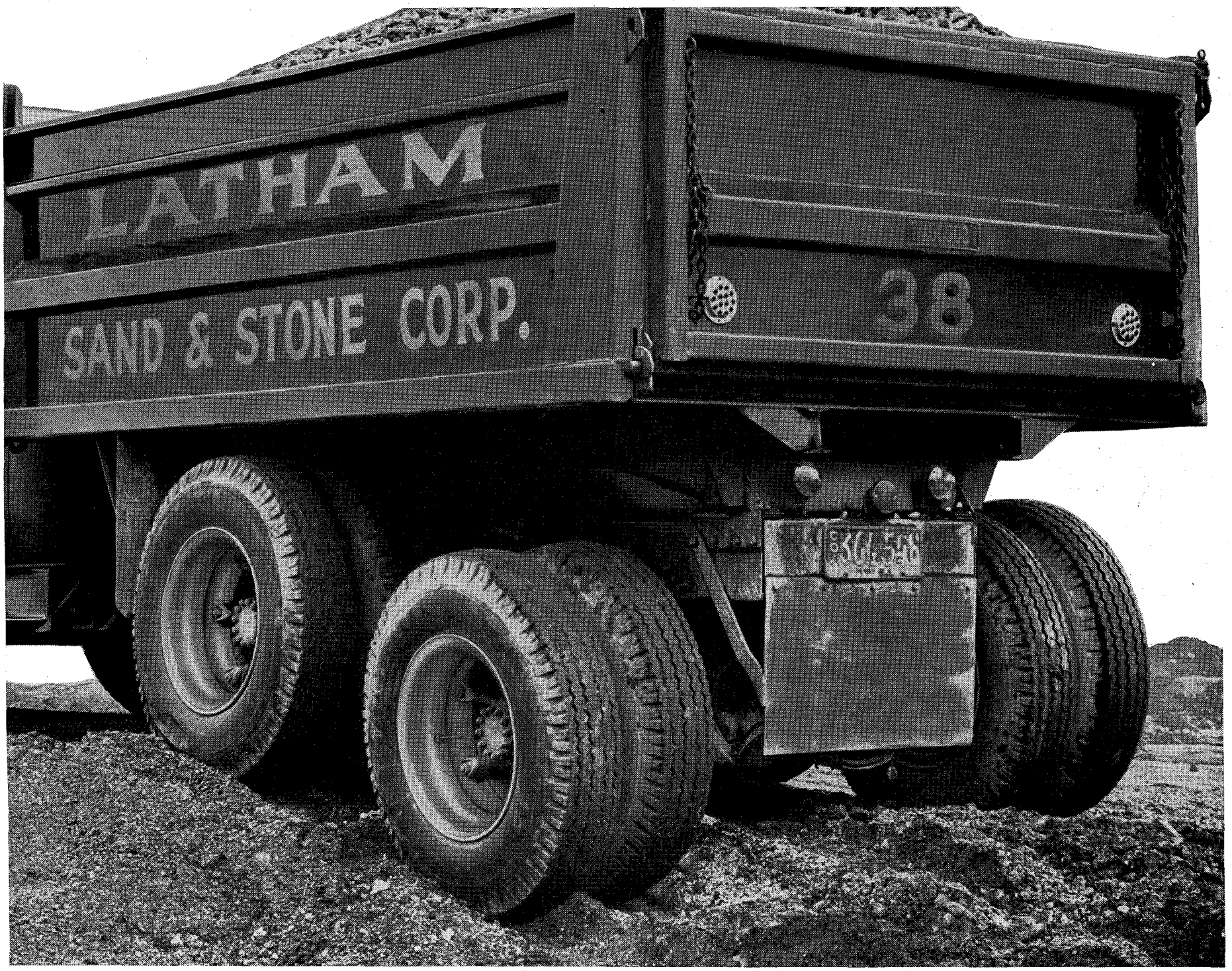

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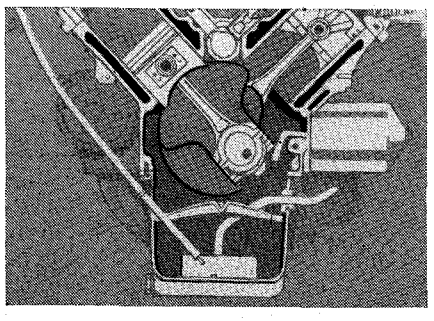

New deep Y-block construction gives Ford main bearings full 240° support, instead of usual 180°—for longer bearing life, smoother performance.

Ford Trucks' longer life is certified by independent life insurance experts for the ninth consecutive year. Studies of latest license registration data on 10,068,600 trucks show that Ford Trucks last longer than any of the other four leading makes.

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(Continued from Page 72) arrests were up 43 per cent; assaults, burglaries and car thefts reduced. Moreover, the .22's, which Harper had got, against stiff resistance from the skeptical merchants, were beginning to attract a few of the problem boys to the Saturday shooting classes. Dan couldn't help feeling optimistic. Based on the record, maybe he did have a chance—if nothing went wrong.

But the next morning something did go wrong. Clint Abbott, who owned a grocery on the highway, came in to demand the dismissal of an officer who had bullied his son.

"The boy did go through a stop sign," he admitted frankly, "but the officer had whisky on his breath and used language in front of my wife that I'm ashamed to repeat."

"If he used it before your wife, you can use it to me," Dan said. "Just what did he say?"

Abbott told him, word for word. Dan's face became white with anger. Abbott was not the type to fabricate such profanity, and one of the ugly phrases he recognized as a favorite of Stanhope's. He examined the scrawled name on the Abbott boy's citation. It checked. As soon as Abbott left, Dan called Stanhope on the telephone. "Be here in an hour," he said. "Bring your badge and gun."

When Stanhope arrived, Dan said flatly, "You're through. For drinking on duty and unbecoming conduct."

Stanhope's handsome face became mottled, but he didn't deny the charges. He did remind Dan, though, that his brother-in-law wouldn't like his getting canned.

"That may be," Dan said, "but it makes no difference."

Fifteen minutes after Stanhope left, the telephone rang. Councilman Forbes said genially, "Good morning, Dan." All warmth and friendliness, he went on to say he understood Dan and his brother-in-law had had a little misunderstanding. Thought maybe he could patch it up.

"I'm sorry," Dan said, "but nothing can be done. People simply won't stand for an officer drinking on the job."

"Well, I'll talk to him about that," Forbes promised. "I'll make it plain to him that ——"

But Dan thought of the list of similar offenses in Stanhope's file. "It's no use. As long as I'm chief we can't use him."

There was a long, ominous pause. Then Forbes said, "O.K., Grabow. As long as you are chief."

An hour later, Harper called. "Good heavens, Grabow," he said vexedly, "couldn't you simply have suspended him? Forbes is an influential man. Do you realize what this does to your chance of a permanent appointment?"

"I know," Dan said. "Call me stupid if you want to, and I'll agree. But if I have to retain men like that on the force to be chief, I want no part of it."

After a moment, Harper said, "Dan, if I weren't for you before, I would be now. It looks like you've scuttled yourself, but I'll do everything I can to bail you out."

Dan hung up, wishing he had what it took to play it the smart way, the way that made friends instead of enemies. Not that he would starve. There was always an opening someplace for a dumb flatfoot to ride around all night in a prowl car. He could even take a steady diet of that. But Janet. She was healthier and happier than she had been in years. The Rocky Beach climate was doing wonders for her. It wasn't fair for her to have to leave here now.

On Saturday, shortly before noon, Dan was acting watch officer. Until they replaced Stanhope, Lieutenant Smith was riding Car 1 downtown with McKay. It was balmy for January. Dan was thinking he and Janet might take a walk on the beach at sunset. It would be chilly then, but the tide would be out. They liked nothing better than a fast walk on the hard wet sand.

A carrier wave hummed suddenly on the desk sergeant's radio. "Car One. Officer needs help at First and Monterey."

Not the routine officer-needs-assistance call, but the policeman's distress signal: Officer needs help! The equivalent of SOS at sea or Mayday in the air. Dan was on his feet instantly. "Officer needs help" meant that somewhere an officer was losing a battle.

The voice went on—Lyle Smith's: "Four armed bandits trying the bank." The carrier switched off and Dan ran for the door, checking his revolver as he went. A moment later he was rolling down Main Street, an eight-inch siren spreading traffic like a bow wave a block ahead of him.

Good Lord, he thought as he wheeled onto First Street. *McKay in a gun fight with bank bandits. A man who, three months ago, had never even fired a gun. A man with a wife and three kids.*

Gun in hand he leaped from the car in front of the bank. The street was strangely deserted, eerily quiet. Every man, woman and child had taken shelter when the shooting started. The black-and-white patrol car was parked directly across the street.

Then he saw the two forms huddled grotesquely on the sidewalk, and McKay methodically reloading his revolver. The freckles on his face seemed purple against the chalk white of his skin.

"I'll take care of these two!" he called to Dan. "You take care of Lyle! One of them got him before I got them!"

McKay, gun raised alertly, approached the two men on the sidewalk. One of them was finished, with a hole in his forehead. The other moved. McKay carefully kept him covered as he picked up the blue-steel automatic lying near the wounded gunman's hand.

Dan holstered his own revolver and ran to the patrol car. Smith was draped over the steering wheel with a red splotch on his left thigh.

He raised his head and said thickly, "Two got away in a blue sedan. North on Coast Highway. I told Fiske and Butler to get them. I—I also called an ambulance," he said, and fainted.

The street, silent a moment ago, became a bedlam. Car 3 screamed in from the south; a car from the Highway Patrol followed. James Fisher, president of the bank, excitedly demanded that Dan do something about the two men who got away.

Dan eyed the work his boys had done so far. He thought of Fiske and Butler up the road and the water-pistol incident. "They haven't got away yet," he said. "In fact, I've got a ten-dollar bill that says they're caught right now."

The Highway Patrol car raced off to assist Fiske and Butler. Before they reached the corner, Butler's voice announced on the radio, "Car Two. Apprehended occupants of blue sedan at Seventeenth and Coast Highway."

As soon as Lyle Smith and the wounded bandit were loaded into the ambulance, Dan lighted a fresh panatela, and with head up and shoulders back, followed President Fisher into the bank. An unfriendly council could can him now for stepping on too many toes, but they couldn't deny he'd left them an effective police department.

By three o'clock the town was overrun with reporters. The Duncan gang had shot its way across six states. For a small-town department to nail them was news to rival the cold war and the opening guns of election year.

Bill Maxwell, an old and loyal friend from the city News, said enthusiastically, "Dan, we've got a terrific story here: Ousted City Cop Nabs Notorious Duncan Gang. How's that?"

Dan leaned back in his chair and pensively blew a cloud of smoke. Just let them print that, he thought. Grab himself a reputation as another Melvin Purvis and the council wouldn't have the guts to fire him. He grinned at the idea.

"Only trouble, Bill, I didn't have a darn thing to do with it. Wish I did. But by the time I got there, two men were on the sidewalk, orders were out to pick up the other two, and even the ambulance had been called. If you want to get yourself a hero, go see Lieutenant Smith. He quarterbacked the whole melee with a forty-five slug in his leg."

The next Wednesday evening, an hour before he was to deliver his final report to the council and hear their verdict, Sergeant Hough called. "Can you come right down?" he asked.

When Dan got there, the first thing he noticed was Fiske and Butler, Flynn and McKay, standing at the counter. He glanced around the hallway. They were all there, even the morning-watch men, sleepy-eyed and yawning. Everyone but Lyle Smith and the men on patrol.

Before Dan could ask what the devil was going on, Butler cleared his throat and said, "Chief, the boys elected me to make a speech, but I'm too scared. So just let me tell you, before you go over to that meeting, that us guys are mighty proud to be in your department. We—uh—bought you a sort of good-luck present."

Then he handed Dan a package wrapped in green drugstore paper. Dan set the package, which felt like two panatela boxes, on the counter and grinned self-consciously. "I'll have the bomb lab expert fluoroscope it in the morning," he said, "before I open it." Everybody laughed, the guys stepped forward to shake hands and began drifting out the side door.

At nine o'clock Dan put several of the gift cigars in his pocket and walked to the council chamber. The room was packed. Most of the faces were strange, but a few he recognized: the high-school principal, Clint Abbott, the parents of a couple teenage boys who'd got into trouble. He had the feeling the open council meeting had been a pretty stormy one.

When the chairman flipped cursorily through the pages of his report, Dan guessed correctly that the council had already made up its mind. But the nature of their decision he guessed wrong. So wrong that when, after a brief build-up, the chairman announced the council's resolution, it took Dan a full second to realize they were offering him a contract.

There was a flutter of applause from the audience, and the chairman banged his gavel to adjourn. In the confusion that followed, Al Harper slid into a seat beside Dan.

Dan said, "I don't know how you did it, Al. But thanks."

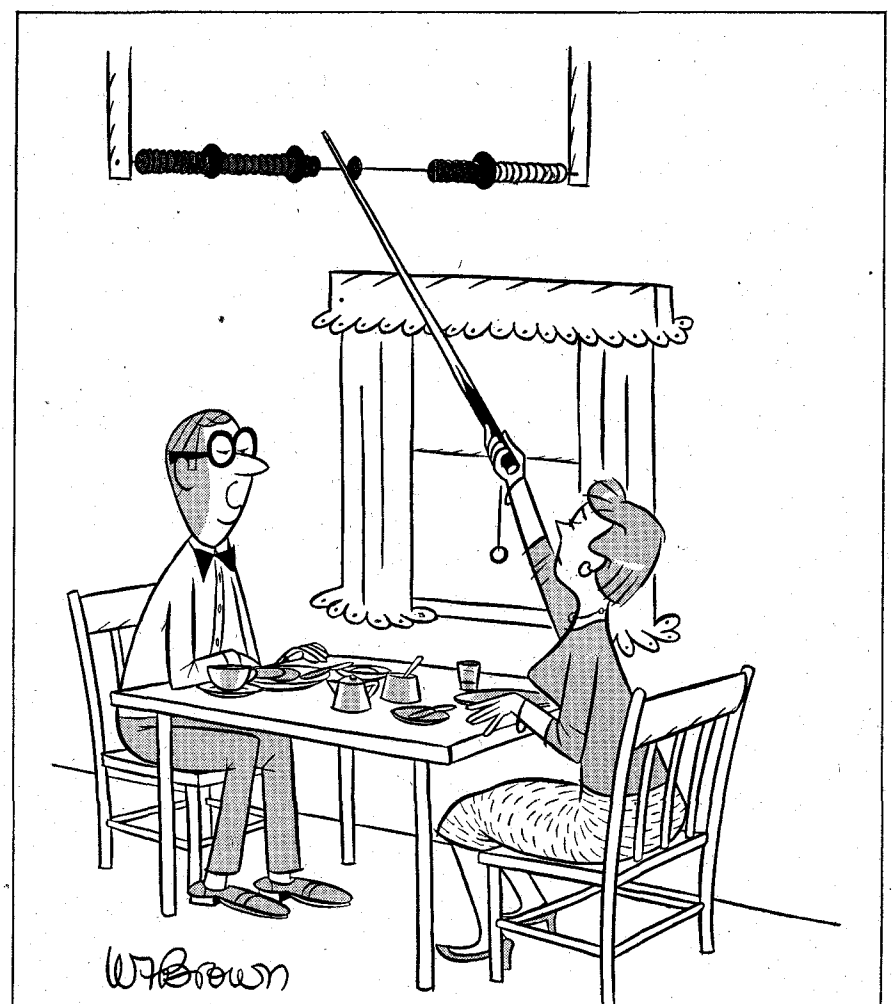
"It was easy," Harper said. "You've made a lot of friends in this town, Dan. All I did was tell them to get down here and support you. They came and snowed the council. Even Forbes didn't have the guts to vote against you." Harper paused thoughtfully. "Seems, Dan, that most people don't mind a cop being tough as long as he is fair."

"But Lieutenant Smith. What about him?"

"He campaigned for you by telephone from the hospital," Harper said. "You may have fooled the reporters, but you didn't fool him. He knows who the hero was last Saturday. And he'd like more of your training."

They got up to walk outside. Dan swallowed and tried to think of something to say. When they reached the salty night air, he said, "Would you join me in a smoke, Al?"

And Al Harper, the kind of friend a cop could be proud of, accepted one of the good-luck panatelas. THE END



"Can't you keep track of your calories some other way?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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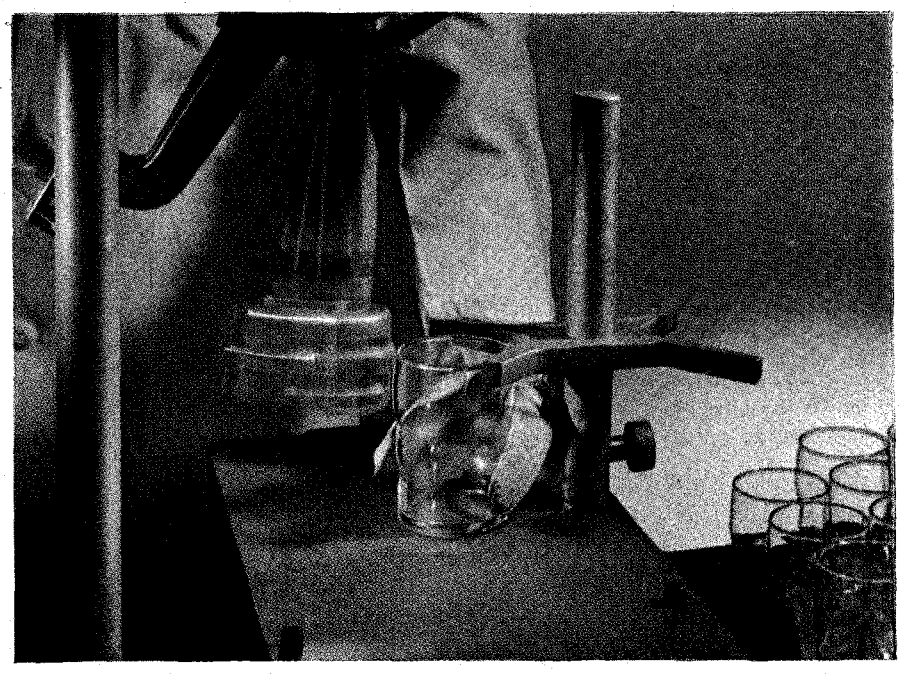
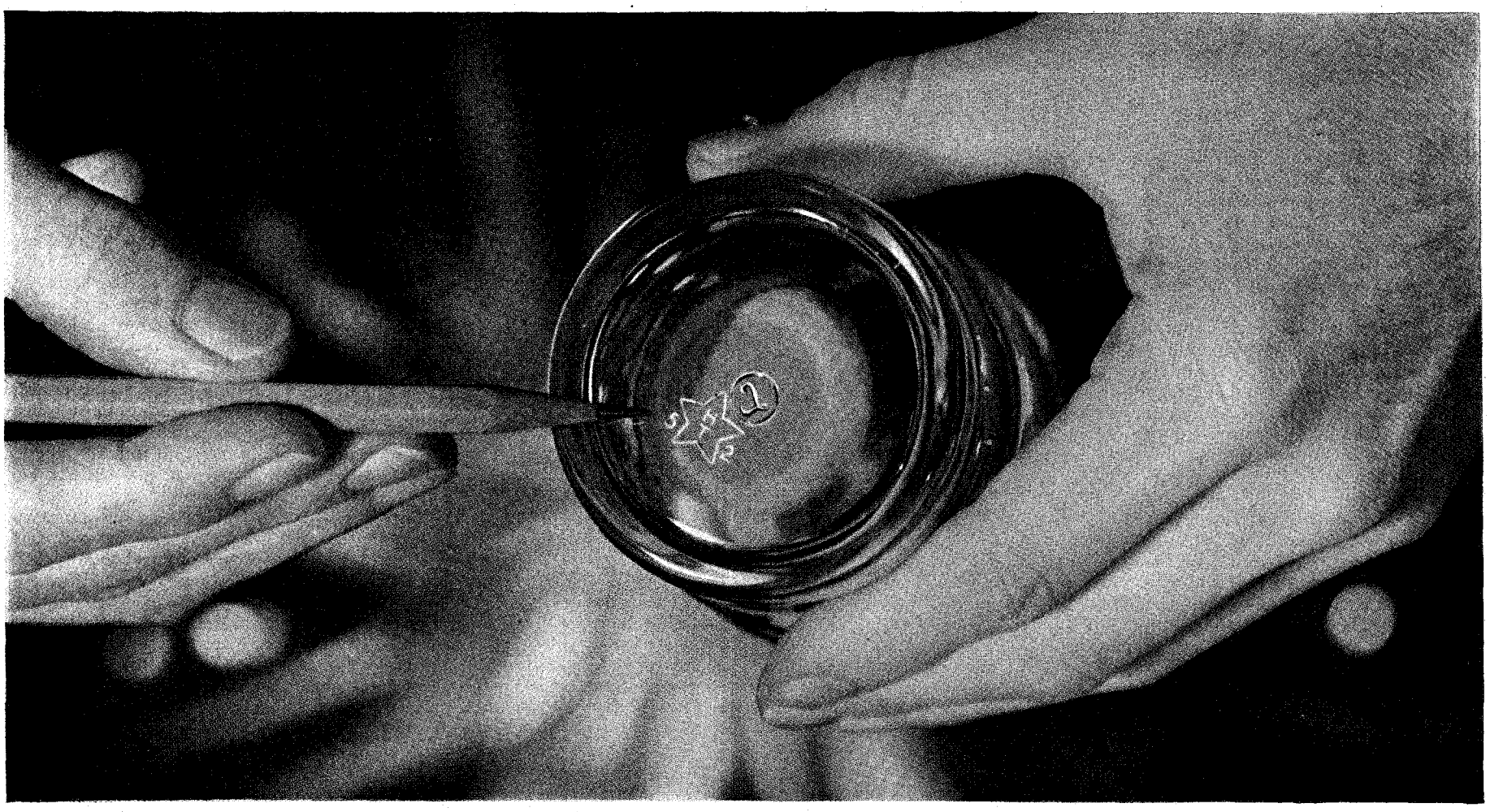


another **milestone**—as important as Libbey's Safedge guarantee*



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Well, It Was This Way (Continued from Page 29)

novel, Useless Cowboy, which, with Nunnally doing the script, came out as Along Came Jones. This time I found myself on the schedule as actor-producer, while Nunnally had nothing to do but doctor his own script. This gave him plenty of time to coach me on the finer points of being a producer.

Nunnally is a Georgia boy. He comes from Columbus, a fair-sized city, but to hear him tell it, he was born so far back in the hills that his ambition in life was to make good so he could move to Tobacco Road. There's a story that he was five years learning that in the Yankee alphabet the *r* is not always silent, but once he got the hang of it, he sold fifty-two stories in a row to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He is also among the top producers or directors or writers in Hollywood, or sometimes all three at once.

I don't know why he made me an actor-producer. It began on Producers' Row of the Goldwyn Studios, where our infant company had rented a sound stage and executive headquarters. To prop up my morale, Don Loper, a top designer, had done over my office in blinding lemon yellows and tomato reds. Bill Goetz gave me the appearance of authority by replacing my cigarette box with a huge cigar humidor. They meant well, I guess, but I felt miscast.

On this particular day my ears hurt from listening to the problems of the director, art director, casting director, make-up man, film editor, head nurse, prop man, chief electrician, dressing-room custodian and a dozen others. There was no room on my desk to put my feet. It was piled high with costume designs, lighting diagrams, cost sheets, and expense accounts. Pushed out of sight were memos too terrifying to look at.

Nunnally wasn't upset at all. He said, "Gary, it's time foh me to give you mah secret fohmula foh bein' a produsah. It's jus' a bitty one. Whenevah a big problem comes up, 'specially if it has anything to do with actahs uh money, jus' leave it lie, and soonah uh latah it will go 'way."

I ignored him and tried to solve a problem in common sense. If the leading lady was to appear before the cameras in a five-dollar cotton dress, did you buy the cotton dress at the nearest store or did you hire the best stylist in the business to whip up a $175 creation that would look exactly like five bucks? I hesitated only a moment before calling the stylist. I was learning.

That brought me to another problem. The star of this picture was allowed to wear only one gun, and was not supposed to know how to use it. Other cowboy stars in other pictures could wear two guns and use them expertly. If the leading lady could have a $175 dress, why couldn't Gary Cooper wear two guns?

I was discovering that a motion picture doesn't begin and end with the actor. In fact, I was beginning to suspect that with all the work, the confusion and the thousand details that go into producing a picture, the actor was a nuisance and lucky to be allowed on the set. Nunnally brought it all to a head.

He said, "Yoh know, produsah, that actah fellah yoh got wu'kin' foh ya, name of Coopah? Well, he was due on the set fifteen minutes ago. Evah time he's late, yoh lose anothah thousan' dollahs uh so. If he keeps that up, yoh gonna have to fiah him."

I raced out the door, leaped on a bicycle I used to save time, and pedaled for the set. I was not schizophrenic yet, but I could feel it coming on. Maybe I ought to fire me. As I raced through the narrow street between sound stages, I could see black clouds filling the sky. Great! Now I could add rain to my worries. With two weeks of outdoor shooting scheduled to begin next day, rain could tie up everything but the expenses. Expenses went on forever. Looking up at the clouds, I didn't see that the street had been closed to traffic. Some sound engineer, bothered by noisy trucks, had hung a thin chain across the street, and I whipped into it. And I whipped out of it like a rock out of a slingshot. Witnesses say I flipped right over and landed on the back of my head.

The next morning I was still a little groggy, but I got to my office. "Welcome to the ranks," Nunnally said. "Now you ah a genuine produsah. Theah ah some who say that to be a real produsah yoh gotta be dropped on yoh haid as a baby, but Ah say, bettah late than nevah."

He helped me into the office, and pointed with pride to my desk. It had been swept clean. Even those terrible memos were gone. "Now do yoh see what Ah mean about my fohmula?" he asked. "When these people think yoh won't be aroun' to solve theah problems, they solve them theahselves. Is that a fohmula or isn't it?"

Well, it is not a formula, but a fine art. There have been times when it has failed even for Nunnally, and he has had to work twenty-four-hour days. He did on Casanova Brown, and on Along Came Jones. Every now and then we kid ourselves into believing our production efforts made us the founders of Universal International Films, Inc., one of the Hollywood giants. But it was Bill Goetz and Leo Spitz who went on to produce a dozen more successful films under the International banner, and with this record they were able to merge with Universal.

My experience as a producer did teach me a lot. I learned, for instance, that if every motion picture carried a full list of those who contributed to the success of its filming—the physicists, chemists and scientists behind the filming, color and electronic processes; the location hunters, the transportation men and logistics experts to get the unit to the scene, feed it and nurse it; the researchers, costume designers and landscape artists; the lighting experts, special-effects men, musicians, assistant directors, film cutters and script doctors who wring the last ounce of feeling out of the story; the bankers who shed a few million in support—if all these were added to the screen credits, along with the producers, directors, musical directors, art directors, actors, writers and others, there would be no footage left for the picture itself.

In looking back, I think I am safe in saying that until I met and married Rocky, chance played a bigger part in guiding my career than I did. Unlike most actors, I can't say that I dreamed of the stage or the movies ever since childhood. And I can't say I was attracted to Hollywood by its glamour, or money, or beautiful women.

When I went to Hollywood in the fall of 1924, I was just drifting in to see the folks.

The author with his mother and Dick Powell in a Hollywood restaurant recently. Cooper's father, a former judge, died in 1946.

My acting that first year and for a long time afterward was not of a caliber to be remembered with satisfaction. I lived and worked in an agony of self-consciousness. It was hard to face the fact that when I blew a scene, the retakes made extra work for everybody on the set. It is fine for a young fellow to tell himself that if he doesn't succeed the first time, he should try, try again, but it takes nerve to tell cast, crew and producer to try, try again with him. Other actors had had their rough edges smoothed off in dramatic classes or amateur productions. I was having mine sledge-hammered off in huge painful chunks, right in front of the finest professional talent in Hollywood.

Anyone planning to be an artist knows that he must suffer for his art, but I had planned to do my suffering over an easel in the privacy of a garret. I had not planned to be an actor and make a public spectacle of my troubles. There was no acting in my background, nor were there any actors on either side of my family as far back as records were kept.

In fact, on my father's side, our branch of the Coopers have been farmers in England for centuries. Two farms near the villages of Tingrith and Houghton Regis in Bedfordshire are still being farmed by Coopers, and mighty fine farms they are. On my mother's side, the Brazier family has lived and worked in the shipbuilding town of Gillingham, Kent, for as long as the Coopers have farmed in Bedfordshire.

They were, and are, solid conservative families, not easily disturbed or uprooted. It took Chief Sitting Bull, with help from Chiefs Crazy Horse, Gall and others, to break the pattern. When the Indians killed General Custer and two-hundred-odd soldiers in Montana on June 25, 1876, the news made fancy reading in the English papers. A couple of young Englishmen, Walter Cooper and Alfred Brazier, were greatly excited by the dispatches. As soon as they had saved enough money for passage, they sailed for America to become Indian fighters.

By the time they arrived, the Indians were somewhat subdued, but the territory of Montana wasn't. The hell-roaring mining town of Last Chance Gulch had taken the more dignified name of Helena when it became the territorial capital, but the change hadn't affected the habits of the settlers. They were hard-drinking citizens, all trying to get rich in gold, silver, railroad, cattle or wheat—take your choice. Uncle Walter, the farmer, picked railroads, and Uncle Alfred, the engineer, picked farming. There is nothing in the family record to show that they knew each other at this time, but with the saloons being the rootin', tootin' places they were, the chances are good that they met.

Uncle Walter quickly worked his way up to the position of locomotive engineer on the Northern Pacific. No job ranked higher, except the territorial governorship or the presidency of the railroad. Certainly a locomotive engineer in Montana stood as high as the duke in Bedfordshire, a fact which Uncle Walter made clear in writing home to his younger brother, Charles.

I have been told that my father, Charles, in his youth, was a frail, quiet scholarly lad, not given to rash impulses. There is something wrong with that story. At the age of seventeen, with nothing more to go on than Uncle Walter's letter, he beat his way halfway around the world on a capital outlay of two shillings sixpence. It took him two years to make it, one bitter winter of which he was stranded in Wisconsin. To get eating money, he took a job selling shoes. About thirty years later, dad and I were back there with a trainload of cattle, and there were farmers around still trying to wear out the shoes he had unloaded on them.

I've acted in a lot of Western stories, but dad lived his. When he arrived in Helena in the summer of 1885, he was just nineteen years old. Cattle were crowding the last of the buffalo off the prairie. The United States Cavalry was keeping the Indians from going on the warpath. Large-scale silver mining was replacing the every-man-for-himself gold boom, and range wars were killing nearly as many men as saloon brawls. Dad and a few other dreamers could foresee the day when Montana would become a peaceful, prosperous state, but a lot of law cases would have to be settled first. That was what fascinated dad; he was determined to be a lawyer.

But first he had to make a living. Uncle Walter got him a job as an engine wiper. He worked in the roundhouse twelve hours a day, six A.M. to six P.M. That left his mornings and evenings free. So at four A.M. he was running a predawn bakery delivery route, and after supper he studied law and shorthand at (Continued on Page 80)

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(Continued from Page 78) a little business college. On Sundays he solicited new bakery customers. In his spare time he read Shakespeare aloud to gain eloquence for future pleadings in court. As he told it to me, his delivery horse knew more Shakespeare than any other horse in Montana.

By the end of the year, the bakery route was paying off so heavily that he could quit the roundhouse. That gave him an extra twelve hours a day for studying law, a little court reporting, the preparation of legal briefs for lawyers, some clerical work for the Supreme Court, a little campaigning for the Republican Party, and an unofficial law practice of his own.

While dad was doing all this, Uncle Alfred had been busy too. His ranch had prospered to the point where he could get married, and his marriage had prospered to the point where he could use his sister, Alice, to help with the babies. He wrote to England, suggesting that Alice come to Montana.

My mother says she had her misgivings about America in general, and especially about her brother's buildup of Montana.

"You know I am the cautious type," she told me the other day. (At eighty-one she will still tackle a Los Angeles Freeway in the rush hour, driving her own car.) "When Alfred asked me to come over, I came, but I had the money for my return fare in my—er—corset. The minute I got to Helena I put it in a bank. With all those saloons and wild Indians around, I wanted to be sure I could get home."

Poor Alice Brazier! The bottom fell out of the silver market, and in the resulting panic of 1893 nearly every bank in Montana crashed. Her fare back to England was frozen. Then she met the aspiring lawyer named Charles Cooper. He was as prosperous as ever, because he hadn't had any money to lose in the first place. All his potential rivals had been wiped out in the crash. He volunteered to do what he could for Miss Brazier, a neighbor from England after all; and the rest was inevitable.

Things were still rough for the Coopers when Arthur was born, in 1895, but they improved considerably after that. By the time I was born, on May 7, 1901, and duly christened Frank Cooper—I'll explain the "Gary" later—we were well fixed in a large, two-story brick house that faced Eleventh Avenue and backed against the original Last Chance Gulch.

I was a little late for the gold and silver rushes. Gold had been discovered in Last Chance Gulch in 1864. By the time I was big enough to lift a prospector's pan, there was hardly a grain of sand in the creek bed that hadn't been washed and pawed over a hundred times. Even the cracks in the bedrock had been probed with knitting needles to bring up the last flakes of gold. Yet after every spring flood we kids could still find enough gold to keep us in licorice and all-day-sucker money for a week.

When we played cowboys and Indians or vigilantes and outlaws, we acted out real events. Take the time the vigilantes caught up to the Plummer boys. They had just robbed a stage, and this was in the days when Virginia City, Montana, was the toughest town west of the Mississippi. The stagecoach driver told us the story himself, sitting on a bench down by the railroad station:

"There was maybe a dozen of 'em. Two on horseback in front. The rest hunched up behind rocks on the hill. Masked, they was. Black masks. 'Throw up your hands,' they says. Durn fools. If I'd throwed up my hands, my horses would 'a' scattered like prairie chickens." And then he would tell how he shot down four men and rode down the two horsemen blocking the road. We didn't miss a word.

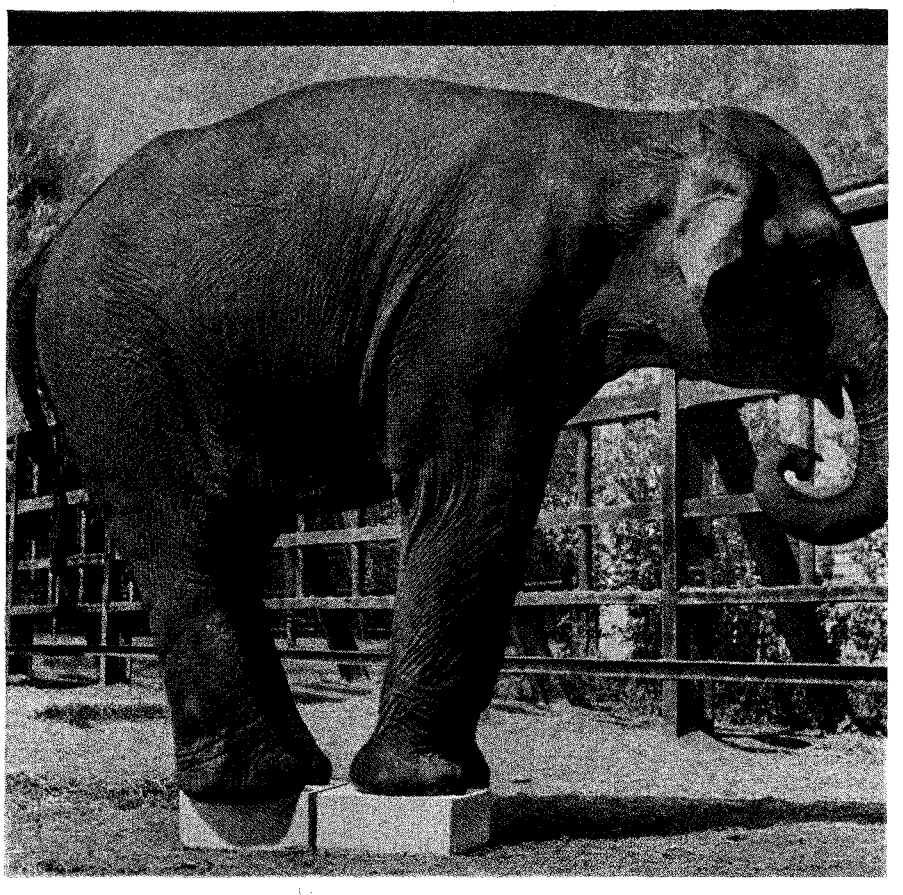
We would get conflicting stories of the same holdup from other eyewitnesses and genuine vigilantes, but we never minded that. It was enough that we got our yarns straight from the men who had been there. Besides, if they all told the same story, we'd have nothing to argue about.

Saturday afternoon, when the ranchers, miners and cowboys drifted into town, could be pretty exciting too. Most of the kids in our neighborhood were forbidden to go downtown at such times. But we must have cheated a little, because I can remember saloon doors bursting open, men rolling out into the street and horses running away. I remember, too, that the Indians enjoyed the uproar.

All of this was fine for Arthur and me, but it worried our mother. In her mind, the properly reared boy was a little scholar in a top hat and Eton collar, carefully supervised by an English schoolmaster. Arthur and I were running wild in the mountains behind town. We wore overalls, denim shirts and high shoes "guaranteed to be protected against barnyard rot." Instead of playing cricket and collecting butterflies, we played cowboy-and-Indian games, and hunted for gold, arrowheads, wolf dens and jack rabbits. And we pitched into the food at dinnertime in a way that shocked our mother. She would cry out, "Your manners!" and we would try to use knife and fork in the English fashion, but it was no use. The way we saw it, style prevented the rapid consumption of vittles.

Except in the matter of raising her boys, mother took to the American way of life. Helena must have struck her as raw and crude at first, but she came to glory in its very newness. She took all the women's magazines, favored New York's fashions over London's, and picked up each new fad as it came along. In those days women were supposed to know nothing of such

The ice cubes . . . the elephant . . . and the



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mysterious things as photography and chemistry, but mother became an expert photographer. She had an elaborate darkroom in the cellar. If I am any good at posing for cameramen, it is because I can still hear mother saying, "For goodness' sakes, will you please stop wiggling? This is a time exposure."

During these first years of my life, dad continued working at a hard pace. At times his law practice was such that we would see him only briefly at meals. He would be in his study going over his lawbooks when I went to bed at night, and he would be back at it before I got up in the morning. Business was so good at one point that he and James Sanders, son of Col. Wilbur Sanders, territorial governor of Montana, became partners. Then it became so bad that he had to give up his practice and become legal secretary for Gov. Preston H. Leslie.

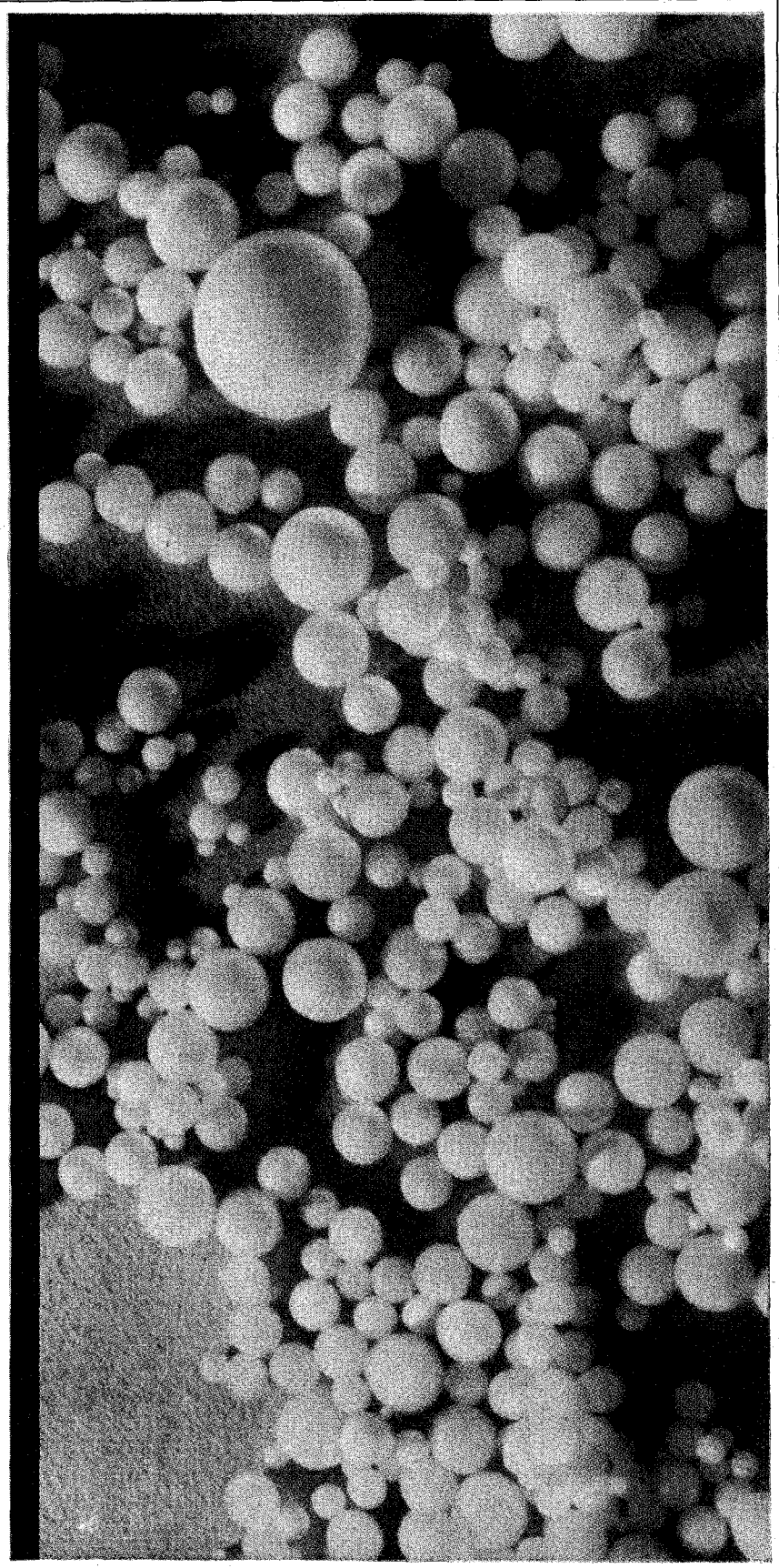
He often made ends meet by using his knack for shorthand as trial reporter for the State Supreme Court. I've heard he was one of the fastest court reporters in the West, but it soured him on long-winded jurists and lawyers. When he came to sit on the bench of the Montana Supreme Court, he handed down decisions which were masterpieces of brevity.

He drove himself day and night, through good times and bad. While his dreams of bringing law and order to the West were coming true, he also saw to it that Arthur and I caught some of the spirit of those dreams. If any explanation is needed for why I like to make Western pictures, there it is. Although dad was born an Englishman, he was a true Westerner. And I take after him.

By the time I was nine, the family fortune had improved, but Arthur and I had not. To our mother, we were but one step removed from wild Indians. For one thing, I must have been exposed to a swear word or two, and in a careless moment I let one of those words slip. My mother heard it and washed out my mouth with soap. I was still spitting bubbles when dad got home.

"It's the last straw," said mother. "When I think of those dear little lads in England, all so neat and polite, and I look at our—our savages! Well, it's high time we took them back to England for a toning down. We can't wait another day. That's all there is to it."

If dad had any objection, he didn't speak up. By this time he was one of the best trial lawyers in Montana, with an eloquence that could hypnotize juries, but I guess he realized the evidence was on mother's side. We went to England, leaving dad behind.



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Arthur Larsen

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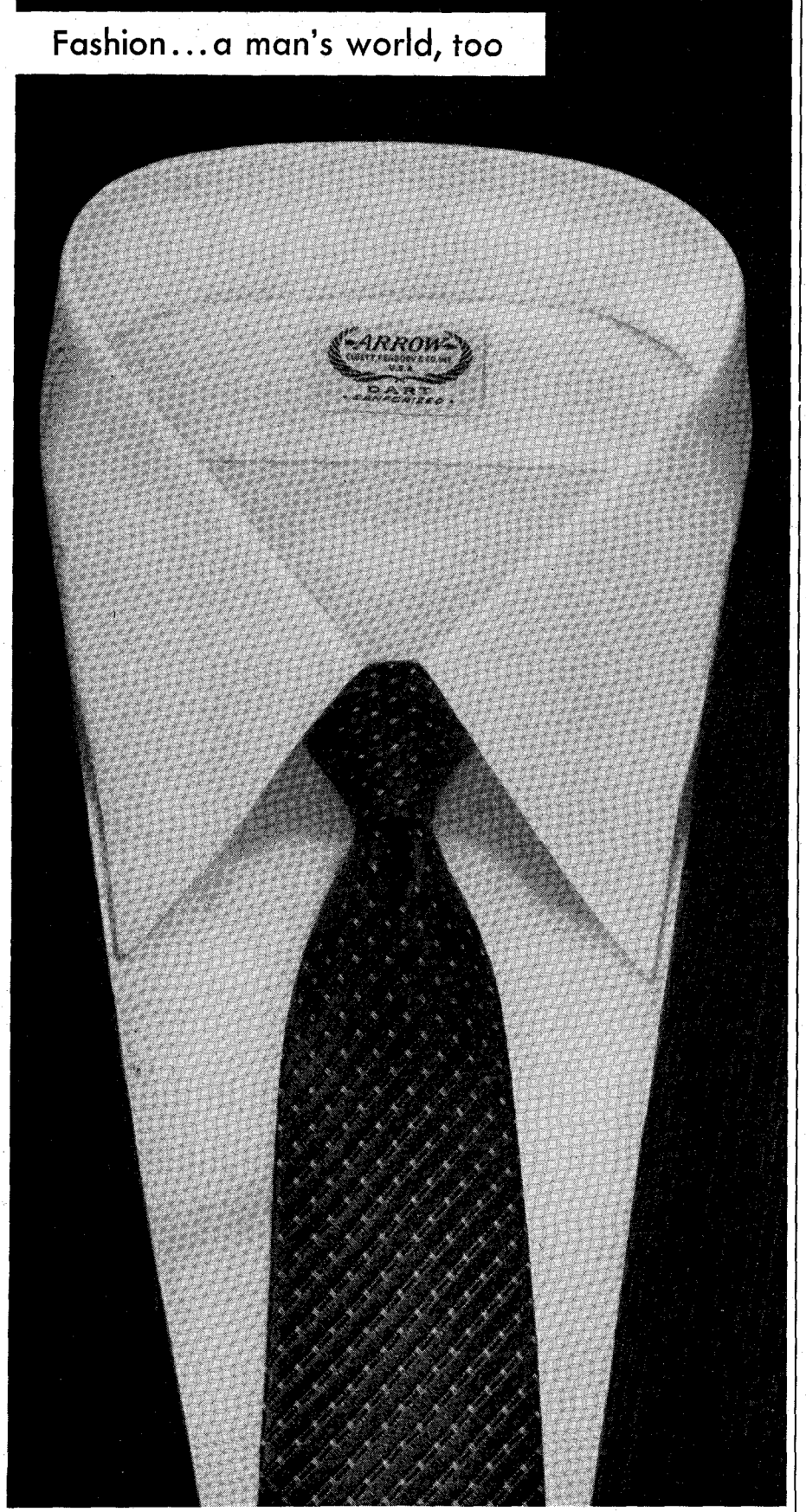

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Apparently England did not have the desired lasting effect on us, for the next summer mother brought us back to Montana. The following summer we returned to England again. This time mother made dad take his first vacation in years and come along, just to see the improvement that came over her boys in her native land. I suppose we did look improved to her. There was no open range to play in. Everything was carefully tended private property—please keep off the grass. We moped, and in this mood we looked real refined to mother.

We were so tame that mother dreaded the day when she had to take us back to Montana and watch us revert to type. She must have decided that if three months could work such an improvement in her boys, three years would make the cure permanent. I'm reasonably sure that's the point on which she sold dad. He went back to the states alone, and Arthur and I were entered at Dunstable, a public school, for three long years.

My first day there was miserable.

"No Latin, Mr. Cooper?" asked the headmaster.

I'd never heard of it.

"No French, Mr. Cooper?"

I'd heard of French, but that wasn't enough.

"No English history, algebra, Shakespeare?"

I "didn't know nothing."

Looking back now, I can appreciate all that was done for me—special classes, sympathetic tutors and an earnest effort to make me feel at home. But all I was aware of then was that I was in a form with kids three years my junior. I caught up, but at a price. While all the rest of my classmates were pounding over the playing fields of England at rugby, soccer or cricket, I was at home—we lived in some rooms my aunt had fixed up for us in the huge, ancestral farmhouse—grinding away at supercharged courses in Latin, French and math.

I am told that after my three years at Dunstable I could speak French, recognize Latin, wear a top hat, bow from the waist, solve an equation, and say "Thank you, sir" in an English accent. I wish some of it had stuck. I did learn some English phrases I can drop from time to time, and my classmates learned some Americanisms from me. I was tickled to hear that at a recent reunion of my class the accepted greeting was "Howdy, stranger!"

As I have said, Montana's teachers did not take kindly to my English education. Neither did the kids at school take kindly to the English duds—the only clothes we had—when Arthur and I appeared for the first day of school in Helena.

Now, about that first day. I have been in some movie fights, and unless you are with a bunch of professionals, unexpected things can happen. An extra, battling in the back of the saloon, can all of a sudden get the idea that the camera is missing his best work. To get some attention, he moves right up front and takes a poke at the star. *Let the audience get a load of that one!* I've had to drink through a straw for a week after one of those punches landed on my jaw.

That is only a mild example. I remember the time a bunch of us cowboy extras were standing off a horde of Indians in a Tom Mix epic. Arrows were coming at us from everywhere, and even with rubber tips one of those arrows in the ribs could raise a welt. But some joker among the Indian extras didn't think the rubber tips were producing the desired dramatic effect. After the battle was over, the property man going over the field to collect arrows found a dozen from which the rubber tips had been removed. In place of rubber, each one had a hand-honed tenpenny nail.

Things like that are nothing compared to what the sight of English duds could do to a flock of Montana schoolboys back in 1913. All I remember for sure is that Arthur and I didn't run from the fight, and that we didn't have any English duds when we got home.

I think my mother had some vague idea that other mothers wanted their children to look neat, too, and that if we set the example sartorial elegance in the Helena schools would go up 1000 per cent. It was a blow to her when she saw us returning home. There wasn't enough cloth left on our bodies to wipe up the gore. But that was my last fling at elegance until the Countess di Frasso persuaded me to buy a top hat in Rome.

Editors' Note—This is the second of eight articles by Mr. Cooper. The third will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just think, dear, one more payment and it will be ours."

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Extra Girl (Continued from Page 41)

"They don't? A girl as pretty as you?"

It was a delicate subject, and Junie quickly changed it. "What are we doing tomorrow, Audie?"

"What aren't we, you mean! Nine A.M., assembly at school; the mayor will bore you with a speech of welcome. Then we pile into buses for an all-day tour of the points of interest. In the evening Eddie Farrar is having a skating party. I borrowed some skates for you." Audrey hopped off the bed and produced them from a closet. "Want to try them on?"

Junie wiggled her feet into them and laced them up. They were the right size, or would be with heavy socks, but when she tried to stand on them her ankles turned to rubber. She made a face and flopped onto the bed. "Golly! How do you do it?"

"On ice it's easier," Audie said breezily. "You'll see."

Her mother knocked and, at Audie's invitation, came in with an alarm clock. "You two will never get up in the morning," she warned. "It's after eleven. Here, I've set this for seven." She put the clock on a dresser. "Don't you think you'd better get some sleep?"

"We're not sleepy, mother," Audie protested.

"You're not. You haven't been on a train for hours and hours." Mrs. Brownell turned at the door, and her smile was for them both. " 'Night. See you tomorrow."

Junie took off the skates and wriggled into bed. "Your mother's a peach."

"Oh, she isn't too gruesome," Audie admitted. "How's yours?"

Junie felt her hands clench under the covers. "My mother is nice too," she said as Audie, yawning, turned off the light. "I think she's wonderful."

By five o'clock the following afternoon Junie was sure she had seen the whole of Mayfield. "I'll bet you're both ready to drop," Mrs. Brownell said when they sat down to supper.

"We can't drop," Audie said cheerfully. "We're going skating."

Mr. Brownell said something about resting and was put in his place with a tolerant sigh. "You just don't understand, daddy. Tonight's the night we get to know one another. The boys will be deciding which girls to ask to the Friday-night dance."

"There's to be a dance?" Mr. Brownell asked innocently.

"Daddy, don't be impossible. Could we have twenty visiting students from Louisiana without a dance? Do you want them to think we hibernate all winter? They're having a whole festival for us when we return their visit next month."

Mrs. Brownell looked thoughtfully at Junie. "I've been meaning to ask you about that, Junie. About returning the visit, I mean. We expected Claire Latham, you know."

"Yes, Mrs. Brownell?"

"I mean to say, we corresponded with the Lathams, and it was understood that Claire would come here and Audie would stay at their house when the Mayfield students went to Louisiana. The parents drew lots, you know, when this exchange of students was planned."

"But I'm going to Junie's house!" Audie said, shocked. "I don't even know Claire Latham."

"Of course, if that's what you both want. But we ought to write to Junie's folks, don't you think?" Mrs. Brownell was plainly not sure of herself in a situation that could be awkward. "You must be the one to decide, Junie."

The moments Junie had dreaded were coming faster than she had expected. This was one of the worst. "You don't even know my address, do you?" she said feebly, knowing her face was white and scared-looking. "I'll write it down for you." Abruptly she pushed her chair back.

"Oh, not now, dear," Mrs. Brownell protested. "There's plenty of ——"

"I might forget," Junie said frantically. "Excuse me, please."

She fled upstairs and sat on the bed with the door shut, gazing wide-eyed at the rose-covered wallpaper. What would her mother say when a letter arrived from the Brownells? How would she reply to it? *I have to tell them*, Junie thought.

She wrote the name and address on a piece of paper and went downstairs and gave the paper to Mrs. Brownell. "Will—will you be mailing a letter tonight?" she asked, trying to keep the dread out of her voice.

"Tomorrow, I think, Junie." There was an odd stillness at the table, as though they had been talking about her, but Mrs. Brownell's smile was quick enough and gentle. "Mr. Brownell and I are going over to the school tonight, for a meeting with the other parents."

Junie sat down to finish her supper. *I can tell them in the morning.*

Eddie Farrar lived on a pond and the pond was frozen. It was the first time Junie had seen people walking on water, except for fleeting glimpses from the train window. When the gang moved from Eddie's basement rumpus room to the edge of the pond, she stepped out on the ice as though it were a white cloud that might suddenly disintegrate and let her through.

Some of her schoolmates were struck with the same kind of wonder, she noticed. Others talked sophisticatedly of skating rinks and ice shows, and Tommy Gates remarked breezily that in Minnesota, where he had relatives, people even drove cars on frozen lakes. She noticed that Tommy declined, though, when one of the Mayfield boys offered him skates and a hockey stick.

With her skates on, she pushed herself out on the ice and for one glorious moment felt like a soaring gull. Then the ice played tricks with her feet and she went sprawling.

She must be the worst skater these Northern kids had ever seen, she thought. Well, so what? There was only one way to learn, wasn't there? Determined to skate, she doggedly kept at it while the other girls from the South attempted only occasional short steps between giggles.

"You ought to take it easy," Audie Brownell warned. "You'll be black and blue tomorrow."

A Mayfield boy, dismissing Audie with "Go add up some Figure Eights, will you?" helped Junie to her feet after her sixth or seventh tumble and put his arm around her waist. "Your name's Junie Allen, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'm Mike Grover. Pleased to meet you, Junie. Move your feet like me and I'll show you how it's done." He held her close so she wouldn't fall, and eased her into the elusive rhythm of it. "Left, right, left. That's the girl. See how easy it is?"

A second Mayfield boy detached himself from the cluster under the floodlights. "What is this?" he demanded. "A monopoly?" His name was Bill Taylor.

Then it was Paul Birtwell. And Kenny Cole. And Pete Randall. And finally a tall, fair-haired boy in a white sweater, the best skater of them all, and the best looking. He skated backwards, holding Junie's hands and pulling her along with him—not showing off, but so he could look at her while they talked.

Chet Pearson was different. He didn't tell her he was on the hockey team, or had

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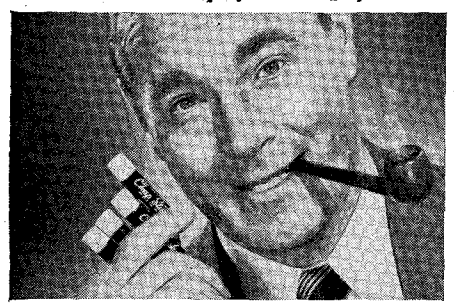

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been a star on Mayfield's championship football team, or that he played a hot trumpet in the school orchestra. He said, "What's it like where you come from, Junie?"

She told him what it was like. Led on by his questions, she talked about shrimp boats and swimming in January and Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Not until later, between dances in the Farrars' rumpus room, did she learn from Audie that he did play hockey, had starred in football and was the class president.

"Just the nicest boy in school," Audie said. "That's all."

A moment later Chet asked her to dance.

"I notice the boys in your own crowd sort of keep their distance with you," he said. "That means you go steady with someone back home?"

Junie hoped her laugh sounded casual. "I don't go steady with anyone."

"Swell. Will you go to the Friday-night dance with me, Junie?"

She felt a wave of color climb her face. "Are you serious?"

"I wouldn't try to rush you," he said apologetically. "But if I don't ask you now, these other characters will beat me to it."

Junie stopped dancing and looked at him. He was not joking. He was not even smiling. "I—I'd love to go with you," she said. "Thank you."

When she breathlessly told Audie about it, Audie said airily, "Well, what did you expect? I told you, didn't I?"

But tomorrow morning, Junie thought desperately, *I have to tell Mrs. Brownell.*

She and Audie slept late the next morning, and Mr. Brownell had already left for the bank when they went downstairs. Mrs. Brownell had orange juice, toast and scrambled eggs ready on the kitchen table.

"Heard you in the bathroom, all twelve of you," she said, smiling. "My, we look bright and cheerful this morning, don't we? What's on the program?"

"Nothing until this evening," Audie said. "Then we're doing the senior play over for the Louisiana kids and ——"

Junie could wait no longer. "Mrs. Brownell, there's something I ——"

But Audie's mother had turned back to the stove for something and, not hearing, said over her shoulder, "By the way, Junie, I wrote to your mother."

Junie abruptly sat down. "You've written already?"

"Yes, dear. I told her how much we're enjoying having you, and that if it's convenient for her, Audie would rather stay with you than with a girl she doesn't know. Mr. Brownell said he'd mail the letter."

Say something quick, Junie thought. *There may still be time to stop it.* But the words wouldn't come.

"And Chet Pearson called," Mrs. Brownell went on, chuckling. "He called at ten minutes to eight and twenty past eight and quarter to nine. He said ——"

The telephone was ringing. Audie went into the hall to answer it. "You'll do nothing of the kind," Junie heard her say. "She's my guest! . . . What? . . . Well, if it's a party. . . . I'll ask her." Appearing in the kitchen doorway, hands on hips, she said, "That was Chet, as if you couldn't guess. Want to go sliding, Junie?"

"Is there enough snow for sliding?"

"There is out at Chet's summer place in the country. He's got a gang lined up and has his father's car for the day. O.K.?"

"You'll finish your breakfast first, both of you," Mrs. Brownell said.

"O.K., mother. Want to go, Junie?"

"If you think we ought to," Junie said.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic this morning."

"Everything happens so fast around here," Junie said, trying to laugh.

"O.K." Audie returned brightly to the telephone and delivered the verdict. Back at the table, she finished breakfast in four gulps, then made for the stairs. "I'll find you some sliding togs," she called over her shoulder.

Junie cleared the table and put the dishes in the dishwashing machine, rinsing them under the faucet first, as she had seen Mrs. Brownell do.

"Thanks, Junie," Mrs. Brownell said. "By the way, have you written your mother yet?"

"I will today, Mrs. Brownell."

"I told her you were having a good time, but she'll be anxious to hear from you, I'm sure."

"I won't forget," Junie promised.

A car pulled up at the curb while she was tugging on the wool-lined jeans Audie had handed her. Chet Pearson was talking to Mrs. Brownell in the hall when the girls went downstairs.

"Hi, Junie." He looked at her admiringly. "Ankles sore this morning?"

"She's black and blue all over and it's none of your business," Audie said.

"Everything about Junie is my business," Chet said. "I'm going to monopolize her every minute she's here and continue the treatment when I get to Louisiana." His eyes and mouth laughed, but the words were spoken like a vow. "Come on, Miss Louisiana," he said, taking Junie's hand.

The car was full, but Chet had saved a place for Junie in front, beside him. The others were Hope Hammond, who had sat with her on the train most of the time, and Tommy Gates and some Mayfield kids. Tommy had the girl he wanted, she noticed—the good-looking girl Hope was staying with. Tommy never failed to get what he wanted.

But it didn't matter who else was in the car really because Chet acted as though he and she were alone on a mountaintop somewhere. And because she was scared. She was too scared to have a good time. She kept thinking of the letter Mrs. Brownell had written and what would happen when the answer came. The Brownells had that big, beautiful home, and Mr. Brownell was head of a bank, and Mrs. Brownell was a gentle, cultured woman. They would never understand.

"Are you sure you don't go steady with anyone back home?" Chet asked as she trudged up the slope at his side, helping him pull a toboggan.

"Of course I'm sure, silly."

"It's hard to believe." He shook his head at her. "Remember, I'll be coming down there next month with the Mayfield gang."

"I—I'll be there, Chet."

But not the way you think, she told herself miserably. *I don't have a car and a place out in the country or parents like yours and Audie's. I'm only here because Claire took sick and Miss Morrissey picked me to take her place. Everyone is wrong about me, Chet. Everyone's wrong and I don't know what to do.*

He was close to her all day. He was behind her on the toboggan and when she grabbed at something to keep from losing her balance, it was his legs she grabbed. He made a place for her beside him on the floor in front of the farmhouse fireplace, and handed her toasted marshmallows on the end of a stick. He danced with her to the music of the old horn gramophone that he brought down from the attic to show the kids.

"It's been in my family since the ice age," he joked.

And so had the house itself, and all the indispensable things he believed in.

On the way home they stopped at the school because Audie had to see the teacher in charge of the program that evening. Little Miss Morrissey was there, trying to help with the auditorium decorations and looking as flustered as usual. While Audie was busy and the kids were backstage looking at the sets, Miss Morrissey came over to where Junie was sitting alone.

"Did you write to your mother, Junie?" she asked.

"I'm going to tonight."

"You should. This was all so abrupt for her."

"Yes, Miss Morrissey."

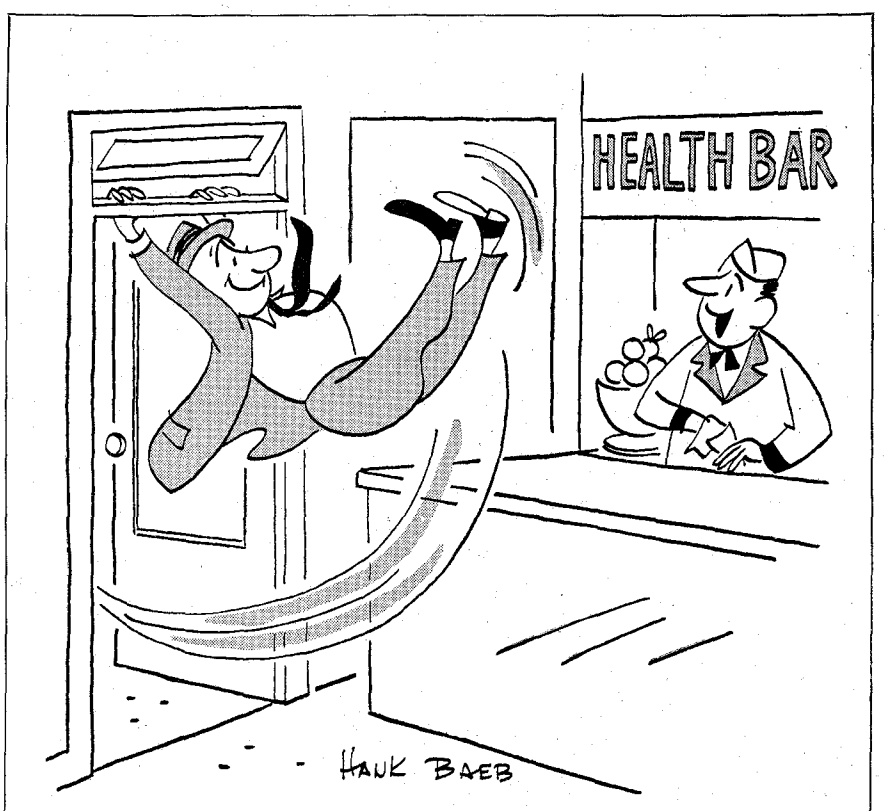
Miss Morrissey sat beside her and said, "Having a good time, Junie?"

"Wonderful," Junie said. "Only—only I ——"

"You what? Is something wrong?"

"Everything's wrong!" Junie blurted, trying desperately to hold back her tears. "The girl I'm staying with wants to come to my house instead of Claire's. What will I do?"

"M'," Miss Morrissey said, looking thoughtful. (Continued on Page 88)



"Evening, Mr. Gelton—the usual?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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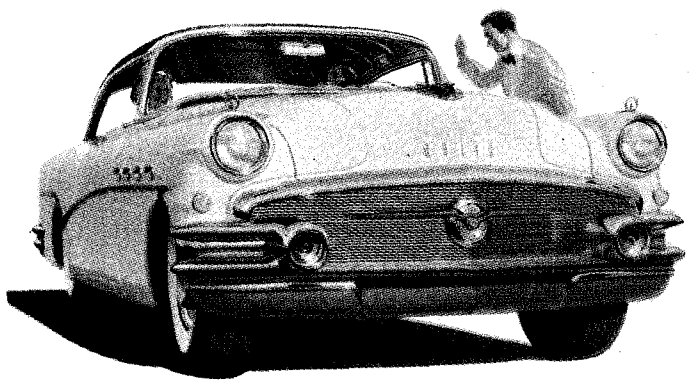

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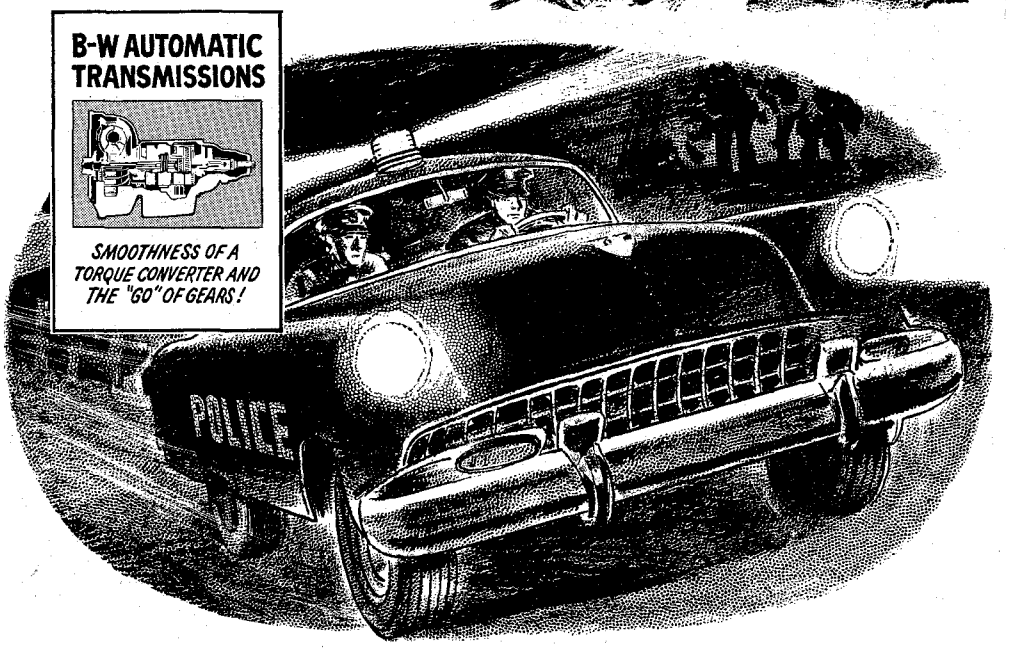

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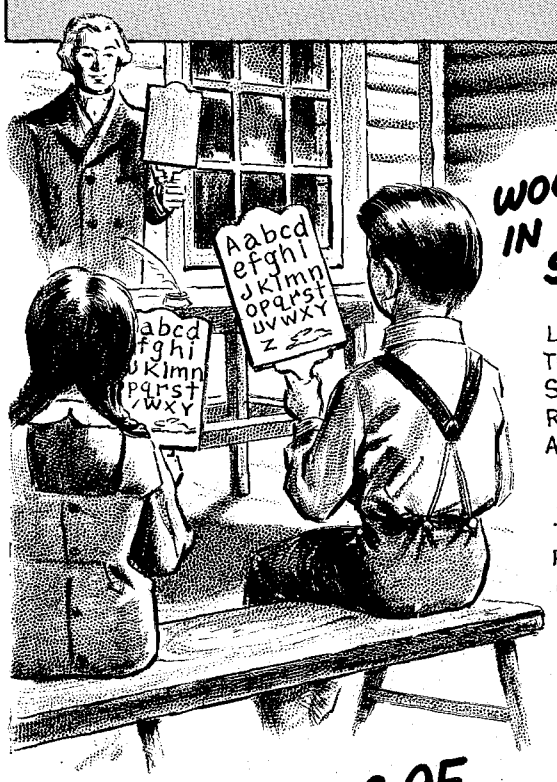

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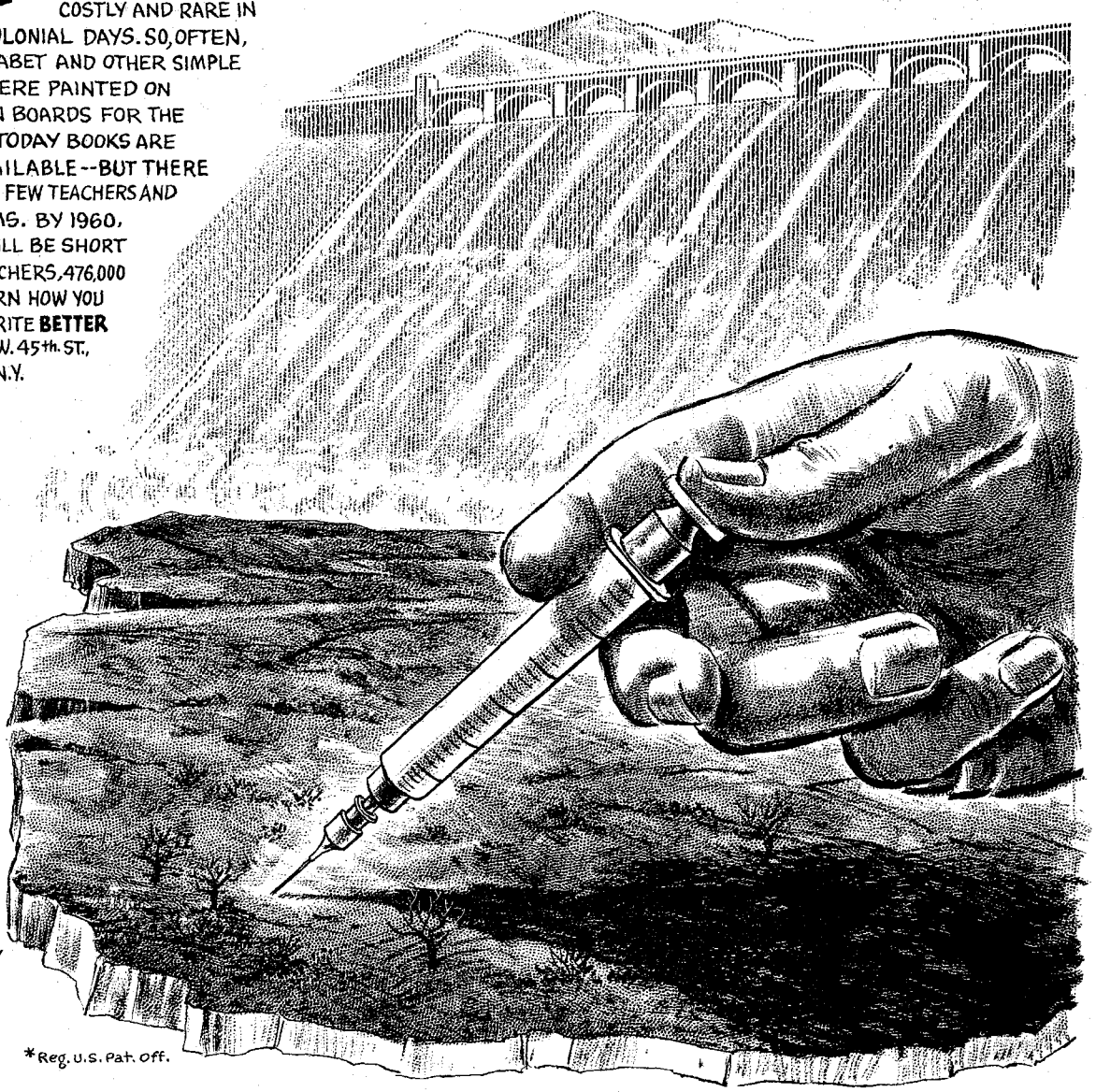

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(Continued from Page 84) "That wasn't exactly the way Claire's mother planned it, was it? Claire will be disappointed."

"I—I wasn't thinking of ——"

"But don't you worry." Miss Morrissey reached over and patted Junie's hand, rising at the same time. "We'll work something out," she called back, hurrying down the aisle. "We've a whole week yet."

A week, Junie thought frantically. *How long is a week?*

It wasn't long at all. It was one breathless succession of things to do. Had she done all those things, actually? Had she attended classes and gone to Boston and Plymouth, visited colleges and museums and been through textile mills and shoe factories and all the rest of it? Not to mention skating and sliding and private parties?

The days were all blurred together, and now it was Friday and Mrs. Brownell was smiling at her across the supper table.

"Well, Junie, what do you think of cold weather and New Englanders?"

"Junie likes us," Audie said coyly. "Especially a co-o-old New Englander named Chet Pearson."

"I've had a wonderful time," Junie said.

"And we've had our eyes opened," Mr. Brownell declared, with a mock grimace at Audie. "It's been quite an event to have a young lady here who makes her own bed every morning, helps with the dishes, talks respectfully to grownups ——"

"Oh, daddy!" Audie said.

"There's just one thing," Mr. Brownell chuckled. "I hope you don't think we maintain this frantic pace all the time, Junie. We'd be in wheel chairs if we did."

Junie solemnly nodded. "I feel as though I've been here for months, I've done so much. And now tomorrow ——"

Tonight was the dance. Tomorrow she would be on her way back home.

Her mother hadn't written. Her mother wasn't going to write. She didn't have to worry any more, and tonight she could stop thinking about it. Later she would write a letter herself, explaining everything, and perhaps the Brownells and Chet would understand.

"Ready, Junie?" Audie pushed back her chair. "We ought to be getting dressed."

It was the dress, Junie told herself. Her mother, pressed for time, had put it together in an evening and been dissatisfied with it, and she had saved it for this last dance, not really hoping for the chance to wear it. But Mrs. Brownell had remarked how pretty it was and Audie had said, "Hey! That's unfair competition!" And now the boys seemed to like it.

She had started dancing with Chet, of course, and then the others had begun to cut in. Mike Grover and Paul Birtwell and Kenny Cole and Pete Randall, all from Mayfield. And then the boys she had known practically all her life, back home—the same boys who had always ignored her. It was the craziest kind of thing. She felt embarrassed and happy, all at the same time.

She saw Mr. and Mrs. Brownell come in and waved to them. A lot of the kids' parents were present. She saw Tommy Gates closing in on her—Tommy Gates, who hadn't even spoken to her on the train, the whole way from Louisiana to Massachusetts.

He tapped the boy she was dancing with and said, "Make way for an expert, chum," and she was in his arms.

"Listen," he said. "You'll be back in Louisiana day after tomorrow. You want to remember that."

"Why?" Junie said.

"These Mayfield characters will be a million miles away then. You want to go to a movie, will they be able to take you?"

"When did you ever take me to a movie?" she said.

"When did you give me the chance?"

It was so silly she laughed at him, and he said with a frown, "What's so funny? I would have asked you out lots of times, only you never go out. Not with us poor peasants, anyway. You never had the time of day for us."

"Now wait," she said, confused. "I ——"

"Here in Mayfield you're different," he said. His tone was not sarcastic; he actually seemed puzzled. "All of a sudden you've stopped playing hard-to-get and ——"

He would have said more—he was certainly wound up—but Chet took her away from him. "I see I've got competition," Chet said, smiling.

She shook her head. "You know better."

"I can take it, even if it is right in your own back yard." He held her close for a second and his voice was low and serious against her hair. "You know something, Junie? Louisiana isn't so far off. I go to college in September and I could ——"

A hand fell on Chet's shoulder and Mr. Brownell was standing just behind him. "May I have one brief dance before retiring to my wheel chair?" he asked.

The orchestra played a waltz because nearly all the parents were dancing, and Mr. Brownell did very well for an elderly person, Junie thought. He swept her gracefully around the auditorium. "You're the belle of the ball, Junie."

"I don't know why," Junie said. "Honest."

"I don't think you do. Honest." He leaned back a little and smiled down at her. "We stopped at the post office on the way over. There was a big box of homemade candy and a letter from your mother."

Junie felt her feet freeze to the floor. "My mother!" The joy went out of her and she was cold; even her breath was cold. Frantically she turned to look at the chairs along the wall. Mrs. Brownell sat there reading the letter.

"Please—please excuse me," Junie whispered. Before Mr. Brownell could stop her, she fled.

She found herself in the hall and ran along it, looking desperately for a place to hide. The classroom doors were closed. But one marked PRINCIPAL was open and, stumbling against it, she found a haven. Closing the door behind her, she sank onto a chair, sobbing.

In a moment the door opened again. Audie's parents came in, and Mrs. Brownell, looking alarmed, said quickly, "What happened, Junie? What's wrong?"

Junie stood up, her hands clenched and tears dribbling down her face. "I should have told you."

"Told us what?"

"I should have told you when I first came. Now it's too late and you'll hate me!"

Mr. Brownell frowned and Mrs. Brownell said, "Why on earth should we hate you, Junie?"

"Because I—I let you ——" Junie sank onto the chair again, aching with misery. "Mrs. Brownell, I wasn't supposed to come on this trip. I couldn't have come if Claire hadn't got sick."

"We know that, Junie."

"I didn't have the money. But Claire's parents offered to pay expenses for any girl Miss Morrissey picked to take her place, and Miss Morrissey picked me—I don't know why—and my mother said I could come and—and ——"

"And you came," Mr. Brownell said in his quiet, deep voice. "What's wrong with that, Junie?"

"I should have told you Audie can't stay at my house when she comes to Louisiana! She can't. She just can't!"

They looked at her in silence for a second, and then at each other, and Mrs. Brownell said, "Why, Junie?"

"Because we live—we live upstairs over a restaurant in the poorest part of town," Junie said desperately, gazing at the floor. "And my mother isn't like you, Mrs. Brownell. She works in the restaurant. Her English is bad. She—Audie would think we're awful."

"Junie," Mrs. Brownell said sharply, "be quiet."

Junie looked up, startled.

"That's the first unkind thing you've said or done since you came to stay with us." Mrs. Brownell's words were deliberate. "It isn't like you, Junie. It isn't like you at all." She came closer and frowned at the letter in her hand. "Now you listen to what your mother wrote me, bad English and all." She hesitated. "By the way, your mother is French, isn't she?"

Junie nodded helplessly. "She comes from Marseilles."

"And do you speak French?"

"Some," Junie whispered.

"Then you ought to know that what you call 'bad English' is only English with a French foundation. Now listen. 'My very dear Mrs. Brownell: It has make me so wonderful proud and happy to have your so kind letter and read in it that Junie is like by you and your family. At first I am afraid letting her go with the others because she is not so quick to make friends, but I say yes when Miss Morrissey tell me it will do good for her. She is a good girl. I wish to say that when your daughter Audrey come here I will be honor and happy to have her stay with us, and we will do our best from the heart to make her happy. Our home is your home, dear Mrs. Brownell. With my truest good wishes to you and your family, I am your friend, Marie Allen.'"

Mrs. Brownell folded the letter carefully. "Is your father dead, Junie?" she asked softly.

"He died when I was small. He was on ships—an engineer."

The woman stepped closer and put her hands on Junie's shoulders. "Junie, you said something very cruel a moment ago. You said that Audie—our Audie—would think your home and mother were awful. The woman who wrote that lovely letter and went to all the trouble of sending us a box of homemade French candy could never be awful, Junie. The woman who brought you up and made you the kind of girl you are couldn't be awful. I'm ashamed of you. And I resent your thinking of us as snobs. Would you like to apologize?"

Junie felt herself swaying, and the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Brownell were suddenly only blurs seen through a rush of tears. "I didn't mean—oh, Mrs. Brownell, I didn't mean ——"

"Of course you didn't." Mrs. Brownell put both arms around her and held her tight. "John," she said, turning her head, "do you suppose you could whisper a word to Chet Pearson before he starts taking the building apart brick by brick?"

Her voice had a smile in it again, and when Mr. Brownell had left the room she said, "I'll let you in on a secret, Junie. I'm just tickled to death that Audie is going to your house. She wants to major in languages, and think what a week of real French will mean to her!" Gently she pressed a wad of paper handkerchiefs into Junie's hand. "Now fix your face, darling. When a man knows you've been crying, he always asks a lot of silly questions."

Chet did ask questions. "Where the dickens did you get to?" he demanded.

Junie stepped into his arms and the music swept them onto the crowded floor. "I was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Brownell."

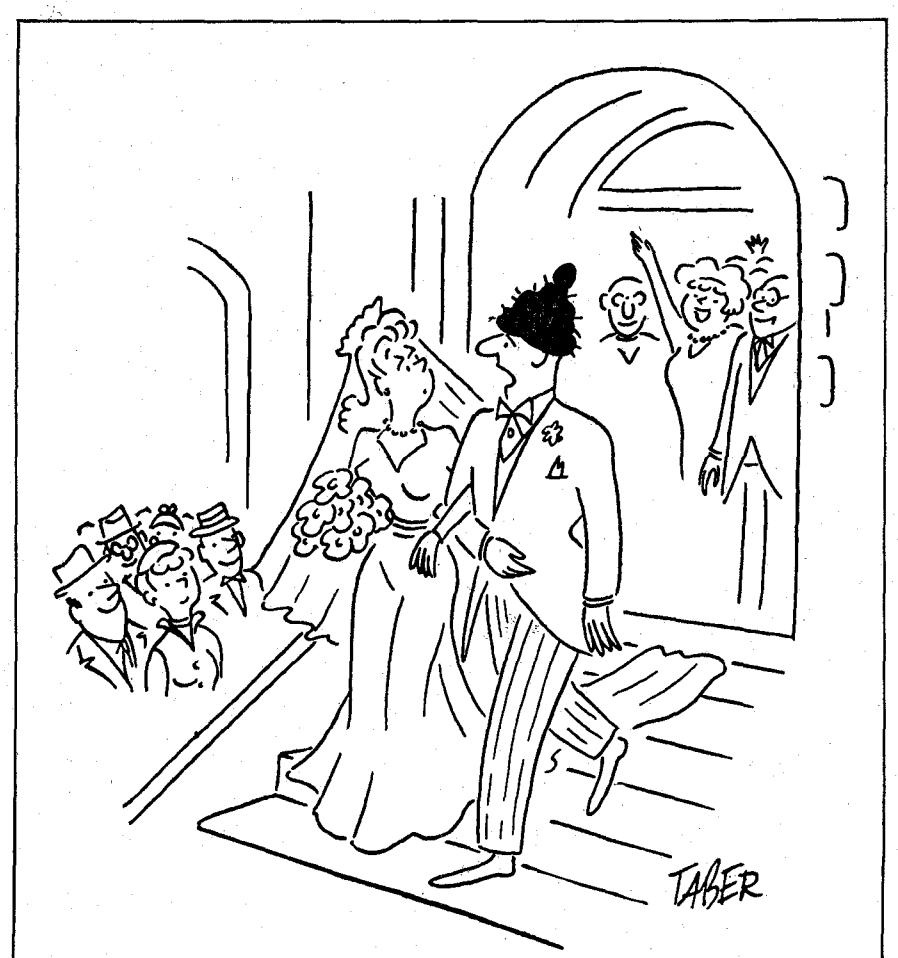
"Oh? About what? If it's any of my business."

For an instant she hesitated; then, head high, she said it. "Audie's going to stay with me next month and I wanted them to know that our house isn't very big and we'll have to look after ourselves pretty much. My father's dead, you see, and my mother works and ——"

He wasn't even listening. "I was telling you about college," he said, breathing the words into her hair again. "I haven't decided where I'll go yet, Junie. Maybe I'll go to Louisiana State. My Uncle Jim went there."

"It's a very nice college," Junie said, and looked up and saw Mrs. Brownell watching her.

She smiled happily, and Audie's mother smiled back. THE END



"I think I'm coming down with a cold."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Photograph by d'Arazien

The woods are full of chemical news!

Through chemistry, new ways are being found to make fuller and more economical use of one of America's greatest natural resources—its forests.

For example, chemicals have made it practical and economical to convert fast-growing southern pine into newsprint, thus opening up a vast source of supply hitherto unusable for this purpose!

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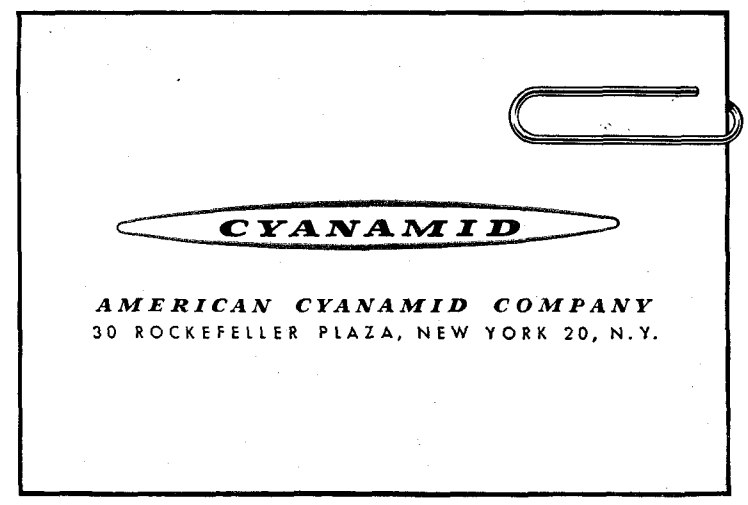

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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The Floods of Fear (Continued from Page 49)

kitchens, toward supply centers, toward first-aid stations, were miserable enough without the rain. The rain meant deep mud and sodden clothing and shivering bodies and disease. To be free of it was to be helped a little.

But there was no relief from the inexorable brutality of the flood. Far north, near the headwaters of the Charles River, the Elk and the Black Fork, a drop in the water level had been noted. Downstream, the water was still rising, still spreading out to cover new thousands of acres, to destroy more homes and isolate more communities.

Property damage was beyond estimation. But the toll of dead and missing had fallen sharply. The paralysis caused by the suddenness and the enormity of the flood was largely broken. The people were fighting back. Organization, accumulated machines and outside help were their weapons. Temporary shelter was provided in increasing quantity, emergency clothing was distributed at supply centers, field kitchens fed the hungry, and field hospitals cared for the sick.

Still there was much to be done, and still there were shortages. And people still died, because of the shortages or because their shocked and numbed minds caused them to act in inexplicable ways. In Fieldview, a small community above Johnsonville, a young housewife hid herself and her child from the evacuation team that cleared the other homes. Her husband, a young doctor in the service, had said, "Take care of things, sweetheart," before he'd gone away, and to her stunned mind she would have been failing a sacred trust if she left their home. She did not leave. The flood entered the home in the early hours of the morning.

The boat carrying Elizabeth and Donavan and Peebles found its way haphazardly into the current that would take them to Fieldview at ten o'clock that night. Except that they could go downstream, bearing close to the west bank, their course could be only haphazard. The dark sky was filled with broken clouds, there was only a scrap of moon, and there were no lights or beacons to guide them.

They had come away from the island where they'd spent the day without difficulty. Donavan's calculated risk had worked for him this time. To the young skipper of the Bonnie K, Tom Sharkey had said, "I haven't been in planes much. What I thought was six or seven miles from Lebannon, was probably closer to ten or twelve." And he'd been right in this. They'd used the last of the daylight searching much too far upstream.

With the coming of darkness, Donavan had gone on his way again. Again, he had refused to trust Elizabeth's welfare to chance. The island might or might not be covered before she was found; he was completely certain he could put her safely ashore on high ground below Johnsonville—there was no choice. Elizabeth had come quietly, though not willingly. She made no effort to argue Donavan away from his resolve. Why try? The man was as immovable as a mountain. More than that, his quiet determination on murder—she could call it by no other name—had shocked her beyond any ability to argue.

From the bow, Peebles said, "Let's take it easy. We're comin' into something. Looks like a bunch of houses."

And presently they drifted in among the dark shapes of houses standing silently in water almost to their eaves. Donavan swung the boat in against one of them and Peebles made it fast. Donavan wanted to identify the community for the bearing it would give him. The houses were ranch type for the most part—rambling, one-story buildings of recent construction. It came to him, finally: Fieldview. Moderate to high-priced homes, a semiexclusive district, with river frontage for boating and sailing, a little way above Johnsonville—it could only be Fieldview. Six years ago, when he'd gone to prison, this place had been little more than a scheme in a promoter's mind, now it was a reality. Six years was a long time.

Peebles said, "This's something we can use." His voice held a growing note of eagerness. "This's a regular little gold mine. You own a joint like any of these, you've got a few dimes. You spend it on silver, buy a few rocks for the wife, a fur coat. And maybe when the river chases you out, you leave a little of that behind. How about it, Donavan?"

"No!" Donavan said.

"Wait a *minute*!" Peebles said. "Let's don't go clear nuts. We got to make a livin', y'know. Here's all this, we got some time, and there ain't a soul in miles. I say we ought to look around, at least."

Elizabeth said, "Thief!" It was a curse.

"Who's talking to you?" Peebles asked. "Listen, Bruce, we got to have clothes, don't we? I mean, how far are we gonna get without 'em? One look at us the way we are, they'll nail us. With decent clothes we could be anybody. I say let's shake down a couple of these places for that much, at least!"

"Cast off," Donavan said.

"Man, be reasonable!"

"Cast off!"

Peebles loosed the bowline, raging and furious. Donavan backed water with the paddle, turning the bow away. Then they drifted. The water here moved slowly, but the streets were laid out in curves and to paddle would be to invite crashing into a house. In the bow, Peebles was ranting steadily, half to himself, about the stupidity of being honest.

"We got to have clothes! Is that too much ——"

"Stop it!" Elizabeth said suddenly. "Listen!"

They were all silent for a moment, drifting. Then they all heard what Elizabeth had heard—the sound of a child crying. They were another moment placing the house from which the sound had come, and in that moment they had passed it. Elizabeth was on her feet.

"Turn!" she said to Donavan. "Turn back!"

Donavan was already using the paddle; the sudden swing of the boat threw Elizabeth to her knees. Complainingly, Peebles said, "Say, what the ——" and Donavan's voice rapped at him, "Use that paddle! Bend into it!"

Driving the heavily laden, unwieldy boat upstream against the current was heavy work. They came into the backwater below the house, edged to the forward wall; then fought their way upstream to the front entrance. A jutting wall of the house set up another small eddy here. Donavan drove the bow into it, and Peebles made fast to an outside light fixture. The home was another ranch-type one-level structure; the water level was near the top of the front door. And now the child's voice reached them clearly.

"Oh, Lord!" Elizabeth said. "What's happened here?"

Donavan was over the side of the boat. He sank into the utter darkness beneath the surface, swimming and fumbling blindly until he found the door latch. The door was not locked. It swung open sluggishly against the water, bumping against floating furniture. Moving in, Donavan found carpet beneath his feet and the water level at his chin. He could see nothing, but he could follow the child's voice to the child.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right now."

"*Mommie—where's mommie?*"

The child was lying wedged into the upper shelf of a floor-to-ceiling bookcase, a girl of perhaps four or five. She did not seem too frightened for herself—there was space enough for her on the bookshelf, and her mother had told her men would come—but she was hysterically determined not to leave without her mother. She struggled in Donavan's hands, as he held her high, wading back toward the boat, calling the woman. Donavan gave the child to Elizabeth. Elizabeth was agonized, not wanting to believe the worst.

"Where is her mother?" she asked. "She can't be ——"

"I don't know," Donavan said. "But I'll find out. . . . Peebles, come out of there and give me a hand. Lively now; there may still be time."

"Not much chance ——"

"Any chance is enough!"

Peebles got out of his khaki shirt a moment before Donavan's reaching hand found him, and came overside. The water was over Peebles' depth inside the house, but his awkwardly efficient swimming stroke was more than enough to carry him about.

"Check the downstream walls," Donavan said. "This room first; then the other rooms. I'll find the kitchen." Peebles found her, finally, after ten minutes of search. He called Donavan from another room.

"Like I told you," he said. "Wasn't a chance she'd still be around. We'd have heard her."

"Let's be sure."

"I'm sure now. I've seen a few. This one's long gone."

And it was true. Donavan made completely certain of it—the woman was beyond any hope of resuscitation by at least an hour, perhaps a good deal more. Donavan held the lifeless body for a moment, then let it sink gently back beneath the surface. He waded to the doorway. The scrap of moon had chosen this moment to come out again; there was some light. He could see Elizabeth, a blanket wrapped around herself and the sobbing child; he could see some of the torment in her face.

"Nothing to be done," he said. "We're much too late."

"You can't leave her."

Donavan was running his hands over the area near the door, searching for the house number. "A few more hours here won't trouble her," he said. "To take her might trouble the child." He found the house number. "Remember this," he said. "The community here is Fieldview. The house number is one-seven-three-eight. We don't know the street, but this community is a small place. They'll be able to find it. They'll be able to identify the mother and the child. Report it as soon as you can."

"It's terrible," Elizabeth whispered.

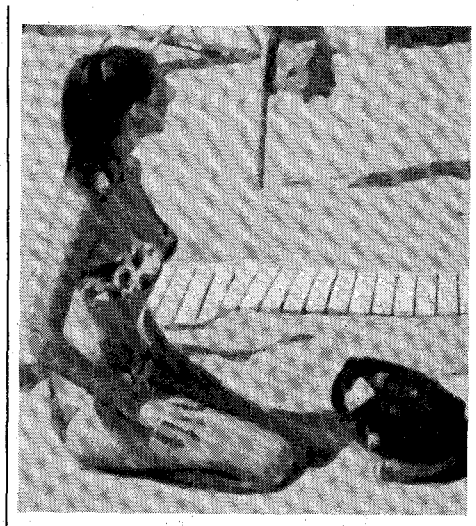
"And only one of hundreds, I'm afraid," Donavan said. He turned. "Peebles! We're shoving off!"

From the dark interior of the house, Peebles said, (Continued on Page 93)

Softie

By IVAN J. COLLINS

Every time that I begin
To show some hearty
discipline,
A roguish tot will pout a
bit—
And all the heart goes *out* of
it!



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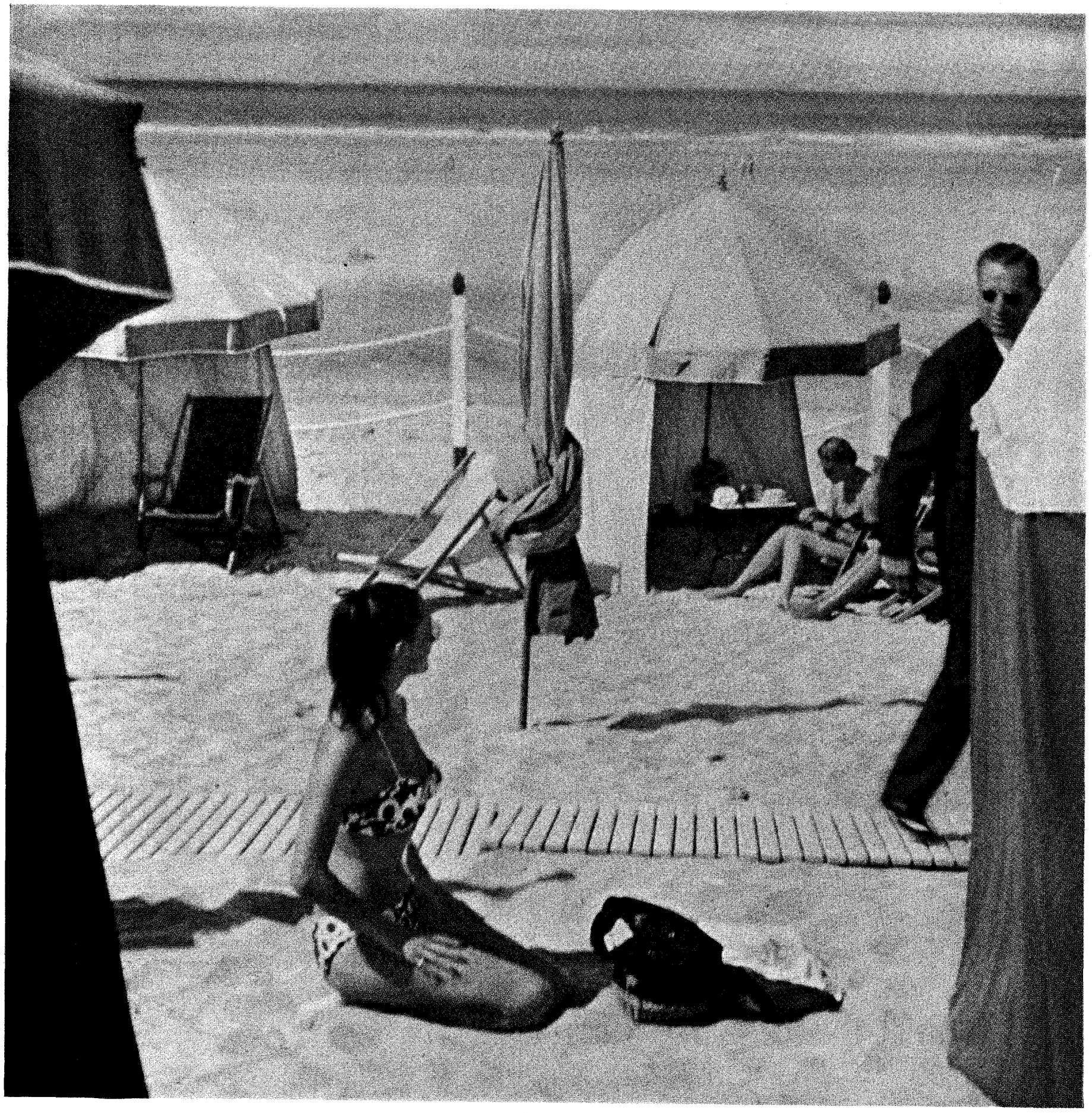

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Be right with you." And he came a moment later, swimming hurriedly and clumsily. He caught the gunwale of the boat and heaved himself into the bow of the boat. He shook water from himself, he swore about the cold, and he made a fuss getting into his khaki shirt again.

"Let's go!" he said. "Let's get the show on the road!"

Donavan had begun to move toward the stern. Now he turned back. He stared at the dark shape of Peebles for a moment. Then he swam to the bow, his hands went up and caught the bow and he heaved himself up across it, then turned to drop his feet inboard. Now he was facing Peebles.

"What did you do in there?" he asked.

"Do?" Peebles was startled. "Whatta yuh mean? I——"

"What did you take?"

"Me? I didn't take nothin'! There wasn't nothin'——"

"There was a ring."

"Hey! You don't think I'd——"

"I can go look."

Elizabeth's voice was almost a shriek. "Oh, no!"

The sound frightened Peebles; he twisted, yelling at her. "Shut up! What're you tryin' to do? Drive me nuts? It ain't none of your business." He faced Donavan again. "Get some sense, will yuh? What good to leave it there? For somebody else? It's a big rock, maybe a thousand bucks' worth. And she sure ain't got any more use for it."

Donavan held out his hand. "Give it to me."

Peebles began a protest, then changed his mind. "Sure," he said. "Sure, you keep it and we'll split later." He put a diamond engagement ring in Donavan's hands. "See for yourself. It'll go a thousand bucks, maybe more."

Donavan put the ring in a pocket. Then he stood up and his big hands went out suddenly and caught Peebles' arms just above the elbows. Peebles squawled in sudden fear. He struggled to reach the knife in his belt and failed. The boat rocked dangerously. Donavan lifted Peebles up into the air, carefully, because of the boat, and heaved him away. Peebles hit the water on his back, legs kicking, and sank. The current carried him beyond the stern of the boat before he surfaced again. He splashed clumsily, trying to swim back; he called out, pleading. Donavan stood silent and motionless until Peebles was carried out of sight into the darkness.

Elizabeth asked, "Will he drown?"

"Not likely," Donavan said.

Then he dropped into the water and went back inside the house. When he returned, he loosed the painter, swung the boat and climbed into the stern. He did not take up the paddle at once. He let the boat drift, and sat with his head bent and his arms resting on his knees.

Elizabeth said, "You put the ring back."

"I put it back," he said. He didn't tell her he'd had to put it on the right hand. "And I put Peebles back where I found him. But that doesn't clean me, does it?"

"No," Elizabeth said. "No, it doesn't."

"Is the child all right?"

"Yes." The child was lying quietly against Elizabeth's breast under the blanket, clinging to her tightly. Perhaps Elizabeth's female form was somehow taking the place of her lost mother in these shocked moments. "She's exhausted. I don't think she'll be able to stay awake. But helping her doesn't clean you either."

"Of course not," Donavan said.

A house appeared out of the shadow. Donavan took up the paddle to turn the bow of the boat away. Peebles had hung up against this same house. He heard them and called out, but Donavan drove on downstream until the voice of Peebles was lost behind him. Then he rested, using the paddle only to guide them away from an obstacle, letting the current carry them.

Elizabeth could not see his face, only the pale outline of it. Yet it seemed to her, suddenly, that she could see him now more clearly than ever before. She was sure she knew what was in his mind. The affair just past had affected him deeply. It had shaken him emotionally; it had shaken the confidence he'd had in himself, in his position and in his purpose. Perhaps he knew why he was shaken, perhaps not. But Elizabeth was certain she knew why.

Robbing the dead was the lowest form of human degradation. Peebles had done it, not Donavan. But Donavan had allowed himself to be associated with Peebles, and, in helping Peebles, had made the act possible. So was he not one with Peebles? No! All right, then; what was he? Neutral, he had said. The conflict between society and the like of Peebles did not concern him. Then why was he affected? Why did he feel unclean? And again Elizabeth was sure she could supply the answer.

"You and your short cuts!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Donavan's perspective had been distorted; his sense of values was out of balance. And understandably. A man of normal virtue, a clean man, he had been falsely accused of murder, disgraced and sent to prison for life—enough to warp the thinking of any man to some degree. Not being an evil man, Donavan would turn his back on evil. Having been horribly injured by the good, he had turned his back on the good. What had been left for him? A middle way, a neutral way. In other years, he would have seen the idea was clearly false. There was no middle way; no man could walk completely alone. But after the disgrace, the injustice, the six years in prison, he hadn't been able to see it. Perhaps now, after the affair in the house, he was beginning to see it.

"You're a fool," she said.

"So?"

"You're sitting there, feeling rotten," she said. "You're arguing with yourself. You're trying to persuade yourself that none of it was your fault. Or your responsibility. You're saying that Peebles meant no more to you than a—a dog or a cat. That you helped him, just as you would have helped a dog or a cat, and for the same reason. Isn't that right?"

After a moment, Donavan said, "It's very close."

Elizabeth felt the warmth of triumph. She had been right. The inscrutable Donavan was not inscrutable at all. She had looked into his mind. She knew who he was and what he was. He was a strong man, both in mind and body, with enormous capabilities—and he needed help. Her help. Now every shred of fear and resentment fell away, and she became conscious of a deep need within herself: she wanted desperately to help him; she had to help him at whatever cost. The child was asleep in her arms.

She spoke softly, so as not to awaken her, but she spoke with cold and deliberate scorn. "And I say you're a fool! You know perfectly well what you should have done about Peebles. It's no use trying to deny it. You know!"

"And what should I have done?"

"He's a criminal, as depraved as a man can get," she said. "He belongs in prison, and well you know it. It was your job, the job of any decent man, to see that he went back to prison. You could have put him there, and should have put him there, even if it meant going back yourself. You had no right to help him. And you had no right to let him go now—no more than you would have the right to turn a mad dog loose upon society."

"Society's problems are not mine!"

"So you said before!" Elizabeth's voice flayed him. "And I've never heard a more ridiculous or idiotic statement in my life! It's an absolute lie!"

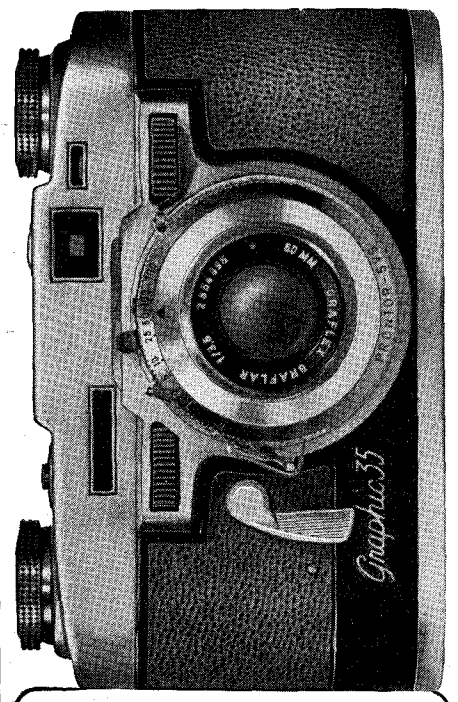
"I assure you it isn't."

"I'll show you it is!" Elizabeth said. "You've shown me a dozen times. You're through with society—what rot! Why did you help me? You could have gone on and nobody would even know you were alive. Why did you help Mr. Sharkey? He'll never rest now until he takes you back or kills you. You could have left him to die. Why didn't you harm me? And if you didn't want me, why didn't you let Peebles have me? Why did you help this child? Why did you give a ring back to a dead woman? We're members of society and these were our problems. Did you turn your back on us? No! You helped us. Are you going to tell me you don't know why?"

Donavan was silent.

"You're one of us!" Elizabeth said. "That's why. You can't change your spots any more than a leopard can. You were never mean, vicious or cruel. You never can be. You're a decent man to the very marrow of your bones. Deny it, if you can!"

"I'm a murderer. Is that decent?"



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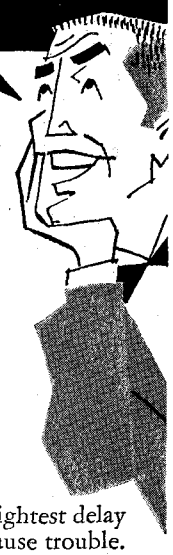

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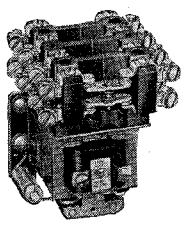

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"You killed no one."

"I'm going to. It's the same thing."

"Until it happens, it's not!" Elizabeth said fiercely. "And I'm not going to let it happen. I'm going to stop you somehow. If I can't stop you with reason, I'll stop you with the police. But listen to reason, first. You think what you're going to do is right. You've all sorts of proof that it is, I'm sure—proof that seems valid to you. But I know it's false. When I make you see that, you won't want to kill anyone."

"You can try," Donavan said.

"I will. You won't like what I have to say, but listen just the same. You're not in your right mind—that's the plain and simple truth. I don't mean you're insane. I mean when they did the horrible thing they did to you, you got turned around. You're seeing things backwards, or upside down, or something. And it all seems real and sensible and clear to you—you're used to seeing it that way now, you believe it's true. But it's a lie. Any normal person would tell you so. I'm normal. No one has hurt me. I can see clearly, and I know exactly what you should do."

"And that is?"

"You've got to give yourself up," Elizabeth said. "Go back to prison. Say to yourself you will serve whatever time you must—the full sentence, if you have to. Then, when you get out, devote the rest of your life to righting the wrong. You can do it! I know you can. When you've done it, there won't be any blood on your hands. And you'll be alive. This is the right way, Bruce. The only decent way. Can't you see it?"

"No, I can't," Donavan said. "The walls of the prison block my view. I told you before I won't live behind bars. I'm through with being caged."

"But it's different now, Bruce," Elizabeth said. "You're not alone now. I don't know what I mean to you—nothing but trouble, I guess. But I —— How do I say it? I—I don't know. But I know this: I'll die a little when you go back to prison, and I'll die a little more each day they keep you there. I won't—I couldn't rest a minute while you're there. I told you my father is an important man, and he is. When I tell him what you did for me, and what you mean to me, he'll move heaven and earth to set you free. And he will set you free. I promise he will!"

"He couldn't possibly."

"Bruce, in the name of heaven!" Elizabeth said. "We know you didn't murder that woman. We know who did. You can't tell me it's impossible to prove the truth. There must be a way—there's got to be a way. No one can commit a crime like that and get away scot-free."

"They can and did," Donavan said. "I wasn't important and I wasn't wealthy. But I had more than enough money and more than enough friends who believed in me as strongly as you believe in me. And I had good lawyers. We all did everything in our power and failed. Your father would fail as we did."

"You don't know him!"

"I know the impossible when I see it."

The current had carried them into fast-moving open water again. A cool wind, heavy with the muddy odor of the flood, began to blow in their faces. Donavan bent to find the kettle and bailed the boat free of water again. Then he took up the paddle. There was a difference in the way he worked the blade now, a new purpose, and, fearfully, Elizabeth turned to look downstream. The reason was clear at once. A glow was lighting the sky to the south and west. Elizabeth turned back.

"Johnsonville?" she asked.

"That's right."

And Elizabeth felt the sudden ache of desperation. "Don't paddle, Bruce," she said. "We'll be there soon enough. Give me that much, won't you?"

He put the paddle across his knees. But he said, "It's no use, girl. I'm sorry you feel the way you do; sorry it's hurting you like this. But there's nothing to be done."

"I've got to stop you!"

"You can't."

"But—but why is it so important to you? I mean, I know you were hurt terribly, but what can you possibly gain by killing the man? Is it because ——" She fell silent a moment. "Did you love the woman, Bruce? The one who was killed?"

And he was silent before answering. "Not in the sense you mean. I loved her as a man can love a friend. With more than affection, more than respect, but not the other."

"Tell me about her."

"Her name was Norma." Donavan could see little point in this, other than that to answer was to be kind, and perhaps that was point enough. "Norma Hamilton, and then Norma Murphy. A tall woman, not quite beautiful, dark hair, dark eyes. I remember her hands best; they were slender and very expressive. I met her in college, through her brother. We liked each other in the same way. There was always good companionship between us. Have you known anyone like that?"

"Not like that," she said. "But I wish I had."

"It was fine," Donavan said. "She was the best. It's to my eternal grief to know I was the one who introduced her to Jack Murphy."

"Who was Jack Murphy then? What was he?"

"I met him in Europe during the war," he said. "That would be World War II to you. We were in the same outfit, combat engineers. R.O.T.C. and my construction background had made me a captain, even at that tender age. He was a lieutenant. A big, lusty free liver, very likable when he wanted to be; around me, he always did. And he knew construction. We came out together. I had Donavan Construction waiting for me; it was my father's before me. There was plenty of work, and room for Jack. I took him in, first as a superintendent, then as a full partner. The company grew very fast."

"Then Norma Murphy?"

"Yes. Perhaps because Norma and I were so much alike, she reacted to Murphy as I did. She didn't look deeper into the man than I did. She fell in love with the man she saw on the surface and she married him. She didn't think of marriage lightly. A marriage was a life's work to her, a sacred thing. You can hide a black soul from a business partner, but you can't hide it from a wife. Norma found it soon enough. It was like her to try to change him, and go on trying, even after her love had died. She didn't try to hide the fact that her love had died—she was too honest for that—and when he found it out, her life became truly miserable."

"Why did he keep her?"

"It's the nature of the man," Donavan said. "Some are like that. Possessions are all-important; they'll never part with one; they'll destroy it first. Norma was a possession, to be tormented, but not freed. Then he became sure Norma was in love with me. We met often. She honestly wanted to save Jack, and she always hoped that between us we could find a way. And we tried. But it was no good. Jack hired Hallock to follow us, and he made a record of our meetings, and the record helped to substantiate the overnight meetings they faked."

"How dirty can people get?"

"That wasn't the worst," Donavan said. "The worst came in a drunken brawl. Drink made him brutal and stupid. He threatened Norma's life. To make the threat real, he boasted of having killed someone else. Man or woman, true or false, I don't know. Norma told me only a little

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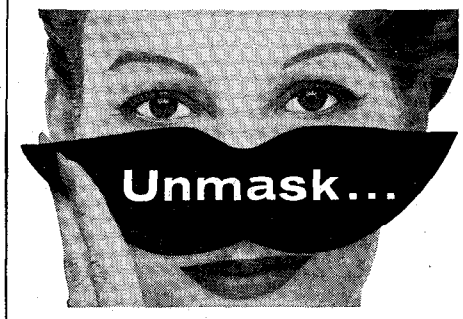

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over the phone when she arranged the last meeting. I think it must have been true, because that would supply an urgent motive for killing her. In his way, Jack is very efficient. He was able to use her death to get rid of me as well as Norma. I had to convert my share of the company into cash for my defense. He was glad to accommodate me, at his figure. Since then, I understand he's done very well."

Elizabeth's voice was shaking. "And I thought Peebles was rotten! A dozen like Peebles couldn't match this Murphy. Bruce, don't you see? He's got to pay for his crime. We've got to see that he does."

"I intend to make him pay," Donavan said. "He'll be at the moorage that used to be my moorage; I'll collect from him."

"But not that way!" Elizabeth said. "Not at the cost of your life too! You've got to tell the authorities what the truth is. They'll see that he pays."

Tiredly Donavan said, "We go in circles. I tried, girl. I spent everything I had, and borrowed more; I used my friends and every other means I could think of. And I was able to convince the authorities of exactly nothing."

"We'll try again—with my money and my friends!"

Donavan was silent. Then: "You mean that, girl. I know you do. But I don't know why you should feel this way. I ——" A note of uncertainty had crept into his voice; he stopped it. "You must be mistaken. You've known me only—how long?"

"A thousand years!" she said fiercely.

His voice turned husky. "No."

"Yes!" she said. "Listen to me, Bruce. I admit to you I've never even had a close male friend. And I'll admit I've been afraid of men. I've been taking postgraduate work because college was a refuge for me. The longer I could hide away, the longer I could avoid facing the realities of life. But I don't need experience to know what you mean to me. My heart tells me. I need you, Bruce. Now and forever."

Donavan could say nothing.

She said, "Don't lie to me now. And don't say anything just to be kind. Tell me—don't you feel anything about me?"

Very quietly Donavan said, "Nothing at all."

"Bruce."

"I'm nothing," he said. "I can offer nothing. Have I any right to ask anything of you? Or even think about it?"

Elizabeth's voice lifted suddenly. "You see! You see! There it is again. That's the kind of man you are, you blind fool! You're not a murderer! You ——" The child awakened and stirred restlessly in her arms. Elizabeth held her tightly and silently until the child quieted again. "Oh, Lord," she said helplessly, "I've never wanted to scratch a man's face so much in all my life."

"I know how you feel."

"But you won't change?"

"It's not possible. A good woman was killed. I'm the only one who'll do anything about it. And the only one who has nothing to lose by doing it."

"You have everything to lose!"

"In your judgment," Donavan said. "Not in mine."

Elizabeth made an angry sound. "Why do you want to do it? Is it a matter of honor? Revenge? Or in some idiotic way do you call it a public duty? What is your reason?"

"I don't think about it too much," Donavan said. "I see Norma's face. I hear her saying, 'We've got to help him; there must be a way.' And that's enough. This is the woman he killed. He's got to pay for it. It's true that if I didn't make him pay, no one else would, but it wouldn't be honest to say that's my reason. I'd feel cheated if someone else did the job. I want to do it. And I want nothing else under the sun."

"I can't stand it when you talk like that!"

"Then we'd best not talk at all."

Donavan took up the paddle again and began to use it, adding a little to the speed of the boat. Elizabeth knew a complete despair. The big, quiet man's mind was irrevocably fixed. She could think of no other argument, no other plea.

They passed the lights of Johnsonville well offshore. Immediately below it, Donavan set a slanting course that would take them to the earliest high ground. The presence of the child had worked against him. Now he couldn't put Elizabeth ashore two or three miles below Johnsonville, as he'd intended. The child was too much a burden; the child needed care. He came to the shore in a wooded area and held off until he found open ground. Here he beached the boat, wading to the bow, pulling it above the water line. And he helped Elizabeth and the child to firm ground.

"Come with me," she said.

"You'll have rough going for a ways," Donavan said. "It's uphill and broken farm country. Go straight away from the river. The highway runs along the crest up there, a half mile away, maybe a little less. If you come into any kind of road or lane, follow it. They all go to the highway."

The child was awake again, though drowsy and limp with weariness. Elizabeth held her in her arms. She was not conscious of the child's weight or the warmth of the small face against her neck; she was aware only of her failure. And the loss. He was close to her and she could see his face, but she could read nothing there. His face was closed against her.

"How can you do this to me?" she asked.

His voice was steady. "It isn't what you think it is. You've had a bad time. You're feeling things, seeing things that don't exist. You'll know it in a few days."

"It's not so!"

"Make it so."

"I can't," she said. "And neither can you. Bruce, give it up. There can be a lot for both of us, if you do. I'll do anything, everything for you—for the rest of my life. There'll be happiness for you. I know there will."

He turned away.

"Then listen," she said. "When you leave, I'm going straight to the police. I'll tell them all about you and all about what you're going to do. I have to. There's nothing else I can do."

"I know that."

"They'll be there before you, waiting."

"It's a possibility."

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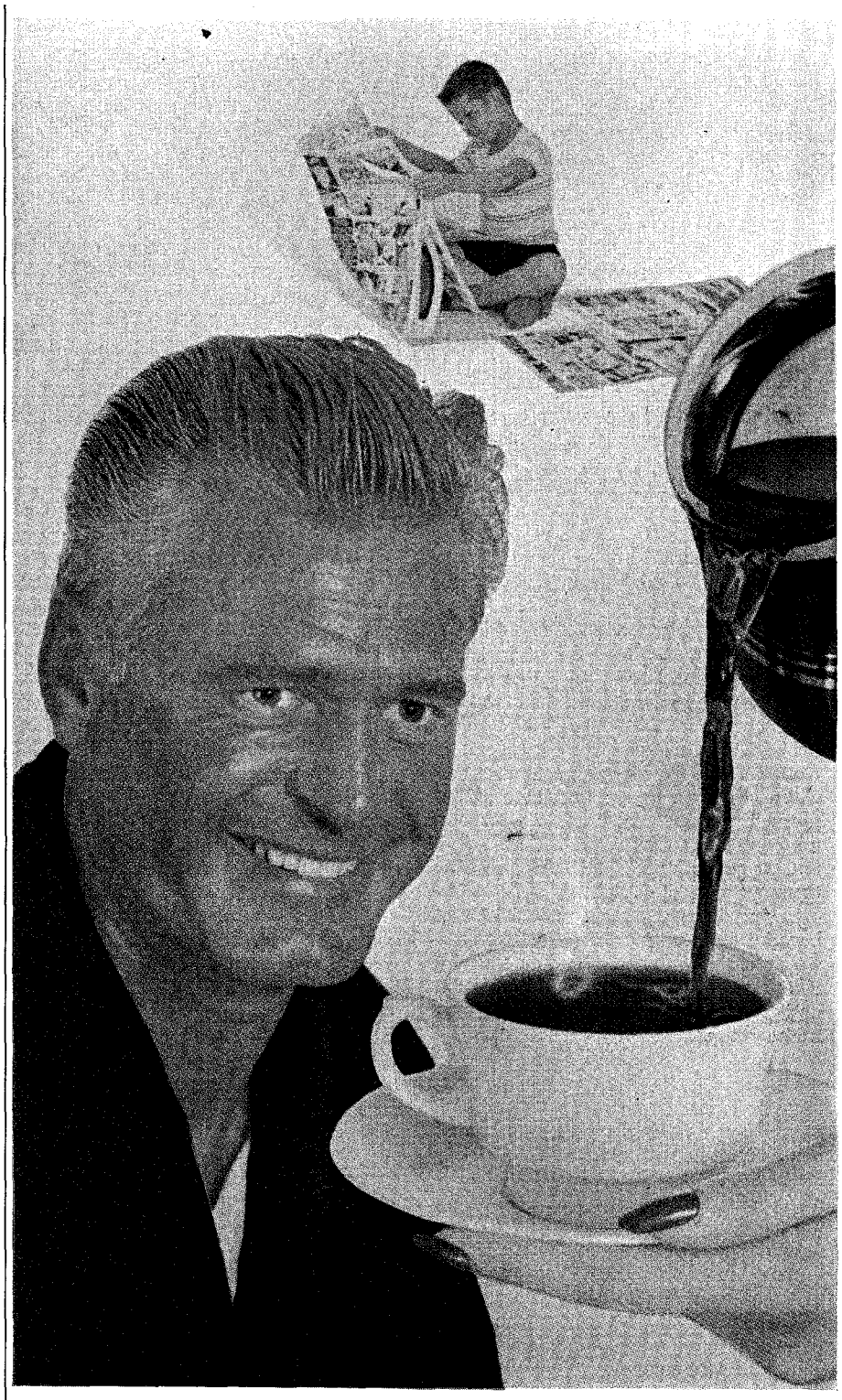

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"It's certain," she said. "But even if it weren't, even if you did get there first and did what you want to do, there'd be no chance of your getting away. The moment they know he's dead, they'll know you did it. Because of what I'm going to tell them. I'll be the one who sends you to the gas chamber, Bruce. I can't do anything else."

He turned back to her, his big hands came down gently on her shoulders. "Anything is better than prison," he said. His big hands turned her. "Now go your way, girl. And I'll go mine."

She stood as he left her. She heard the splash of water as he floated the boat again, the thud of the paddle against the gunwale and the sound of the water before the paddle's deep thrust. When she turned, she could see only the dim outline of his shoulders against the shadows. He didn't look back. He drove steadily on into the darkness. Elizabeth's eyes were suddenly hot with the scalding of tears.

"Mother of God," she said, "pray for him."

There was an enormous ache inside her, much despair, but not quite utter defeat. Wanting to stop him by any other means, she had not spoken of it, but she had never lost sight of one last fragile hope. If the police were to reach Murphy ahead of Donavan, if the police were humane and willing to lay a trap, Donavan could be taken alive before any crime was committed. The burden was hers. She had to find the police in time. She had to persuade them not to shoot on sight.

"Hang tight," she said to the child, and began running. She went on until the weight of the child and her failing strength had slowed her to a walk, and went on still until her legs betrayed her and dropped her to the ground.

"You hurt?" the child asked.

Elizabeth hurt. There was a blade of pain driven deeply into her side, her lungs burned and her head throbbed enormously. The folly of hurrying too much was clear to her now. There was a long way to go—a half mile, Donavan had said. She would kill herself if she tried to run the full distance to the highway. Her strength had to be used sensibly. When she got to her feet and took up the child again, she walked.

There was a fence with taut strands of barbed wire to bar her way. She could not climb through, she had to climb over, after the child had been set carefully on the far side. She left part of her jeans and some blood on the wire, and some tears of exasperation. There was a hidden ditch that held a foot of dead water, and she fell into it, twisting her ankle cruelly and bruising the child to crying. There was another fence and another ditch, and finally a road.

Donavan had said all roads led to the highway. He wouldn't lie to her; not once in all the time she'd been with him had he lied to her. The road curved and curved again, and went on and on, but in time she heard the bellowing of a heavy engine and saw the flicker of fast-moving headlights beyond trees. It was a truck on the highway, and in a moment it was gone and the silence and the darkness came back. But other trucks followed, and when Elizabeth reached the pavement, the first to find her weaving figure in the headlights came to a grinding stop.

The driver asked no questions; plainly Elizabeth could answer none. He put the child in the cab, then helped Elizabeth into the seat beside her. He ran to climb beneath the wheel and crowded the heavy truck through the gears, motor roaring.

"You're O.K. now," he said above the noise. "I'll have you and the kid in Johnsonville in two shakes. They got things pretty well organized—places to eat and sleep, hospitals, the works." His voice trailed off. Then, to no one in particular, his voice lifting, he said, "In the name of heaven, when is it gonna end? People can't take much more of this!"

Johnsonville was not a city. It could hardly even be called a town. But it was on the only high ground in many miles, and it had been swollen by refugees to almost citylike proportions. Every available foot of floor space beneath sound roofs had long ago been taken. Now the overflow was spilling out across the adjacent land where fields of tents were being erected under the brilliant, pitiless glare of emergency lights. There was bedlam here, and sorrow and courage and kindness and strength.

The truck driver waved a hand at all this as they passed it, and spoke to Elizabeth with some pride. "Yesterday there wasn't nothin' here; tonight, look at it! Y' can't beat people like that. Nobody can!" He looked at her. "Feelin' better?"

"I was just tired," Elizabeth said. "And out of breath. I'm not sick or anything."

"Y' don't want to go to the hospital?"

"The police station. There is one, isn't there?"

"Sure," the driver said. "Sure, there's one. But they're busier'n the devil. You can see how it is—they got to patrol, they got to bring people in and try to find the missing ——"

"Take me there!" Elizabeth said. "Please!"

"If it's important."

"It is! It's ——" Elizabeth stopped. She could not say why it was important; that was something she could trust to no one but the police. She said, "It's the child. She's not mine."

"Y' mean you found her? Where's her folks?"

"I don't know where her father is. Her mother's in a flooded house in Fieldview, beyond all help. But perhaps the father—I've got to report it, don't you see?"

"I'll take you to the cops."

He took her to a building in the center of Johnsonville. It had been a Grange hall; it was a front-line command post now. There was a small crowd of men and women in the street before it, silent, numbed, patient. Elizabeth carried the child, and the truck driver made a way through the crowd for her to the door.

A big man wearing the mud-stained and wrinkled uniform of the county police met them here. A two-day beard stained his cheeks. He listened to the truck driver's explanation, his face sullen. His face was sullen because of weariness and pain seen, but to Elizabeth, frightened now, it seemed like brutal bad temper. The officer took the child from Elizabeth and held her to the light in view of the crowd.

"Any of you looking for one like this?" he asked.

There was a soft murmur, an aching sound from the crowd, but no real answer. The officer gave the child back to Elizabeth.

"Come on in," he said. "Tell us what you know about her."

Elizabeth took a chair at a table, holding the child on her lap. The man across from her was a heavy-jawed, gray-haired man with bloodshot eyes. He was impatient and trying not to be. His voice had a rough edge.

"Let's hurry it up," he said. "There's more behind you. What is it you want to report?"

"This child," Elizabeth said.

Her heart was sick with failure and with shame. She couldn't tell this man about Donavan. She told him instead about the child, saying she'd been floating in the boat alone. She told him, too, about the woman who was still in the house in Fieldview. The man smothered a curse.

"Fieldview!" he said. "I'd've sworn we got every living soul out of there. And in plenty of time. It was my job. I went around with a loud-speaker truck. I had the boys knock on every door!" He glared at Elizabeth with his bloodshot eyes. "How could a thing like this happen? Can you tell me?"

Elizabeth closed her eyes. "No, I can't."

Gruffly the man said, "Sorry, miss. I—well, forget it. D'you know which house it was? Did you get the name?" He wrote down the house number Donavan had given Elizabeth. "Smart girl," he said. "We'll find it. Now what about you? If you were on the river, you must have somebody lookin' for you?"

"Yes. My family will be worried."

"Your name?"

"Elizabeth Matthews."

The officer turned to call to a man at another table. "Speed! You got an Elizabeth Matthews on your list?"

"What's the name again?"

"Elizabeth Matthews!" He turned to Elizabeth. "What's your home address?" And when Elizabeth told him, he relayed the information: "Elizabeth Matthews. Route Three, Box Two-o-four, Biddleford. About twenty-three, gray eyes, blond hair."

"I've got her."

"Hogan looks good on defense."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hold that!" a voice from the back of the room said. A man got up from one of the cots in the shadowed part of the room. He came forward into the light, rubbing sleep from his face, carrying a huge pair of Army-issue shoes. When Elizabeth saw the familiar lanky form, the lean face, the bald head, she almost wept with relief.

"Mr. Sharkey—oh, thank God!"

"Lass, are you all right? They didn't harm you?"

"I'm all right. Donavan took good care of me. Mr. Sharkey, I've got to talk to you! It—it's terribly important! Can't I talk to you alone?"

"Right now?"

"This minute!"

"All right, lass. Come back here with me."

The man at the desk said, "Say, wait a minute. She ——"

"Keep your shirt on," Sharkey said. "She'll be back."

Wearily the man at the desk said, "Next."

Sharkey took Elizabeth and the child to the room that had been the kitchen of the Grange hall. There was a single light here and, at this moment, no one near, awake or asleep.

"Donavan didn't kill anyone," Elizabeth said. Sharkey, listening, knelt to put on his shoes. He was hard-faced and skeptical, and though Elizabeth was not able to convince him fully, Peebles' account forced him to go along with her at least part way.

And when she said, "But he's going to kill someone unless we stop him. He's going to the moorage to kill Jack Murphy ——"

"Good," he said. "This's the break I've been waiting for. I spotted you from that plane, I nearly connected with you on that island, but it got dark before I could find it, and you'd gone. Then all I could do was keep comin' down the river and keep hopin'. Now I know where he's goin', I'll be there, waitin'." He started to turn away.

"Wait, please!" Elizabeth said. "Don't let anything happen to him. Promise me you won't! He hasn't hurt anyone; he's been hurt. We can prove he's innocent."

Sharkey was silent a moment, looking at her hard. Then he dropped a hand on her shoulder. "I'll do my best—that much I'll promise you. But I can't guarantee you more. He'll be a hard man to take any way I go at it."

He left Elizabeth then. She saw him go by the cot he'd used, catching up a leather jacket and a rifle. The sight of the rifle brought fear back. Rifles were made for killing. Carrying the child, she went after him. He stopped at another desk; she heard him speak to a lieutenant. "I've got a finger on one of my convicts. He's a murderer and he's got another murder on his mind. I need a car from the pool."

"Take the nearest," the lieutenant said.

Sharkey turned; his fast stride carried him toward the door. Elizabeth called, "Mr. Sharkey, wait!" He didn't wait. He only paused to say, "You look after the youngster. I'll take care of Donavan." And he went out into the night.

At the door, Elizabeth saw him get into a car, start it and drive away. She turned back to the man with the bloodshot eyes.

"Where can I leave this child?"

"We've got a nursery, like," the man said. "Sit down for a little bit, and one of the boys will show you where it is."

"I'm sorry," Elizabeth said. She sat the child on his desk. "One of the boys will have to take care of her." She kissed the little girl's cheek and whispered, "Be a good girl. I'll come and see you real soon." She turned away.

The officer said, "Wait a minute. You can't ——"

"I can," Elizabeth said. "A man's life depends on it."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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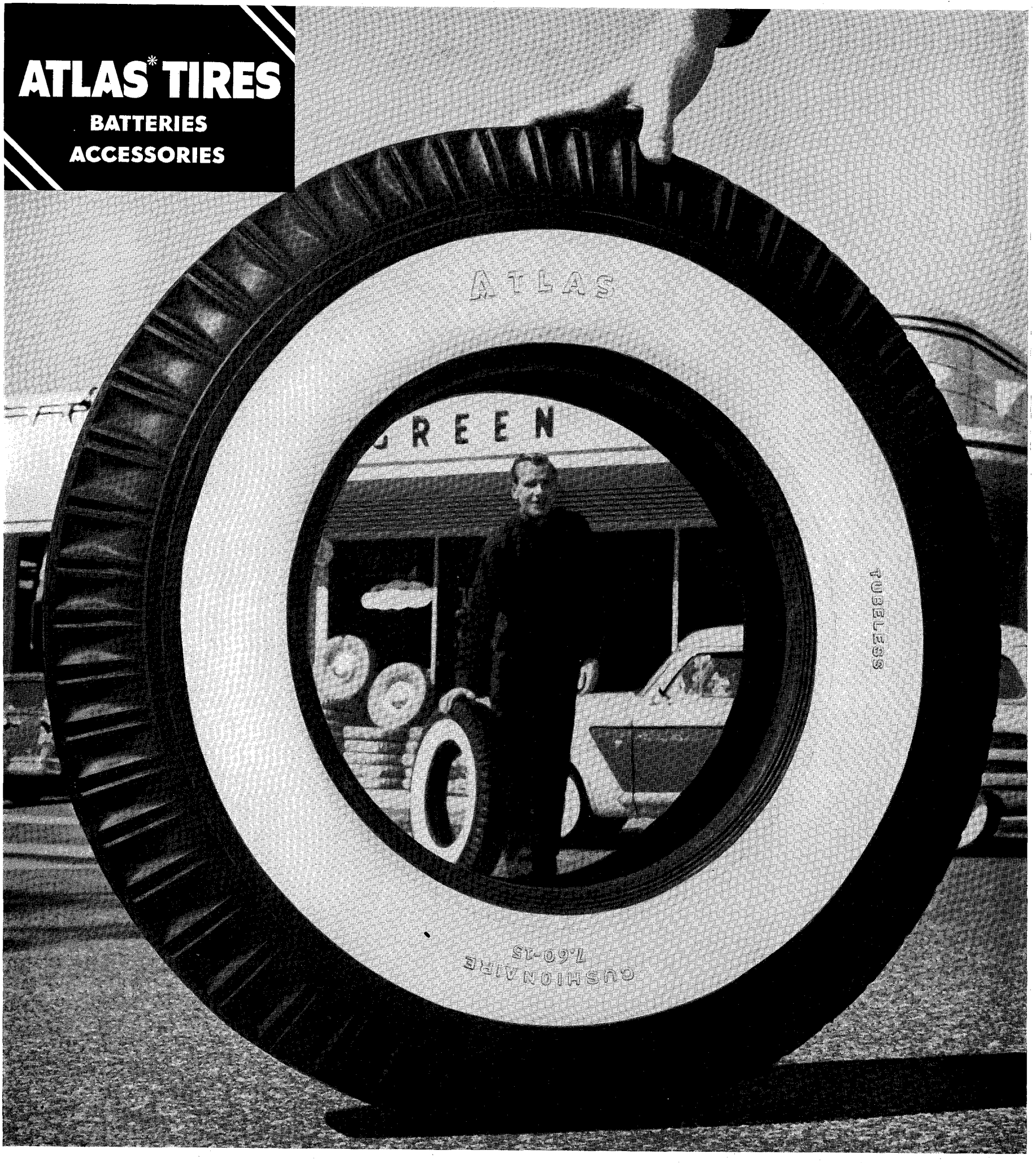

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THE MAGNARAMA 24″

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THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana

The Day Helen Keller Came to Tokyo

(Continued from Page 31)

"Suzy, what is it about Miss Keller that means so much to you? Why are you all so excited?"

"Miss Keller is very great woman."

"I know that," I said. "But other great people have come to Tokyo. Miss Keller seems to mean something special. What is it? Why is she so important to you?"

The Japanese are not accustomed to analysis. They take their feelings for granted. I could see that Suzy was genuinely puzzled. She was so anxious to be of service, however, that she tried her best. After a moment of silence: "Miss Keller different."

"In what way?"

Such directness was intolerable. She giggled again. "I find out," she said. "O.K.?"

She went back and talked long and earnestly with the other Japanese. If there had been a pretense at work before, now there was none. They argued in low, vehement voices, with many an "*Ah so*" and "*Ne?*" I could tell that the question had never occurred to them.

Presently Suzy came back. She was crestfallen. "They say Miss Keller important to Japan. They understand because they are Japanese. Cannot explain to American."

"All right, Suzy," I said, giving up. "Never mind. I was just curious."

Dissatisfied, she returned to her desk. I could see she was still thinking about it.

Long before the hour of Miss Keller's arrival, the crowds began to gather on the street outside. They had gathered like that outside the Dai Ichi building, and at Radio Tokyo, when Miss Keller visited the Information and Education Section. In a short time they were massed on the sidewalk by the hundreds. They were even lined up along Avenue A, by the Imperial Gardens. On the faces of those close enough to be seen was a look of eager expectancy. The air of the street almost tingled.

"We go now," said Suzy, her eyes bright. "You come?"

"I'll stay here," I said. "You go along."

Her face fell. "You not come?"

"Somebody has to be here, Suzy," I said. "It's all right. Go along."

A peculiar expression came into her face. It was an expression as old as the race itself: the stoic Oriental acceptance of misfortune. "I stay here," she said calmly. "You go."

"There has to be an American here," I said. "Now go along with you. Quick."

Her face was like a wooden mask. "I stay."

I could see that her pride was involved, so I dropped it.

In a few moments we were alone in the office together. We heard the roar of the motorcycle escort and then a silence; Miss Keller was in the building. Suzy went on with her work. Outside the window the crowds waited patiently. At last Suzy went over and looked at them. As she turned away, her eyes met mine. She hesitated. Then, with a resolute air, she came in.

"I explain about Miss Keller," she said.

"All right."

"First I tell you about my family."

Accustomed as I was to Japanese indirectness, I couldn't imagine what this had to do with Miss Keller. "All right, Suzy," I said. "Sit down."

Suzy sat down. Then, simply and quietly, as if she had been talking about the weather, she told me their story. She was one of two children. They and their family had lived all their lives in Tokyo. Then, during one of the fire raids in the war, Mrs. Nakamura was killed. They lost their home and all their possessions. No housing was available, so they moved in with relatives. They had to live in a single room. The children were still in school, and the boy, Ichiro, hoped someday to go to college.

Mr. Nakamura was an official with the city government. When the war ended he lost his job. To help support them, Suzy went to work as a draftsman, her brother as a day laborer with the navy at Yokosuka. Mr. Nakamura got a job as a street-car conductor. He became ill, however, and had to stop work. Soon they found it was tuberculosis. They moved to a single rented room on the far outskirts of Tokyo, where Suzy had to rise at four every morning to make the breakfast. She traveled two hours on the jammed trains to get to work. She earned the equivalent, in American money, of fourteen dollars a month.

"Please understand, captain," she said, looking at me earnestly. "This is not story of private family. This is story of all Japan. Sometimes a little better. More often worse. We lost the war. We do not complain."

"Your father," I said. "Where is he now?"

"At home."

"He should be in the hospital."

"Hospitals very crowded," she said simply. "Also very expensive. We cannot af-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, if anyone does ask me to play, I want to have it with me!"

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ford medicines. We cannot even buy milk."

I sat back. I was appalled. "Suzy, you should have told us this before. Don't you realize we can ——"

"No, no," she said hastily. "Not reason I tell. I explain Miss Keller."

"Oh?"

"Miss Keller is like Occupation. Miss Keller is like America. She is new way to look at things. She is new hope."

I thought about it for a moment and then gave up; the connection was beyond me. But I realized that I had tortured Suzy long enough. "I see, Suzy," I said. "I understand. Thank you."

She returned to her desk. Again I saw that look of stoic patience come into her young face. The minutes ticked by. All at once I rose.

"Come on," I said. "We're going downstairs."

"But the office ——"

"The hell with the office," I said; and locked the door behind us.

A tremendous crowd of Japanese and Americans had gathered in the lobby. Every Japanese in the building seemed to be there. The atmosphere was electric. It communicated itself to Suzy and me, and in the last few minutes, when the motorcycles on the street roared back to life, we almost held our breaths.

Then she came. I had never seen Helen Keller before, and I was totally unprepared for the experience. Guided by her companion, Polly Thompson, she came quickly out of the Public Health and Welfare offices. In her eyes was a light so bright, so happy, so radiant it took our breaths away. Without even thinking, we burst into applause.

This was not ordinary applause. This was a tribute to a moral and spiritual triumph. At once a wonderful smile spread over her face. It illuminated the heart. It was the most beautiful, heart-warming smile I had ever seen.

She looked around at all of us with joy. I couldn't believe that she could neither see our faces nor hear our spontaneous, heartfelt tribute; she could only feel it on the air. For a moment longer she smiled around at us, a loving, grateful, happy woman. Then she was gone. It was as if a light had gone out. The motorcycles roared away. We returned to our work.

Much later that afternoon, I called Suzy to my office. I had just come back from a visit to the other divisions of our section.

"Suzy, we have something for you here," I said. "I don't want you to be embarrassed about it. It's from all of us—everybody in the section. It's for your father. You understand? So he can go to the hospital."

She stared at the envelope. Though she didn't know it, it contained more than 50,000 yen—almost a year's salary. "Captain, I didn't mean ——"

"I know you didn't, Suzy," I said. "You were talking about something else. But never mind that. We want you to tell us where he goes. You understand? And we want to follow it up—make sure he has medicines, X rays, milk. The things he needs."

Trembling, she took the envelope. Tears came in her eyes. She struggled to control herself. "You see?" she said. "It is same thing. Same as Miss Keller."

"What do you mean?"

"Always we accept our troubles. It is tradition. We shrug our shoulders. We say nothing can be done. Americans not the same. Americans like Miss Keller. *Wakarimaska?*"

I stared at her. And all at once I understood.

This was the one gift we could say we had brought them. All their lives, for centuries past, they had accepted their misfortunes. They had endured poverty, illness, malnutrition, famine, earthquake, typhoons and wars. They had resigned themselves; the misery of their lives was beyond remedy. Now they had a new hope. It was something that came to them from the New World. They didn't yet fully understand it. But the essence of it was this simple action by a handful of Americans to do something about her father. And the symbol of it, for Suzy and the countless millions of her countrymen, was Miss Helen Keller—who had not just accepted blindness, who had not just accepted deafness, who had not just accepted a mute tongue, but who had learned to see, to hear, to speak, and to fill every human heart who saw her with pride in the human spirit.

"Go along with you, Suzy," I said.

She started to bow. Then, by a whisper that came to her from another way of life, she stood up straight and shook my hand.

They Risk Their Lives for Fun

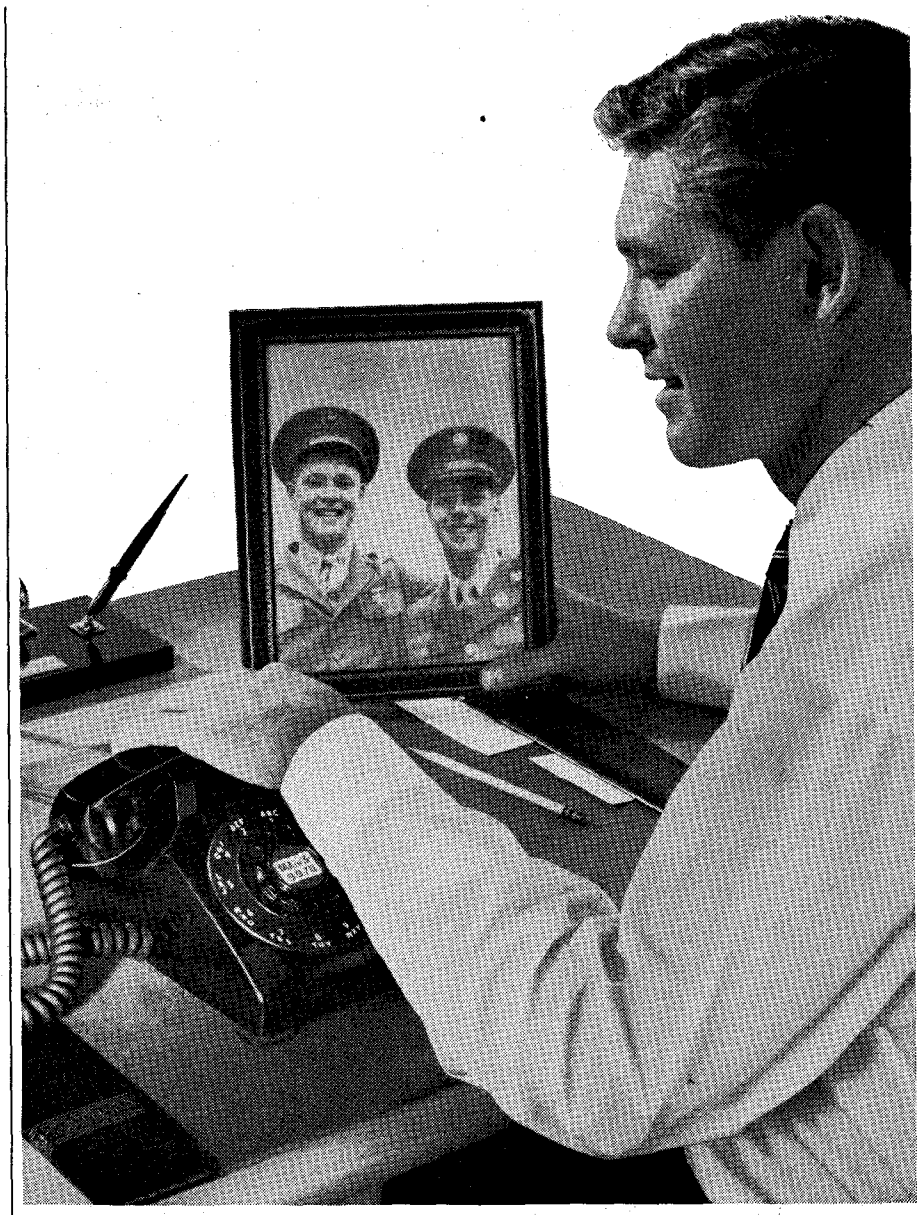
(Continued from Page 34)

maze of cracks and along two ledges, each of which provided somewhat rudimentary lodging for the night. Where holds were scant for hands or feet, they hammered in thin pegs of steel, called pitons—pronounced "pee-tons"—to which the climbing rope could be attached for safety. From time to time, to the annoyance of everyone, the cracks ran out and only a smooth wall bulged above. Rock climbers have a way of dealing with such problems. When pitons are useless, there is always the expansion bolt, equipped with a ring on its outer end and a collar of lead on the inner end. Six times, standing in slings of rope, Robbins used a hammer and drill to bore into the cliff, and then hammered in bolts. The lead collar, expanding as the bolt was tightened, sealed itself solidly to the rock. The result was a virtual ladder of steel up walls so sheer and holdless that most mountaineers would have given up in disgust.

The supply of food, the water in the canteens and the time available all gave out simultaneously the third morning, but the party had found what it sought: A route that would "go," as nearly as a practiced eye could tell. A fine tracery of cracks led up to the top. The climbers turned back. This spring, when the snows have melted from the valley floor and the nights are warm enough so that a man can sleep on a cliff, Robbins intends to lead the first complete climb of the northwest face. At best, there will be six bivouacs—now and then with space enough to sit down, but more often standing upright in rope slings. The reward, if you wish to call it that, will be the conquest of the impossible.

Something so close to sheer misery, with such an element of calculated risk, is scarcely the average man's dish of tea. But rock climbers are a particularly tenacious breed, who get themselves into the most hair-raising predicaments in order to get out of them triumphantly. The Yosemite cliffs—smooth, spectacular and handy to the highways—have inspired some prodigious climbing, based on a lavish use of artificial aids. Purists, who refer to the Yosemite cragsmen as "rock engineers," somewhat patronizingly talk of "mechanized climbing," conducted up a ladderway of steel.

Whichever faction possesses the true gospel, both agree that Yosemite exerts an overpowering attraction for rock climbers. This is best (Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 99) demonstrated over the Memorial Day weekend, when hundreds of Californians show up with ropes and rucksacks for the annual rock-climbing outing of the Sierra Club, an organization of approximately 10,000 mountaineers. It is an incorrect assumption that most rock climbers are teen-age daredevils with no visible means of support. Of the men who reconnoitered Half Dome, Robbins was a banker, Harding an engineer, Wilson and Galwas graduate students. Among sedentary sports, the best counterpart is a rousing game of chess, which calls for intense cerebration and an almost psychic knowledge of what lies ahead. There is one substantial difference. A wrong move on the chessboard is seldom more than humiliating; a wrong move on a cliff may be fatal.

The point of divergence was never more clearly illustrated than in August, 1946, when Jack Arnold, Anton Nelson and Fritz Lippmann climbed the Lost Arrow, a knife blade of rock 1300 feet high, sticking out from the cliff midway between Yosemite Point and Upper Yosemite Falls. (See: WE CLIMBED THE IMPOSSIBLE PEAK, by Fritz A. Lippmann, The Saturday Evening Post, June 28, 1947.) This smooth and seemingly unattainable spire had been attempted eleven times previously. After five days, the climbers finally managed to lasso the summit from a point on the valley walls. Two of them descended to a notch 200 feet deep, separating the Lost Arrow from the main rock mass, and then up to the dangling ends of the rope, ascending it to the top. After the rope was made fast, in the manner of the circus performer staging a "slide for life," Lippmann crossed over the void and joined his companions atop the Arrow. Four years later, in June, 1950, Alan Steck and John Salathé completed what Steck calls "an ordeal by piton," spending four nights and five days on the 1500-foot north wall of Sentinel Rock. This modest project used up 156 pitons and nine expansion bolts, and "I'm still not quite sure why I did it," Steck told me recently. In terms of time spent and results achieved, Sentinel Rock was notable, but Half Dome still holds the record for the number of overnight guests accommodated.

The volume of vertical traffic in Yosemite Park forced the National Park Service to establish a rescue team of ten rangers, all of whom are trained in the most complicated rock techniques. "The experienced climbers rarely cause us much trouble," says R. N. McIntyre, administrative assistant to the park superintendent. "What gives us a headache is the lost children and the people who decide to take a short cut off the trails. They're the ones who always get themselves stuck on a cliff—can't go down; can't go up—at just about dark. It's lucky for us that this valley is so small. Anyone who hollers for help, once people have gone to bed, can be heard for six miles around." It is possible to overdo a good thing, however, as one rescue established last June. Michael Simon, sixteen, was hiking along the top of the cliffs with a group of friends when he decided—what else?—to take a short cut to the valley. He wound up in a cluster of trees and sheer ledges known as "the Jungle," in the middle of the Royal Arches, one of the most difficult cliffs in the park.

Unable to go either up or down, Simon proceeded to scream for help so long and so loudly that the rangers were unable to break in on his monologue to let him know that rescue was at hand. The cacophony lasted until midnight, when he fell into an exhausted sleep on a broad and safe ledge, but it started again in the morning. A rescue team headed by ranger John Henneberger, meanwhile, was conducting a most delicate climb of the Arches. The rangers could hear Simon, but they couldn't hear each other—a difficult situation when a climb is being conducted in pitch-darkness with occasional aid from a flashlight. "He was in the midst of his last and biggest 'Help!'" said Henneberger, "when I finally stepped out from behind a tree and tapped him on the shoulder. We got him up to the top of the Arches and walked him down over a foot trail, but I'll bet that boy had a sore throat for a month after."

Two other rescue expeditions last year were less humorous. On April eighth, Ann Pottinger, nineteen, a student at Stanford University, set out with two boys to climb the Lower Cathedral Spire. A snowstorm threatened and the rangers at park headquarters had warned the party—which registered in advance for the climb, as required by park regulations—to turn back if the weather worsened. At 10:30 that night one of the climbers staggered into headquarters again and said, "I'm afraid Ann is in trouble. We had to leave her at the foot of the Spire and come down for help." By midnight, in a blinding snowstorm, a rescue team reached the girl. She was dead from exposure—probably because her clothing consisted of cotton jeans, a cotton shirt and a light poplin jacket.

At the end of May, the rescue crew faced its most severe test. Helene von Ryckervorsel, a graduate student at the University of California, was leading a climb on the Royal Arches. This wall, rising directly above the Ahwahnee Hotel, is one vast slab of rock inclined at seventy to eighty degrees, with few places where a climber can hold on. In such a situation, an expert flattens his feet and hands on the rock and moves ahead to the nearest solid ledge. This is known as friction climbing. The pressure of rubber soles and bare palms on the rock is sufficient to prevent a slip—in most cases. But Miss von Ryckervorsel fell ninety feet. She was held by the second man on the rope, who had braced himself on one of the few available outcroppings. It took supervising ranger John Mahoney and the rescue crew of five men most of the night to reach her.

"I have never seen such injuries," said park naturalist Glenn Gallison, a member of the rescue crew. "There was a hole in the back of her head, and there were so many bones fractured that I'm surprised she didn't die right there on the cliff."

The rangers dragged a mesh-and-aluminum rescue litter up to the scene of the accident, tied themselves on to the rocks while they administered first aid, and in two and a half hours brought Miss Ryckervorsel down to the valley.

Rescues, though dramatic, intrigue the Yosemite rangers less than the case of the Two Missing Men. On July 20, 1954, Walter Gordon, a student at the University of California, bought steaks for an outdoor picnic in one of the campgrounds, told his companions, "I'll be back before dinner," and set out on a hike from which he never returned. The result was one of the most concentrated searches the park has known. The next day, bloodhounds were put on Gordon's trail. They led the rangers up the path to Glacier Point which overlooks the valley, and down the Four Mile trail to the highway. There the scent apparently vanished. As many as thirty rangers blackened the cliffs, searching for Gordon's body, and for days a helicopter flew up and down the valley while spotters stared through field glasses. The search was hopeless; Gordon is still missing.

Three months later, on October 9, 1954, another University of California student was walking along a footpath near the Ahwahnee Hotel with his wife, father-in-law and mother-in-law. "That looks interesting up there," said Orvar von Laas, thirty, motioning to the upper part of the Royal Arches cliff. "I'll see you a little later." He walked off into the underbrush and oblivion. Within thirteen hours the bloodhounds picked up his scent at the base of the Royal Arches climb, and tried frantically to scramble up the rock. Rescue teams roped up and covered the whole cliff, with negative results. A helicopter flew alongside the Arches. Rangers searched for two solid weeks, keeping an eye peeled for a concentration of carrion birds that might pinpoint the location of a body. One climbing party discovered a bear, which departed with a startled snort, but nobody found von Laas. The FBI, called in because Yosemite is Federal property, checked every possible lead without result.

In quiet hours, which are infrequent, the rangers are apt to speculate about Gordon and von Laas. Perhaps, they think, the bodies lie somewhere on the Yosemite cliffs, wedged behind a rock which nobody will pass for 100 years. Such a time lapse is not out of the question. In September of 1932 Marjorie Farquhar, Jules Eichhorn and Richard Leonard, of the Sierra Club, made the first attempt to climb Washington Column. "Way up there on the cliffs," says Leonard, "we found part of a human skull. Our guess was that it dated from prehistoric times. But when we took it to the Department of Anthropology at the University of California, they said the skull had been there about a hundred years—just about the time the first fur trappers were exploring the High Sierra. I have often wondered who the poor fellow was who lost his footing and died, all alone, up there above Yosemite Valley." A few years later a climber found some human bones in a little stream tumbling down the cliffs opposite Washington Column. In the same pool of water were an initialed watch and an old hat imprinted with the name of a store in Phoenix, Arizona. With the help of the FBI, the owner was established. Park headquarters called his mother in Phoenix to extend condolences.

"That's strange," she said. "He just left for school. But he did come back from Yosemite last year without his hat." The bones apparently were those of a man who had vanished twenty years earlier.

The sport of rock climbing, already flourishing in the East, was introduced to California in 1931 by Robert L. M. Underhill, a professor at Harvard University and a mountaineer of distinction. The idea of tying on a rope to go up difficult cliffs had not heretofore occurred to the members of the Sierra Club, but once it caught on, the response was immediate. "The directors were horrified when we proposed that the club establish a rock-climbing section," recalls Bestor Robinson, now retired as a rock climber, who practices law in Oakland, California. "They said we'd be sued into bankruptcy in case of an accident, and added that the charter didn't make any provision for it. But six months later we had a rock-climbing section."

Robinson and friends romped joyfully over the California mountains, studied ponderous German texts explaining assorted ways of holding onto a rock or of wriggling up a crack, ordered pitons from a sporting-goods shop in Munich, and proceeded to set up a training area on Cragmont Rock, a cliff in one of the Berkeley parks. This led to some complications. A lady whose home lay directly below the rock called the park department to say, "I don't want any bodies falling in my back yard!" None ever did, but one climber took a moderate tumble, involving abrasions and contusions. Since the accident occurred on city property, Robinson had to report it to the police.

The training climbs grew more and more elaborate until the Sierra Club felt compelled to set up a system of classification, based on European standards. Class I climbs were simple hikes; Class II were rock scrambles; Class III required the occasional use of a rope; Class IV called for ropes and careful support from above; Class V required pitons, and Class VI—as on Half Dome—demanded pitons or bolts for direct aid. Some hundreds of California climbs have now been meticulously classified and bound into a guidebook.

From the experiments of the club, it may be accurately said, the United States Army developed much of its climbing equipment and a coherent doctrine for teaching green soldiers how to get up a cliff, if need be. This data was first imparted to the 10th Mountain Division, which fought brilliantly in Italy during World War II. Before the end of the war, some 25,000 other soldiers had been taught how to climb in such assorted places as Lincoln, New Hampshire; Natural Bridge, Virginia, and Mouth of Seneca, West Virginia. The old doctrines still are carried on in the canyons of Cheyenne Creek, outside Colorado Springs, Colorado, where the Army maintains a mountain-training area. One great contribution was the nylon rope for climbing. Until just before the war, no climber would consider risking his life on anything but a 120-foot hunk of Manila rope. Nylon rope, which had just come on the market, was regarded with suspicion by Eastern climbers, but the Sierra Club decided to try it out.

The method of testing was somewhat unusual. Robinson, Leonard and David R. Brower, now the club's secretary, found themselves a suitable rock, about thirty feet high, in a Berkeley park. One man would sit down, bracing himself solidly, and pass the rope around his body for a be-

"The judge meant anyone else. It's all right to discuss the case with us, Mrs. Spencer."

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lay—meaning a position from which he could stop the fall of another climber. The second man would tie into the rope and jump off the edge of the rock. As he fell, the rope was allowed to slide, and then gradually tightened until the second man came to a stop not far above level ground. After twenty tests, the Manila rope broke, with some discomfort to the second man. The nylon rope, however, was still going strong after 200 practice falls. The test crew grew so proficient that at the end of the experiment the second man could leap eighteen feet into space before he was halted in his flight, and then lowered slowly to earth. The nylon rope was adopted as standard by the Quartermaster Corps, in which both Robinson and Leonard served as officers. The practice fall, spectacular to watch, still popped the eyes of new recruits the last time I visited the Mountain and Cold Weather Command at Camp Carson, Colorado Springs. The sliding, or dynamic, belay has now virtually supplanted the method originated by the Swiss, which was to hook the rope firmly around a projection of rock. Too often, the rope broke.

The Army developed few new climbers of the first rank, but a good many youngsters with prior mountain experience emerged from the 10th Mountain Division as mature and keen mountaineers. The most impressive veteran is a climber in his early thirties, named Fred Beckey, who has led more than 200 first ascents of cliffs and rock spires in the Pacific Northwest. By virtue of getting there first, Beckey has been able to name a number of peaks hitherto identified only by altitude. Since thousands were already christened, he had to use ingenuity. One range in the northern Cascade Mountains, named by Beckey, reads like the wine list of a de luxe hotel. Chianti, Pernod, Burgundy, Sauterne and Chablis are among the titles to captivate a thirsty climber, though Beckey is no winebibber himself.

A man of great physical strength, Beckey decided last year to climb the west tower of Mt. Goode, a spire 8700 feet high, rising 3500 feet from its base near the head of Lake Chelan. With Don Claunch, another Seattle climber, he departed from Seattle at one P.M. of a Saturday, arriving by car at the foot of Cascade Pass at five P.M. The two climbers then walked up over the pass, down the other side, and in to the base of the peak, a distance of sixteen miles, arriving at 11:30 P.M. They slept until seven A.M., Sunday, made the first ascent of the west tower, climbed back over the pass to their car, and reached Seattle at two A.M. on Monday. Beckey then went to work in the advertising department of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer at eight A.M. On a later weekend, bored with the walk over the pass, he loaded a catamaran on a trailer, drove to the foot of Lake Chelan, and blithely sailed up to Stehekin, the starting point of his climb. The weekend finished, he sailed down the lake again to rest himself. Beckey's record of first ascents is now being challenged by Pete Schoening, another Seattle climber, who distinguished himself in an attempt on K2, in the Himalayas, a few years back.

Climbers in the Pacific Northwest are a little less scientific than those in the Sierra Nevada. The informal approach was epitomized in 1929 by Lionel Chute, who led the first climb of the North Peak of Mt. Index—elevation 5400 feet—on the interesting theory that a cash reward was involved. The rumor had long persisted that the Great Northern Railway, whose tunnel under the mountain is one of the longest in the country, was prepared to pay from $1000 to $5000 for the first climber to reach the top of the North Peak. Presumably, this would be profitable advertising. Chute, applying for the reward, found the railroad affable, but not prepared to dip into the till. Now in his fifties, he has a nice letter from the Great Northern and the satisfaction of having completed one of the most difficult climbs of his era.

In the Northwest—a country of limitless forests, huge glaciers and dozens of unclimbed peaks—there are still plenty of conquests for those who have nerve and skill. The best illustration was provided, several years ago, by a Seattle chemist named David Harrah. In 1952, while climbing Mt. Yerupaja, one of the highest in Peru, Harrah's feet were frostbitten. He lost most of his toes—a disaster, it would seem, to a rock climber, who must depend so thoroughly on delicate balance. Not long after, he led a climb up the 5000-foot northwest face of Mt. Johannisberg, in the Cascades, spending one night on the cliff.

Last summer I walked from the end of the road into Cascade Pass and looked across the valley at Johannisberg. The "easy" route leads up an almost vertical gulley of snow, with no sound place for a belay. Harrah's route zigzagged up a buttress to the left, high into the clouds, so sheer that I had to crane my neck. I have rock-climbed in my time, but this cliff was too rich for my blood. Not too rich for a man with abundant will power, however.

The tenacity displayed by Harrah is to be found, to a greater or less degree, in every rock climber. Perhaps this explains why a climbing club in Iowa will spend its weekends on fifty-foot cliffs along the Mississippi River or why some thousands of cragsmen in the East will work happily on rock faces ranging in height from 100 to 800 vertical feet.

The most notable and most populated area is a wall of cliffs in the Shawangunk Mountains, about 100 miles north of New York City, on the west side of the Hudson River. Here the New York Chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club has developed fifty separate routes rising a maximum of 200 feet, but embodying the most hair-raising dilemmas to be encountered in the Rockies, the Sierra Nevada and the Dolomites of Italy. If regulations did not forbid it, New York mountaineers would do their climbing on the Palisades, which rise majestically just across the Hudson in New Jersey. Too many loose rocks, rolling down on strollers along the riverside, caused the authorities of Palisades Interstate Park to close the area to rock climbers years ago.

The Shawangunk climbs were developed by Fritz H. Wiessner, now president of a chemical company in Stowe, Vermont. A short and balding man in his early fifties, Wiessner was—until he began to slow his pace—the best rock climber this country ever has known. As a young man in Germany, he led—without pitons—some of the classic rock climbs in the Alps. Rock climbing in Europe and England, as distinct from the ascent of great snow-and-ice mountains, began in the 1890's, but the sport of scaling cliffs did not become a science until 1910, when the piton was invented by an Austrian climber named Hannes Fiechtl. As a young man in Dresden, Wiessner absorbed the fine points of the sport, and brought to America in 1930 an entirely new technique, involving delicate and rhythmical movement on cliffs with no visible holds for the hands and feet. A man who believes in "clean" climbing as a greater test than the lavish use of pitons, he made the first ascent of Devil's Tower, in Wyoming, with only one piton, where later climbers used them by the dozen. He also climbed 13,260-foot Mt. Waddington, in British Columbia, which had been attempted fourteen times previously. Wiessner is that rare being, an articulate climber.

"Rock climbing," he feels, "is the most satisfying and fascinating sport in the world. The landscape of mountains, the architecture of mountains, is something too few of us know. It is a sport and not a competition—matching yourself against something much bigger than any human being, against nature. It is a way of enjoying what one's own body can do, much as our ancestors who lived in trees must have enjoyed the easy movement of swinging from limb to limb. You are away from everything mechanical, and it makes you feel like a king, perched on a little spot up in the sky. You have overcome physical as well as mental difficulties.

"To be a good rock climber, you have to put everything into it—to figure out your moves as you would in chess, except that on a cliff you are playing with the biggest queens, bishops, rooks and pawns on the planet. Even on the smallest cliff, there is something sophisticated about the delicate movements imposed on a climber. The mechanical stuff—the pitons and bolts—you can enjoy for a while, but in the long run you get your values from your closeness to nature, the realization how small we humans are compared to the big mountains. It is something you can enjoy with the eye, the brain and the whole body. And it is an escape from the pressures of the world. When those great walls of rock arch out above you, it is like sitting in the quiet and calm of a Gothic cathedral.

"The man who leads a rock climb must recognize that there is danger involved, and he must keep it in mind, but if he has the talent, he can win through. He needs judgment as well—the ability to know what one ought to be able to do in a difficult spot. A good man climbs up and down such a spot a few times, always a little bit higher, until he knows how he can safely get through it. Many men, not strong or patient enough, try to rush a cliff, and those are the ones who fall. They take chances, and they lose. A leader has to be able to fight against his own ambitions; be able to turn around and to go home if the climb is too much for him. There are those who race to climb the big faces or who hunt for notoriety, but in five or six years you don't see them around any more. Most of them quit. The real climber sticks with it all his life. When the big ones are too difficult for him—well, he always can do the smaller cliffs and be just as happy."

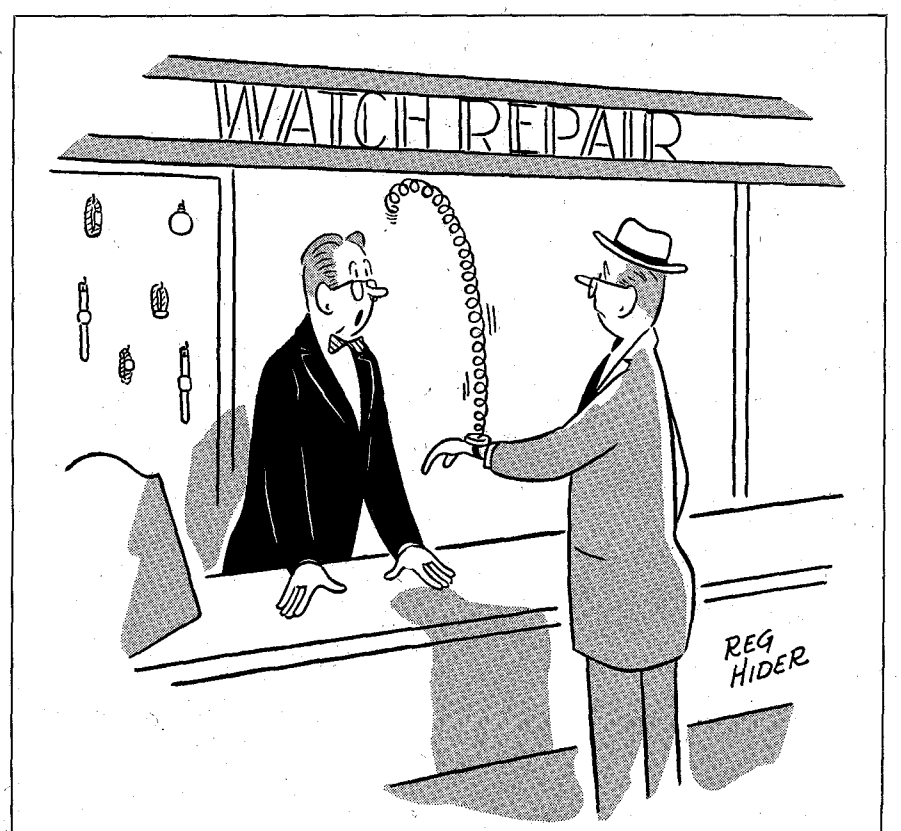
It was on one of these smaller cliffs, a few days later, that I saw this philosophy put to the test. Wiessner and I had met in Chapel Pond Pass, near Keene Valley, in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State. Above us, fissured and seamed, rose a rock wall 400 feet high. No one had climbed it, but Wiessner was ready to do so. We tied in to the rope, and Wiessner started swiftly up through a narrow crack, the classic rock climber in action. Above him the wall leaned outward, for a space of perhaps fifteen vertical feet. I could see a few tiny handholds, but no easy way past this obstacle.

With the utmost preciseness, Wiessner worked his way upward, paused for a moment, leaned out from the rock and craned his neck. There was something about the route he didn't like. Silently, he came down again to a wide ledge, thought for a moment, and started up again, this time selecting a slightly different collection of holds. Again, he paused to study the problem, and again came carefully down. "It will go now," he called cheerily to me. So rapidly my eye could not follow his movements, he flickered up the ledge, hooked three fingers over a thin flake of rock and disappeared over the ledge above.

I followed, but not with such ease. From his stance above, Wiessner was exerting a firm but steady pull on the rope. With this assurance of safety, I managed to claw my way through a maze of totally inadequate holds and to crawl on my belly over the top of the ledge. Off to the right a second wall led up to a projecting piece of rock broad enough for a man to sit on. How to get there? This one was easy for Wiessner. He moved upward on scant foot- and handholds, turned his right hand so that it rested palm down on the projecting rock, fingers facing outward and wrist facing inward. Then he gently swung out over space, reversing his body, and sat comfortably down. When I followed, it was the triumph of brute strength over an obstacle that deserved more gentle treatment. I made a lunge for the rock, hung on for dear life and hauled myself up.

The rest was easy. A few more ledges, a few cracks to be climbed by jamming most of the body into them and inching upward, and we were on top of the cliff, with the Adirondacks spread out in front of us—range after range of hills dark with spruce and pine.

"Look, Hal," said Wiessner, sweeping his arm to encompass the horizon. "Doesn't it make you feel like a king?" THE END



"Offhand, I'd say it was the mainspring."

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Who Cares About Us?

(Continued from Page 23)

I learned this much fifteen years ago in a semester of abnormal psychology at college. I was majoring in education, with a minor in psychology, and I felt myself to be very interested. But the textbook phrases seemed entirely remote from my life. When Jack arrived at our college the next fall as a transfer from Harvard, I saw nothing in his alternating moods of gaiety and despair, his bewildering switches from extravagance to penny-pinching, to warn me away.

Jack was a tall, handsome boy, a good student and a good athlete. By the spring of 1943 we were in love. Jack said that he wanted to ask me to marry him, but first he had something to tell me. He had been sick at the end of his sophomore year in Harvard—mental illness, to be frank. He had been in a sanitarium for a couple of months. For a year afterward he had gone to a Doctor K. for psychotherapy while he lived with his mother in Cambridge and worked at a defense plant. Doctor K. had concluded that Jack's illness was precipitated by the death of his father, whom Jack had secretly hated. Jack felt that he understood himself much better after the year of treatment, and that he would therefore never become ill again. In fact, he was furious at the Cambridge draft board for giving him a 4F on the basis of this one episode.

Perhaps I should have been wary, but I really wanted to marry Jack and so was inclined to share his optimism. In June we both graduated and hurried out to my home in the wheat belt, where the wedding took place.

The first sign of the return of Jack's troubles came just a year later. We were living in a large West Coast city. Jack, who planned to go into industrial relations, had a personnel job in a defense plant, and I was enrolled at the university for my master's degree in education. The summer of 1944 was hot, and our life was wearing, for I was trying to finish at summer school and Jack often had to work overtime. At first I blamed these circumstances for Jack's increasing irritability. But I began to worry when his hostility toward senior personnel officers at the plant seemed to obsess his thoughts.

They were a bunch of fools, he said; if they would only apply elementary principles of group psychology, they could easily solve the labor problems which plagued them. One day he came home and announced that he had given the president of the firm a report on the situation. "And I told him where he could go with the report if he didn't put it into effect," he said happily.

I was flabbergasted. We had a violent quarrel, and Jack stormed out of the house, threatening never to return. He was brought home at three A.M., very drunk, by some workers at his plant. Mingled with the odor of whisky I detected the smell of cheap perfume. I wept, and started a letter to my parents, and planned the things I would tell him in the morning—for instance, that I was expecting a baby next spring. But I never got a chance to say a word, for at six the next morning, bright-eyed and unrepentant, Jack went roaring off in the car.

So began a two-week period the like of which I had never known before, but was often to know again. Jack was on the go every minute of every day, giving parties, negotiating at the plant to get his ideas adopted, drinking constantly, eating and sleeping scarcely at all, and talking, talking, talking all the time. My slightest remonstrance caused him to fly into a violent temper. Somehow, despite worry and exhaustion, I managed to take my final exams, but at the end I was near collapse.

The day Jack was fired from the plant he came home in high spirits. He wasn't worried about our financial position, for he knew he could get a job anywhere now. Though he was angered by the insult to his idea—he was beginning to call it The Idea—he was sure time would prove him right. Actually, he said, he saw now that it was his mission to pound The Idea into the thick heads of all American personnel men.

"What I've got to do first," he announced, "is to get an eminent psychiatrist to underwrite this. And by 'eminent' I mean someone like Doctor K." And he told me that he was planning to drive to Cambridge the very next day.

I had been thinking about calling Doctor K. myself. That Jack should want to talk to him too seemed a miracle. I eagerly offered to go along.

The ride across the country was nightmarish. Jack drove almost straight through, drinking and quarreling with filling-station attendants all the way. I was in a fog of exhaustion when we reached Cambridge, but Jack made for his mother's telephone and called Doctor K. I thought, *He's desperate to get help.*

Doctor K. wouldn't see him; he said he had a full schedule of patients, and was off to Maine next week. I wept in disappointment. So, frighteningly, did Jack. His sobs so alarmed his mother that she called an old friend and persuaded him to finagle an appointment with Doctor K. It was to be for the following Tuesday. Jack put in the time drinking and brawling and making appointments with Harvard and M. I. T. professors. I watched the clock hour

(Continued on Page 105)

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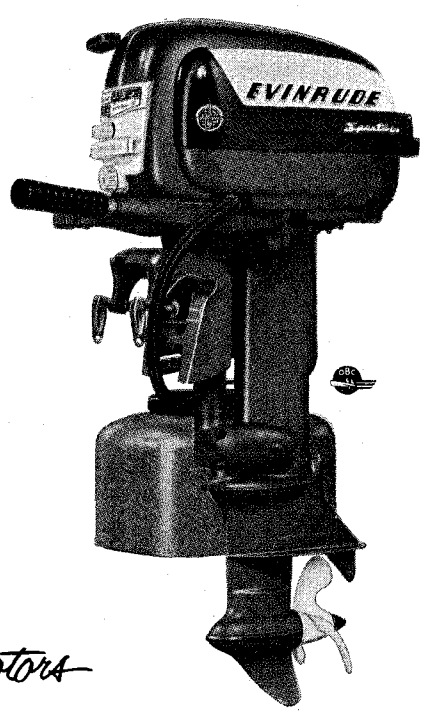

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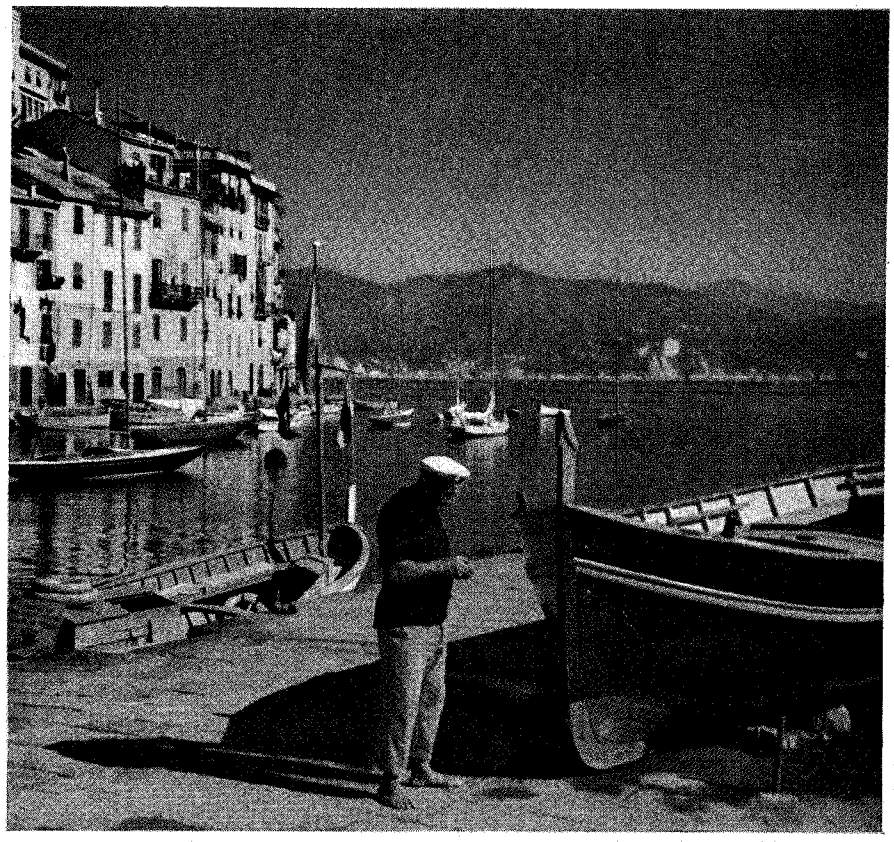

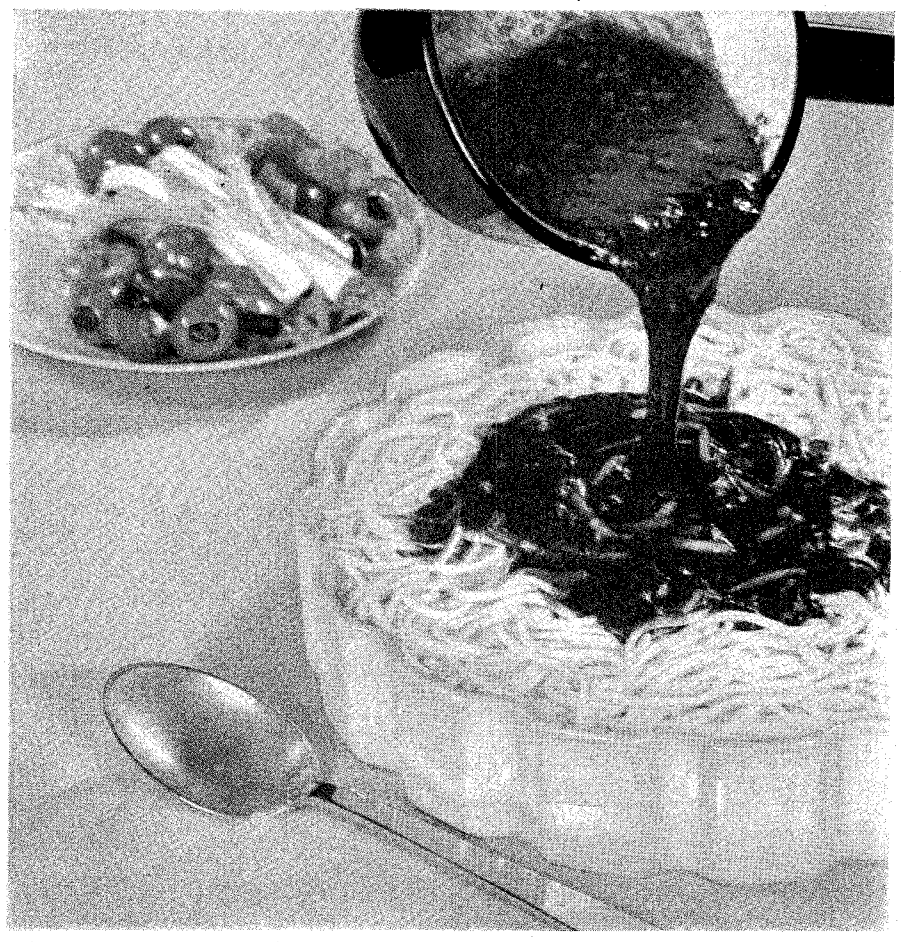

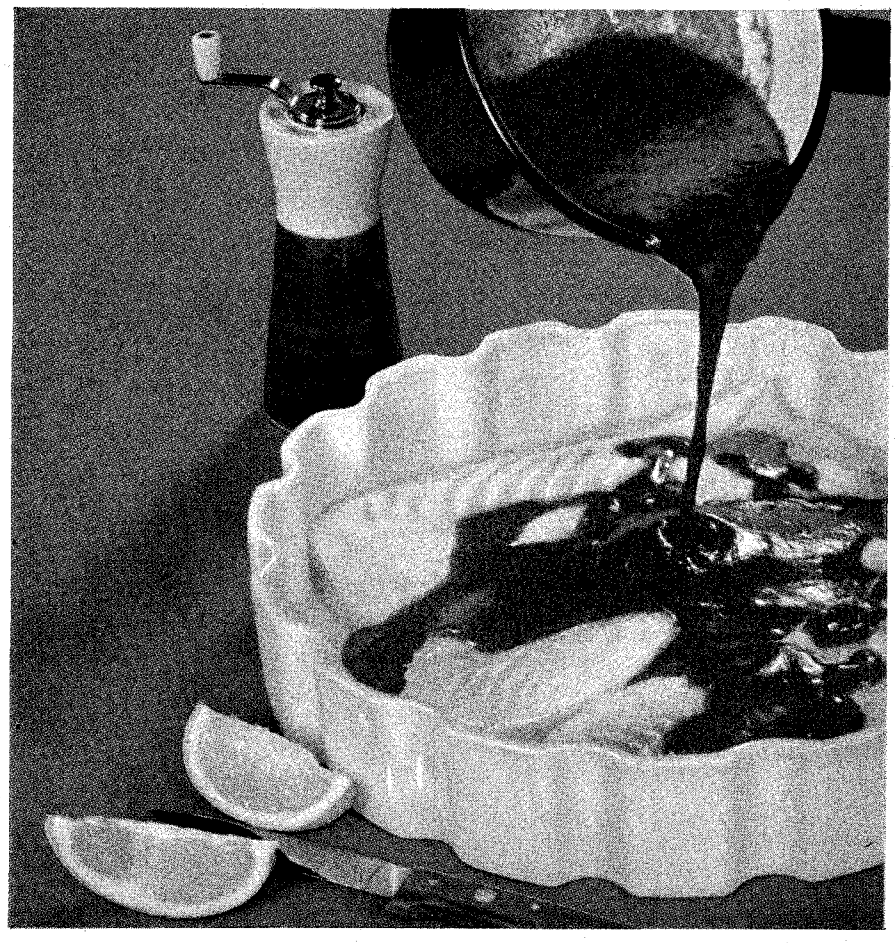

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1 lb. fillet of cod, haddock or halibut. Salt and pepper. 2 tbs. each finely chopped onion and green pepper. 1 large or 2 small cans Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Mushrooms. 1 tbs. butter.

Place fillet on greased baking sheet. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, onion, green pepper. Blend ¼ cup water and smooth, rich Chef Sauce. Pour over fish. Dot with butter. Bake at 375° F. about 35 minutes. Serve 3 to 4 a deliciously different Italian-style treat!

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(Continued from Page 103) after hour, living for the moment when I could get him into Doctor K.'s hands.

By this time I was convinced that Jack needed hospitalization. I hoped that Doctor K. would persuade him to go voluntarily to a mental hospital, as he had done during Jack's first illness. All I knew then about commitment procedures was that a voluntary commitment for a limited time was quick and easy. And I knew that only a skilled psychiatrist could persuade a master-of-the-world manic to submit himself to treatment.

The visit was a failure. The doctor saw us together—Jack said he wanted me to witness the vindication of The Idea. While Doctor K. was courteous, he made it clear that he regarded the whole affair as an imposition. For Jack was using every resource of an extremely bright man to convince the doctor that he was actually sane. Before keeping the appointment, Jack had taken two phenobarbital pills, and sitting there in the office he put on a performance that would have fooled any layman. His body was relaxed, his speech coherent. Cleverly, he shifted blame for the visit to me, implying that it was I who wanted to hear a psychiatrist applaud The Idea. Only the continuous flow of his words would have given him away to an expert.

Doctor K. was an expert, and I expected him to go into action. Instead, he heard Jack through to the end, nodded in wise agreement with The Idea, and patted us on the back when we left.

"Your Jack has made a marvelous recovery," he told me in Jack's hearing. "You mustn't be overanxious about him."

"But, Doctor K. ——"

He gave me a look with which I would later become quite familiar. It said, "I am the expert, you are the layman. In addition, as a relative of the patient you are by definition prejudiced. Little you can say has any value to me."

There was nothing to do except face the nightmarish trip back to the West Coast. By the time we reached home, Jack was drinking a quart of whisky a day, and feeling that he had to get in touch with President Roosevelt and John L. Lewis. Whenever I tried to get a word in edgewise, he threatened to slap me. At home, after a few hours' sleep, I slipped away and, through the university, got in touch with a Doctor P. I guess I was scared enough to be convincing, for my story prompted the doctor to say he thought Jack should be in the hospital for observation for a few days. Would I bring him to the university hospital at two o'clock that afternoon?

"Me bring him?" I gasped. I had visualized white-jacketed men coming for Jack in a little red wagon. But this is a common mistake. In my experience, private hospitals do not send attendants after patients, although in sixteen states the state hospital is required by law to do so. Nor can the police be called upon in the absence of (1) legal moves for an involuntary commitment, or (2) charges preferred by some individual. You can hire an ambulance or special psychiatric nurses, but either procedure is expensive and few families learn that such help exists until it's too late. As Doctor P. made clear to me then, and other doctors have made clear since, it is up to the family to get the patient, however violent, to the hospital.

This time it turned out to be fairly easy, for by afternoon Jack's speech was incoherent, his actions bizarre and he didn't seem to know what he was doing. Fred, a friend from the plant, drove us to the hospital. Jack thought he was signing a labor-management agreement when he wrote his name on the voluntary-commitment form.

There is no known cure for manic-depressive psychosis. Electro-shock therapy has been used to shorten both the manic and the depressive phases, but the medical consensus now is that it has little permanent value. Many manic-depressives have been helped to ride the wave of their mood fluctuations through psychotherapy, which is best given during their "free" periods. Some are not accessible to this sort of help. A very few have benefited from deep analysis during their psychotic period, but this procedure is extremely expensive and time-consuming. Currently, medical attention is centered on new drugs such as chlorpromazine and reserpine, which seem to have some calming effect during the manic phase.

All this I have learned in the past eleven years. In the fall of 1944, however, electroshock was in its heyday; there was some hope that it would actually cure psychosis. Jack was in the university hospital for almost a month, receiving shock on a heavy schedule. Within a week he was almost back to normal, ready to admit that he had been ill and sorry for the trouble he had caused me. He expressed the hope that science would lick this thing yet. All we had to do was sit tight and keep our chins up.

I yielded once more to Jack's optimism. But the phone call I kept expecting—a call from Doctor P. to come in and discuss Jack's illness and its prognosis—never came. My only communication with this gentleman was in regard to monthly payments on his steep bill. On the day of Jack's discharge a staff doctor gave us a pep talk. We should plan a normal life, on the assumption that Jack's illness would never return or, if it did, could be quickly shocked away.

Jack suffered a mild depression all that winter, but he was able to hold down an assembly-line job in a defense plant. I worked in the city department of education until April, when our first child, Ann, was born. It took us all winter to pay off the doctors and the hospital bills. We had a relatively calm summer, and in the fall moved to a Western university city, where Jack enrolled for his master's degree in business administration. All through the three years we spent there we were broke. We had to eke out Jack's meager stipend as an assistant instructor with whatever part-time jobs he or I could pick up. But our low-cost diet didn't affect our fertility; Johnny was born in May of 1947, and his little brother, Dicky, was an unplanned addition in August of 1948.

I'll never forget that August. On the fifth came the baby. On the seventh, Jack's degree. On the eighth an offer of a job in an industrial plant in Texas. Jack had been elated all summer, but the night of the eighth, when he came to the hospital smelling of liquor, I saw a difference in him that set my heart pounding.

When I came home from the hospital on the twelfth I found my mother there, white with fatigue. Ann and Johnny were wild with tension, and the apartment was a shambles. Jack had been giving a drinking party every night, and it was clear to me that he was off again.

Jack, who is normally gentle and considerate, took no account of the fact that I had just had a baby. He demanded that I enter into the wild round of social activities that characterizes his hypomanic phase. Instead of showing appreciation for my mother's help in our home, he implied that her presence was a form of interference. At the end of ten days he announced that we would all drive grandmother home. To accommodate the whole crowd, he said, he had just traded in our ancient and battered sedan for a new station wagon.

Our bank balance showed $67.14. The new job did not start until September first. I tried to point out that we would have to borrow to get through the month and move to Texas, even without car payments. He shouted me down in front of our white-faced children. Never argue with a manic, never cross him. To save the children witnessing any more scenes, and to avert possible violence, I gave in.

By the time we reached my parents' home I had been out of the hospital only fourteen days. I'd had very little sleep, and on top of all my anxieties I had the twenty-four-hour responsibility of caring for a new baby. Dicky registered his protest at the sort of life he was living by screaming day and night; the older children were impossible. I was so near the breaking point that I simply let go for a couple of days, without trying to look ahead. By the time I could rally my forces, Jack's condition had become so much worse that I knew it was going to be very hard to get him to the hospital peacefully. And I knew he must go.

This takes a bit of explaining. The descent of an individual into a psychotic episode is a matter of the deterioration, gradual or rapid, of his capacity to test his ideas against reality, his judgment and his insight. At a certain stage in his illness Jack knows he is getting sick; a few days later, when his symptoms are more pronounced, he feels perfectly well and says that the rest of the world is sick.

I try to get him to a psychiatrist while he still realizes that he needs help. And I try to get the psychiatrist to suggest to Jack that he go to the hospital voluntarily. The cumbersome legal procedures which most states require for involuntary commitment are too slow. There are excellent reasons for the laws, but the delays built into this process mean that Jack always reaches the violent stage before he can be hospitalized. So this time at my parents' home I was anxious to find a doctor who would talk Jack into going to the hospital under his own steam.

I called our family doctor. The only psychiatrist he knew was famous for giving shock treatment rather indiscriminately. But Jack hated and feared shock by now, so I knew he wouldn't go to this man. I called the State Mental Hygiene Committee and got the name of a Doctor M., with whom I made an appointment.

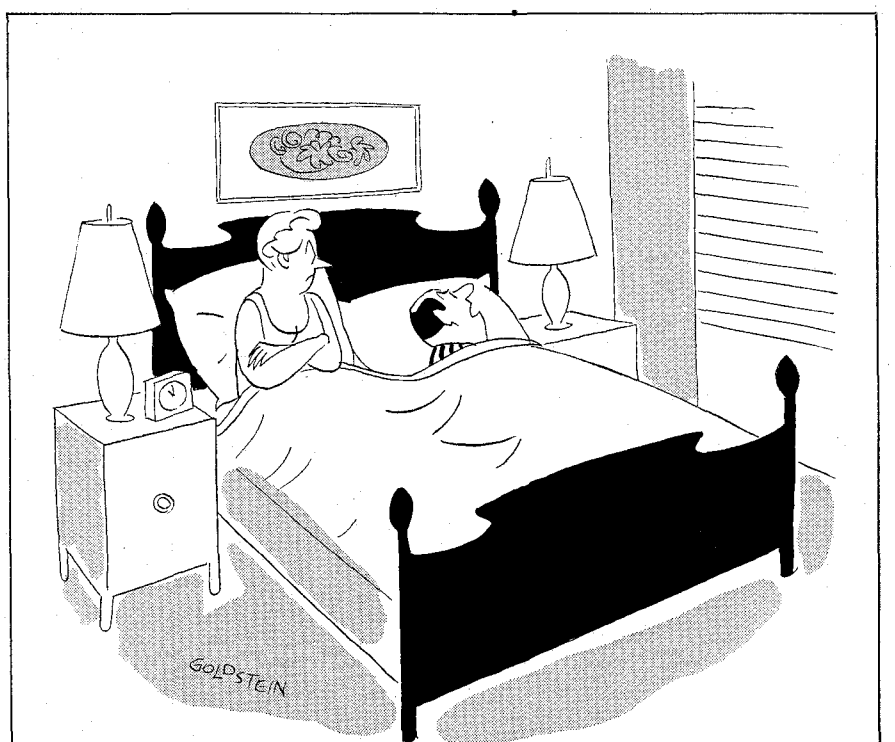
We went through virtually the same song and dance as we had with Doctor K. Doctor M. listened courteously to my story over the phone. He made a noncommittal remark when I said I felt sure that Jack was within a day or two of going off the deep end. When Jack went to see him, Doctor M. evidently didn't mention hospitalization. To be sure, Jack came home with a prescription for a sedative and an appointment for the next morning, but by night he was so far gone that he wouldn't consider keeping an appointment with any "stupid psychiatrist." I called Doctor M. He told me to bring Jack to the hospital the next morning. But Jack was now more experienced, and "hospital" was linked with "shock" in his mind. He wouldn't budge. My suggestion that he was again sick so angered him that he knocked me down and began to hurl the furniture about.

I was frightened. As soon as I could get away from him, I smuggled the children out of the house, persuaded my parents to slip out, and left Jack raging alone. It was now two A.M. The whole neighborhood was roused by the noise, and I had no trouble finding a household that would receive the children and let me use the phone. My call woke Doctor M. from a sound sleep. He sounded gruff at first. Finally, when I had convinced him that the situation was serious, he suggested calling an ambulance.

So here at last were my men in white jackets. Standing down the street at five A.M., I saw them filing into the house, four of them, accompanied by two policemen. A tremendous battle could be heard in my mother's house. The front door flew open and Jack raced out, half naked. The whole neighborhood watched as a burly cop wrestled him into the ambulance with the help of attendants.

That was Round Two for me, Round Three for Jack. At the hospital, the routine was much the same as it had been on the West Coast. For Jack, shock. For me, the silent treatment. If Jack were physically ill, I kept thinking, it wouldn't be this way. The doctor would discuss the case with me—plans for Jack's treatment, what to do to protect the children from their father's disease, how best I could manage during the period of crisis. This sort of active interest used to be a part of medical practice and medical ethics. I have never met it in all my years of dealing with psychiatrists. No one has ever taken notice of the exhausted, distraught condition in which I came to him. No one has ever suggested, say, that I bring our harassed children to a child-guidance clinic for a checkup.

Has mine been an isolated experience? I think not. During the long hours I've spent in the waiting rooms of mental hospitals, I have talked to relatives of many other patients. With few exceptions, they knew nothing about the nature of their loved ones' illnesses, although some were seeing



"I not only agree with you—but I agree with anything you may ever say in the future."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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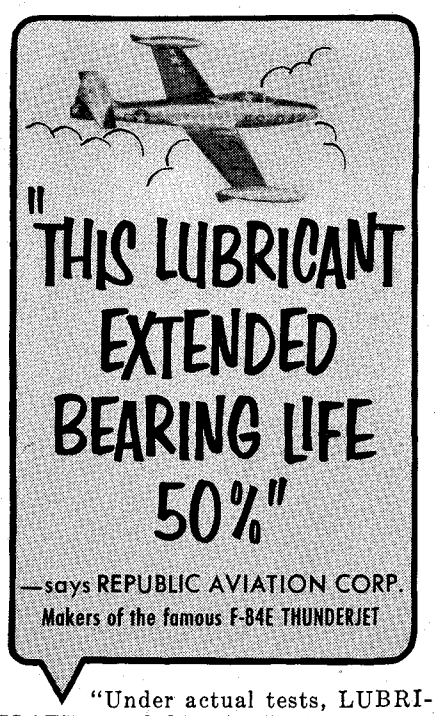

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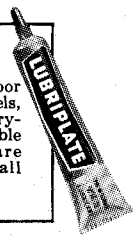

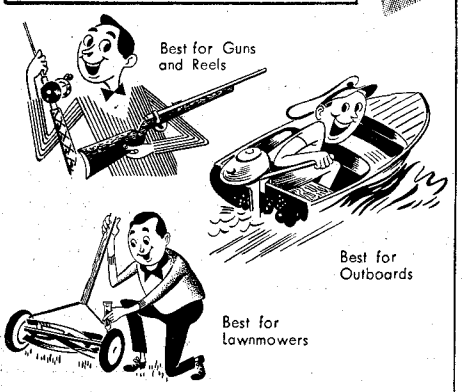

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wives or husbands or sisters through a third or fourth episode. How can the psychiatrists expect to create public understanding of mental illness if they neglect to inform their patients' families? Is it better to spend an hour lecturing at a women's club or thirty minutes enlightening one desperate housewife?

No doubt there are competent, conscientious psychiatrists who give the patient's family the advice and reassurance they so desperately need. I wasn't lucky enough to find that kind. During this third hospitalization of Jack's, for instance, I saw the doctor just twice: once to recite the case history and give permission for shock therapy; once more to receive platitudinous well wishes three weeks later, when I came to the hospital to take Jack home.

The firm in Texas accepted Jack's statement that ill health would delay his reporting for work. My parents borrowed money on their house so we could consolidate our debts. In the new Texas town we found a cheap duplex to rent. I hired a baby sitter and went to work in the local high school.

For two years Jack's pendulum swung between mildly and severely depressed. In this state he could only turn in a routine performance on the job, and he won no promotions. On the other hand, we stayed on a budget. By the spring of '51, when the next blowup came, we were almost out of debt.

I was an old hand by this time and I saw the preliminary signs of a manic phase. The people at the plant, though, were delighted with the increased efficiency Jack always manifests as he swings into high. Within a month he was given a more responsible job and a considerable raise. The country-club set discovered us, and they thought Jack, with his increasing gaiety and sociability, was wonderful, simply wonderful. That's a feminine expression. I'd known during earlier episodes that there had been other women, but this was the first time Jack flaunted them under my nose.

In June he suddenly announced that he was taking off two weeks to go fishing in Canada with some business friends. I couldn't stop him. As a result, Jack wound up in a Canadian jail, then in a Canadian mental hospital. The company was kind. They paid us sick leave for the six weeks Jack was in hospital, and offered him a research job in a Midwestern plant at a slight reduction in pay. There was one condition: they had gone over Jack's case at the national office with a consulting psychiatrist and he had suggested that Jack might benefit from further psychotherapy. Would Jack agree to treatment as soon as we were settled in the new town?

Of course, Jack had wanted to have more psychotherapy for years, but we had never felt able to afford it. Now the pinch was going to be worse, for we faced a pay cut and expected a new baby, due in March.

Shortly after we moved to the Midwestern city, Jack began going to Doctor D. At fifteen dollars a half hour, once a week, Doctor D.'s monthly bill helped to keep us broke. I had to go back to work, taking out only six weeks for the arrival of little Sue. Jack didn't seem to benefit much from the psychotherapy. He was too old, Doctor D. explained, and had too many verbal defenses.

I had the feeling now that Jack was never really sane. Twice his depression reached such depths that he had to take shock treatments on an out-patient basis. There were other troubles too; my Ann was beginning to display behavior problems at school, and the two boys were sick most of the time. But Doctor D. was always willing to listen to my worries over the phone, and for three years I had a wonderful feeling that someone really cared about us.

In the early summer of 1954, Jack began to come out of a winter-long depression and display rapidly mounting excitement. The speed with which his mood climbed from day to day, a glazed brilliance to his eyes, warned me that this was going to be one of the really bad times. I phoned Doctor D. several times to express my growing apprehension, but he tended to take a brighter view. He pointed out that Jack had escaped reaching an acute stage twelve months ago, and might be able to ride the wave again. Every effort should be made to keep him out of the hospital, so he would gain confidence in his capacity to stay sane.

I agreed, but I did point out that I had known Jack for thirteen years, and that his peaks had been coming at three-year intervals with terrifying regularity.

"Well, be sure he comes in for his weekly appointments, and I'll watch him closely," Doctor D. said. "I think we'll have him through this thing before I leave on vacation."

I don't know why the word "vacation" didn't register. Three weeks later, when I called Doctor D. to tell him that Jack was now psychotic, I was connected with a telephone-answering service. The girl said that Doctor D. had gone to Canada and would be back the first of September. No, he had not left the name of another doctor whom I could ring in his absence.

I slammed down the phone. In what other branch of medicine, I asked myself, would a doctor leave a seriously ill patient to fend for himself while he went off on a two-month vacation? Doctor D. had seemed kind and interested, but I felt we were getting a poor return for the hundreds of dollars we had paid him.

But anger was a luxury I couldn't afford. Instead, I had to act quickly to protect our children, and the neighbors too. Most of our friends were out of town for the summer, but there was one couple living nearby with whom we had been fairly friendly. Bob worked in the personnel office at the plant, so I felt he might be able to help. That evening, while Jack was out drinking, I went around to see Bob and his wife, Betty. They were so sympathetic that I ended in telling them the whole story. Bob knew a psychiatrist who occasionally served as consultant at the plant, and he promised to set up an appointment.

When I got home, Jack was there, suspicious and quarrelsome. I persuaded him that we ought to go together to a psychiatrist, to find out if Jack was right in accusing me of being neurotic. He agreed to go with me to see Doctor B.

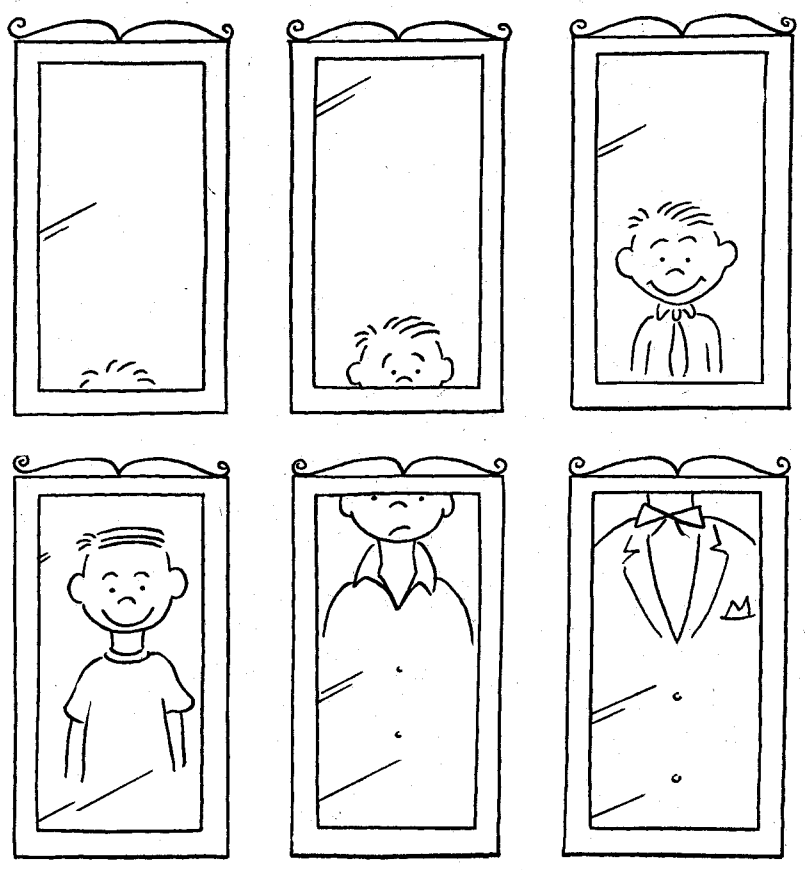
Later, out of Jack's hearing, I put in a call to Doctor B. I tried to keep my voice calm as I outlined the situation, and I avoided mistakes I had made in the past. You never tell a psychiatrist what your husband's illness is; you only list symptoms. And you never, never tell him what you think should be done. But I did warn him that Jack had tricked other doctors into believing him sane.

I might as well have saved my breath. Jack found an old bottle of phenobarbital, took four pills before we went to the doctor's office, and pulled the same old stunt. Doctor B. adroitly shifted the conversation from my problems to Jack's problems, so I knew he saw something was wrong. But he dismissed Jack with an appointment for the next day. The doctor gave me no time alone with him. I feared another night with Jack, but there was nothing to do but go home.

On the way, Jack had a fight with a policeman. That evening he showered obscenities on an old lady, a neighbor, who came to inquire about her cat. At supper he announced that he had just ordered a brand-new combination TV set. I slipped away to tell Bob what was up, and to ask him to call Doctor B. Next morning Bob reported that Doctor B. wouldn't suggest hospitalization to Jack. He thought Jack might pull out of his excited state in a couple of weeks if he could have the love and security of his home to rely on.

Bob was indignant. "What about those four kids?" he asked. "Don't they need love and security too? Who is going to treat their neuroses twenty-five years from now? I thought these birds were supposed to be interested in preventive psychiatry."

His words echoed my own thoughts; still, Doctor B.'s statement affected me strongly. If I could get through another week or so, was it possible that I could help Jack to live within the bounds of his illness? If so, no sacrifice seemed too hard to bear. Relays of my friends had been keeping the children out of the house for much of each day by inviting them to the movies, to picnics, to go swimming. If they could keep it up, the children might be spared ugly scenes that I could endure.



SCOTT TABER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Bob disagreed. He urged me to see about legal commitment procedures, but I wavered. And Doctor B., it seemed to me, encouraged me to waver. I went to see him, and spoke to him twice over the phone. Each time he made me feel that the decision about hospitalization was entirely up to me. I tried to tell him that I felt laymen must rely on doctors to judge the severity of any sickness; that I couldn't make decisions without authoritative advice. Doctor B. was unresponsive. In fact, he confused me by saying that as Jack's analyst he could take no part in making long-range plans for Jack's treatment, and since this planning should be done immediately, I must consult another psychiatrist at once.

What did long-range planning mean? Perhaps Doctor B. was thinking of hospitalization after all, but he never made this clear. At any rate, the new psychiatrist to whom he referred me couldn't see me until Friday. Thursday morning, when I awakened from sleep, Jack was standing over me with the fire tongs.

"You know," he said, "I could bash your head in. And I may yet. Now get up and make my breakfast."

He was as sick as I'd ever seen him. Just gone. His speech was disorganized, and he seemed to be listening to interior voices as he wandered about the house, half clad, bursting into snatches of song. The children were terrified. Before breakfast was over he had slapped Ann in the face and thrown Johnny clear across the room. After breakfast he went into the back yard to practice handstands. At last I could call Doctor B.

"I'll see Jack today," he said, "but only if he's accompanied by a strong male attendant." What about hospitalization? "It's the family's responsibility to get him to a hospital."

So that was that. In tears, I called Bob and reported what Doctor B. had said. He told me to take the car and drive the children out of town. He would call the police and look up another psychiatrist and see what could be done.

This was a lot of help to accept from a casual friend. But whom had I except casual friends to help me? Betty offered to bring her kids and go with us. We put in a long, weird day at a state park, staring at each other across a picnic table while the children tried to play as though nothing were wrong.

When we got home at five o'clock, it was all over. Bob had found a psychiatrist who was willing to go to the house with a police escort, ask Jack the necessary questions and sign commitment papers. Then, after a battle royal, the cops hauled Jack off to jail. I signed commitment papers at the precinct station, and the police took Jack to the hospital.

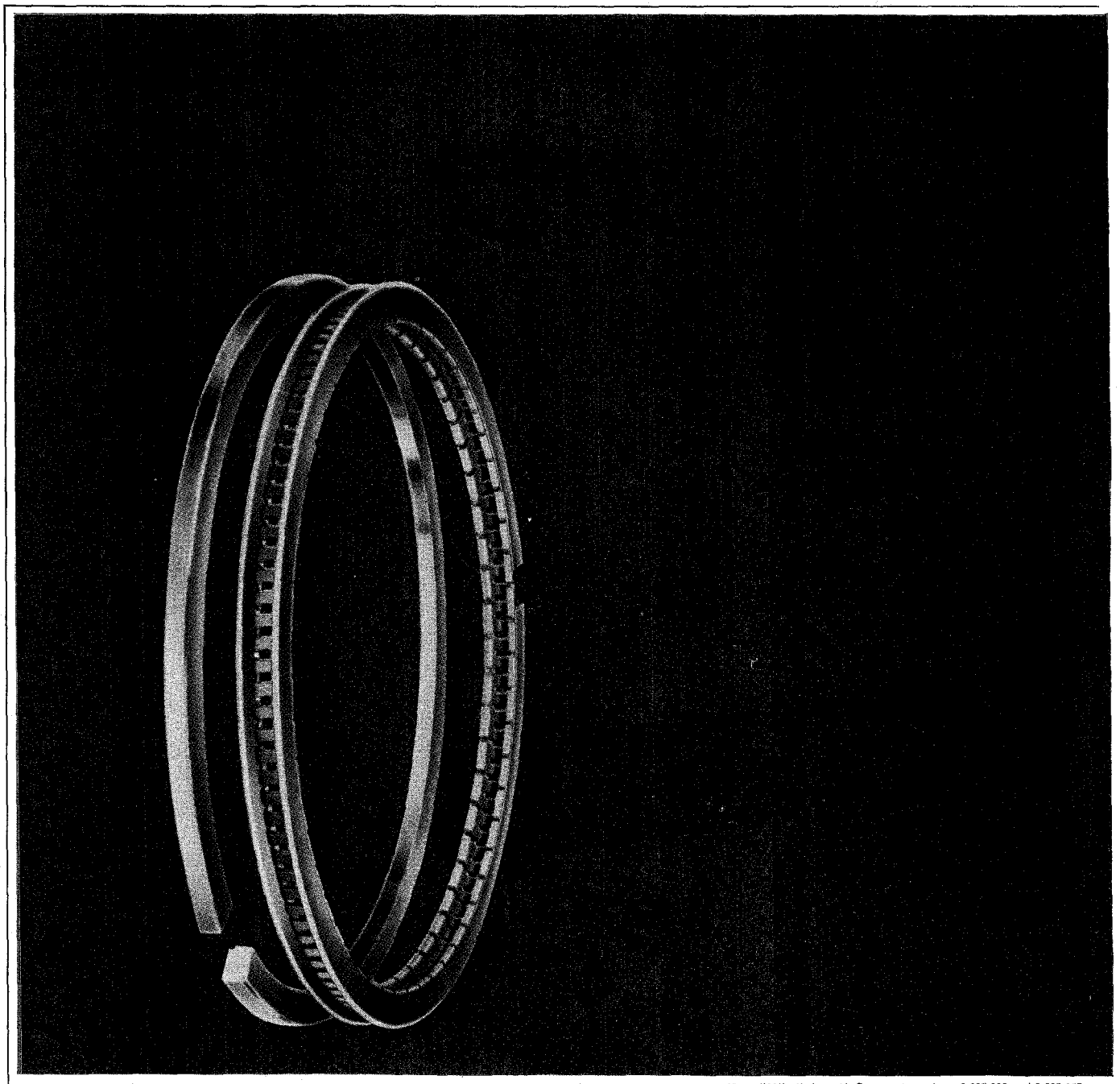
So that was Round Four. The doctor who committed Jack quickly presented me with a stiff bill, and the hospital to which he sent Jack was so expensive that I decided after a few weeks to have him transferred to the state hospital. This move, which I had always regarded with horror, may yet prove to be the best thing for us. Jack improved faster at the state hospital than he had at any private hospital. They started him on the new drug therapy in which some psychiatrists have such great hopes. He has been out for nine months now, and has remained stable in his mood for a longer period than he has in years.

Best of all, through the state hospital I have found the sort of help I have needed all these years. Jack, technically on parole from the hospital, is under the supervision of the county clinic. Once a month he goes to see the psychiatrist to be checked in his mood as well as his medication. It is arranged that I call the clinic if I see any danger signals. These doctors deal constantly with psychotics, and hear story after dreary story of their relatives' troubles. I feel that they will be more inclined to take my word about Jack's condition than the psychiatrists who came before them. I don't know for sure, but I can hope.

When Jack goes in for his monthly checkup, I go with him to see the social worker. I had read a good deal about psychiatric social workers, but in all my years of getting Jack in and out of hospitals these are the first I've ever seen. Miss Clausen has helped me in many ways, from suggesting a good source of baby-sitters to leading me to see that I was motivated by irrational feelings of guilt in my anxiety over Jack. But I should have had her assistance before Jack went to the hospital, to serve as interpreter between me and the doctor, to help me in reaching decisions and making arrangements.

The psychiatrist has to concentrate on the patient. I can understand that. On the other hand, it seems to me that the psychiatrist has a doctor's responsibility to the family and to the community. Perhaps he should hire a social worker to sit in his office and deal with distraught relatives. Or he might affiliate himself with a clinic where he could work as part of a team attacking total family situations. At the very least, he might refer relatives promptly to other sources of help.

Of course, it's not my job to tell psychiatrists what to do. I can only assure them that they do have a problem. Unless they find some way to protect mothers and children and whole neighborhoods from such frightening experiences as we have known, each mental patient will be a source of bad public relations for their profession, and a cause of psychological wounds that turn children into little neurotics and psychotics. And no psychiatrist in his right mind wants that. THE END



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Murder in Disguise (Continued from Page 45)

toward the other portrait, grimly facing Mr. Dooley. This was of a handsome older woman with stern brown eyes and an uncompromising square jaw.

"Dear mamma," said Miss Amelia. She looked at Raphael. "I don't really see a family resemblance, unless perhaps your nose. But dear Ichabod—Ichabod Carr, my lawyer—says that there will be family mannerisms, if—lawyers always say 'if.' Come along, my dear."

Even in his panic and fear, Raphael thought Eagle's Point the most beautiful house he had ever seen. Miss Amelia explained cheerfully that she had been born here; that, of course, there were no eagles and never had been any; the name was just a fancy of dear papa's. It was a gracious house, full of old furniture, old china and polished brass. A quiet house, with thick beautiful rugs. Every inch of the house showed careful attention. Every inch also showed money. Lots of money. Yet withal it was a completely homey house. There was no show or ostentation. Miss Amelia believed extravagance wicked in a world where people were hungry. The sunshine poured in, the wall colors were bright, the draperies and upholsteries cheerfully pleasing. Eagle's Point had been loved and cared for and lived in.

An Amazon of a woman appeared suddenly in the doorway. She was well over six feet and well over two hundred pounds. Her short hair was a bright orange-blond. Her longish purple skirt had a large pattern, as did her red blouse. Her voice would easily have filled a hall.

She folded her arms now and regarded Raphael with open suspicion. She said, "Miss Amelia ——"

"It will be all right, Folly," said Miss Amelia, in her timid voice. "This is my—the young man I told you I was expecting."

Folly bobbed her big head curtly in Raphael's direction. "Miss Amelia, did Mr. Ichabod say it was all right for you to see him?"

Miss Amelia's soft voice took on the ring of one who has all her life been accustomed to giving orders and having them obeyed. "Weren't you expecting the new maid the employment agency was sending, Folly? Shouldn't you be looking for her?"

"One came. I sent her away. Little flibbertigibbet who didn't know a broom from a mop."

"But girls are so hard to get, with the mills offering such attractive jobs."

"They'll send somebody else," said Folly stubbornly. "Now, don't you change the subject, Miss Amelia. Did Mr. Ichabod ——"

"Suppose you bring us some tea then, please," said Miss Amelia. "And some of your nice scones."

"But ——"

"Now!" said little Miss Amelia.

Folly stamped off, glaring back at Raphael. Miss Amelia smiled after her with genuine affection. "Dear Folly."

They entered the library, an unpretentious room with shelves to the ceiling filled with assorted and well-worn books. Miss Amelia motioned Raphael toward a comfortable red sofa, and herself sat beside him in an old-fashioned rocker. She put on her glasses and took up a blue wool stocking which she was knitting.

She sighed. "So many stockings. Dear mamma always insisted on good works, but sometimes I think how perfectly silly to be all the time knitting stockings for people I don't even know. How do I know the stockings ever fit anybody? Dear Ichabod says the ones I sent him in the war didn't fit him. How do I know that anybody ever wears them at all? But I write a little letter with each pair—they go to the hospitals often, you know—and sometimes people are even kind enough to answer. One boy sent me a picture of his little girl. Wasn't that sweet of him? But"—she leaned forward—"I don't really like to knit. I love to write letters and to get answers. Don't you love to get mail?"

"Yes, I—I mean, I'm afraid I don't get much."

Careful, Raphael. Careful. You nearly said, with the show I loved the fan mail. Careful. You had no fan mail. No show. You're Miss Amelia's nephew, Raphael. Nimble Schultz is dead. And if he doesn't stay dead ——

Miss Amelia clucked her tongue daintily. "Oh, my dear, how badly I feel about the way you have been treated. If only dear mamma had brought you home for me to raise! I would so have loved ——" There were tears in her soft eyes. "But we must make up for that now, mustn't we? Tell me, first—you never gave me the name they called you. You only used the initials B.N. in writing me, and gave me them with a post-box number to write to. I can understand this, my dear; all of the Jordans have always had a very strong feeling about their privacy. But now we'll assume your last name is really Jordan, after my family, since dear Cecily —— But your first name? You used the initial B. in signing your letters."

Even if the police got the name of Benjy Neils from the hotel register and put it in the papers, as they might well do, Miss Amelia had never heard it. Anyhow, he would be gone by dark.

Raphael said boldly, "B. was for a nickname. No one ever knew my real first name. But the orphanage called me Raphael."

"Raphael. Raphael Jordan. Such a beautiful name. And such a big young man. I believe you could put one hand around my waist and break me in two. Tell me all about yourself, Raphael. Just as you might have told dear Cecily."

Raphael was not deceived. Miss Amelia was knitting steadily. Her welcome had been warm. But Miss Amelia was no fool. She had generosity and affection, but she also had common sense. She was waiting to hear what he had to say before making her real judgment. The words Raphael would utter now would be weighed in the balance with an inheritance of more than three million dollars.

Not really. Because he was not going to stay to try to collect it. Three or four million dollars were no good to him if he was dead, and he was getting out as soon as it was dark.

He was glad that he had rehearsed his story so carefully, sitting on the park bench. Now, when he needed words so desperately, they came smoothly, automatically. For he had only to tell the simple truth about his life in the Michigan orphanage, to know that his words had an authenticity that no fiction, however carefully documented, could ever have had.

"The orphanage was a little place in Northern Michigan," Raphael said. "I was taken there after they found me in an empty movie house. They thought I was three or so, but they couldn't be sure. I never have been. The orphanage was very crowded. Probably the people your mother gave me to couldn't support me any longer."

Miss Amelia murmured sorrowfully, "Cecily's child was adopted as a baby from a Minneapolis orphanage. The people who took it disappeared almost immediately and the records were lost in a fire. Of course they could have gone to Michigan and come upon hard times three years later and been forced to abandon her child."

"I got all my growth at once. Then a Finnish farmer near Petoskey, Michigan, took me. Summers we had a tourist vegetable route. Winters are very cold up there. I strained my heart lifting some logs. When I collapsed, the farmer sent me back to the orphanage. The heart strain healed eventually, but it kept me out of the services. Scar tissue, they said. I tried them all but ——"

Miss Amelia said softly, "Oh, my dear. And then ——"

Where did he say he went next? He couldn't tell her about the circus; they could trace him from there to the Nimble Schultzes and then to the man supposedly killed by the train yesterday. Raphael knew that from here on he must improvise.

"The doctors told me I must rest a lot. Be out of doors. So, after the orphanage, I just drifted. I saw a good deal of the country, always moving. I thought someday I might write about it."

"Like Jack London!" cried Miss Amelia. "But how did you live?"

"I did yard work, mostly." He mentioned towns where the circus had been and with which he could easily prove geographical familiarity. "A few days here, a few there. Lately, I spent a brief time in Minneapolis, where I wrote you. There was a girl"—he risked showing Lynne's smiling picture, in his wallet—"but she was killed."

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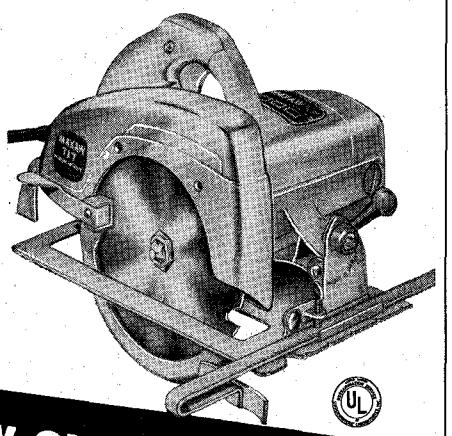

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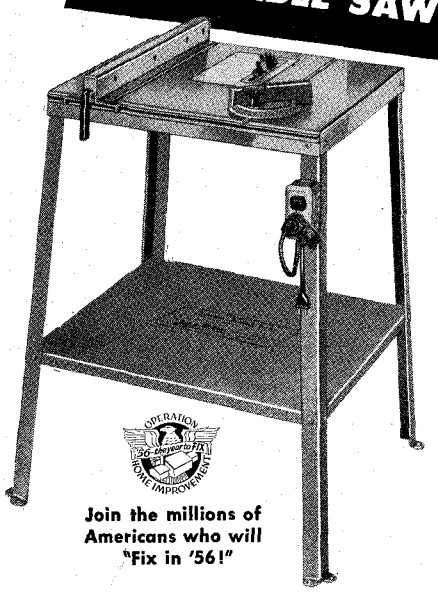

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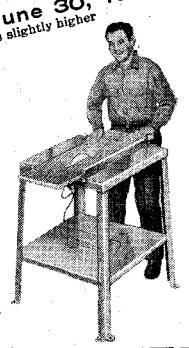

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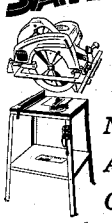

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Miss Amelia was openly sniffing into her handkerchief. "We have such a lot to make up to you. How dear Cecily would have loved you!"

The big woman named Folly entered now, easily carrying a heavy silver tray and tea service. She plopped the tray on the coffee table in front of Miss Amelia with considerably more force than was necessary. She stood openly studying Raphael.

"Did the employment agency send another maid, Folly?" asked Miss Amelia.

Folly frowned. "They didn't send her, but another one came. Said she knew about the job through another girl. Looks too skinny to be much use, but she's willing to start right away, so I told her we'd give her a week's trial."

Miss Amelia beamed. "Good. I do want you to have more help. And you know I have perfect faith in your judgment, Folly."

Folly looked at Raphael. "Well, if you have such faith in my judgment, if you ask me ——"

"Thank you, Folly," said little Miss Amelia definitely.

Folly glared at Raphael again. She retired with reluctance. Miss Amelia smiled after her. "Dear Folly. She was named Folly because that's what her father said it was when she was born—sheer Folly. She's been with me for over twenty years. She was waiting for me to be my housekeeper when I went West as a bride while Mr. Dooley built one of his dams. We only had a short time, you know, before his fatal accident. There was a cave-in, and he went in after his men. He didn't have to, but he wouldn't send anyone else. Afterward, dear Folly came back with me and has looked after me ever since. Unfortunately ——"

Folly appeared in the doorway, as abruptly as she had left. "Mr. Ichabod on the phone," she said, avoiding Miss Amelia's eye.

Miss Amelia put her teacup down with a little bang. "Folly, if you dared to call him ——" But Folly was gone.

Miss Amelia picked up an extension phone on the big library table. "Dear Ichabod," she said, "do you know, the nicest thing has happened. . . . Ichabod! Such language! In my whole life no one has ever —— I don't care if you are mad; dear mamma always said a gentleman —— Ichabod!" There was a rather lengthy silence on Miss Amelia's part.

Finally she said, "Yes. All right. . . . Yes. I promise. I'll expect you for dinner. I'll have dear Folly make you some —— Ichabod!" She hung up, looking a little flushed. "I'm afraid dear Ichabod feels I shouldn't have let you come here without him, certainly not without telling him." Miss Amelia frowned. "I must tell Folly about dinner. With Kathi and Wes, we will be five. Such a nice number, five. We can use the Spode cups. Dear Folly has broken all but five. I was going to put you in dear Cecily's room, but now that I see how big you are, I think perhaps the room dear Mr. Dooley used—before we were married, of course. Right at the head of the stairs, on the left. My rooms are at the back, along the river, with dear Kathi next to me. Dinner will be at seven-thirty."

Raphael mounted the great curving staircase with a feeling of awe. He stood for an instant looking down, with a profound sense of possession. Contented possession. This lovely house, with its gracious furnishings, was shortly going to belong to the man who established himself as Miss Amelia's nephew.

If staying here to get it didn't also mean getting hanged, he reminded himself.

Fiberboard suitcase in hand, he turned into Mr. Dooley's room. Probably in Mr. Dooley's day it had been very much as it was now—great walnut double bed and carved dresser to match, a man's easy chair, old-fashioned flowered wallpaper and plain green draperies. He was pleased to note that it had its own bath. He put the suitcase on the bed and went in to have a shower.

When he came out, there was a note propped against his suitcase. In clear firm handwriting, it said:

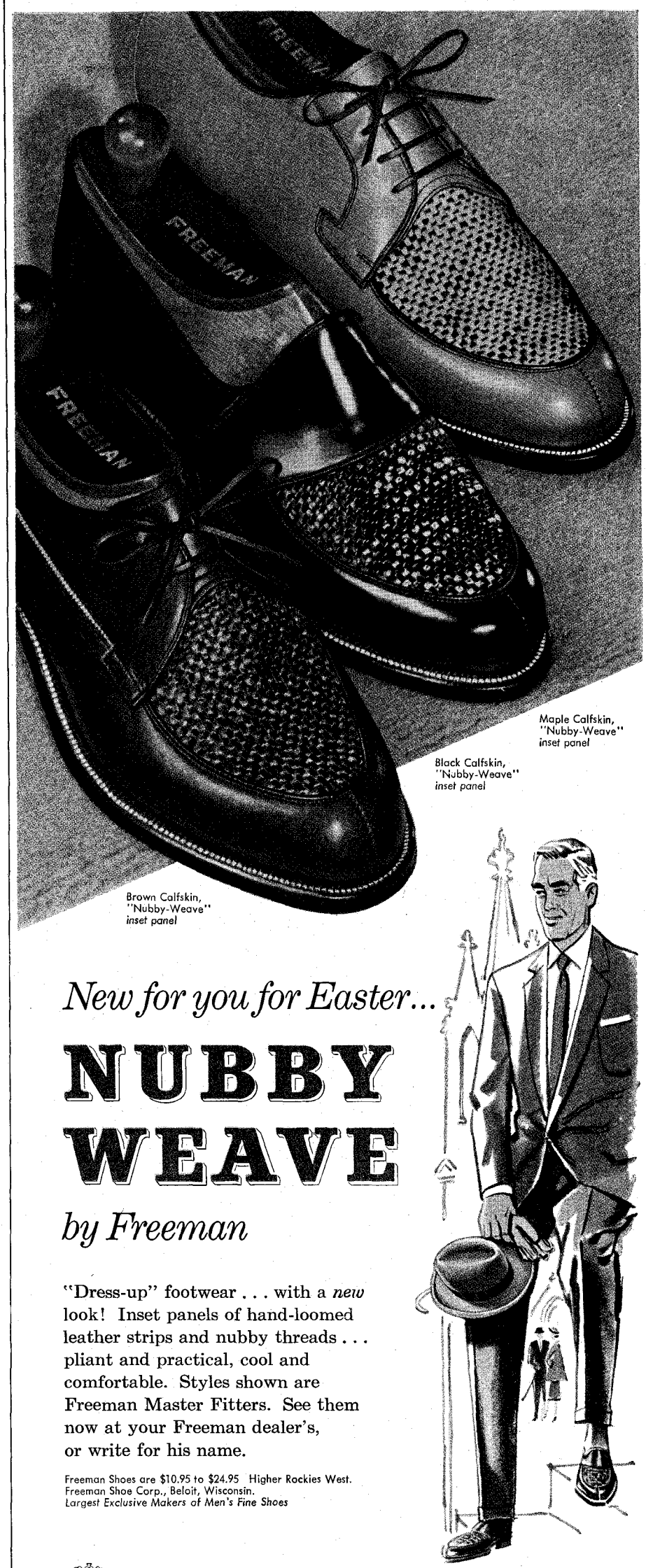
Benjy Neils: This is your last warning. I want nothing from you except for you to leave Miss Amelia alone. If you go now and make no further trouble, you will never hear from me again. But if you do not, I shall denounce you as the fraud that you are and see that you go to jail.

Raphael studied the note for a long time. Who had written it and how did he or she know Raphael was a fraud? Whoever it was sounded very certain. Yet how could that be? Raphael knew no one here, had met only Miss Amelia and Folly. His first impulse was to take the writer's advice, to go now. But in broad daylight he had no chance of not being seen by the police. By night he could get away. A few hours ——

He told himself that the writer of this note was bluffing. Must be. Raphael decided that he must take the risk that the writer was. Raphael must gamble for the time which he needed so desperately. Against an emergency, he opened the suitcase and put Benjy's small .22 back into his

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I made my first big mistake when I named him 'Pal.'"



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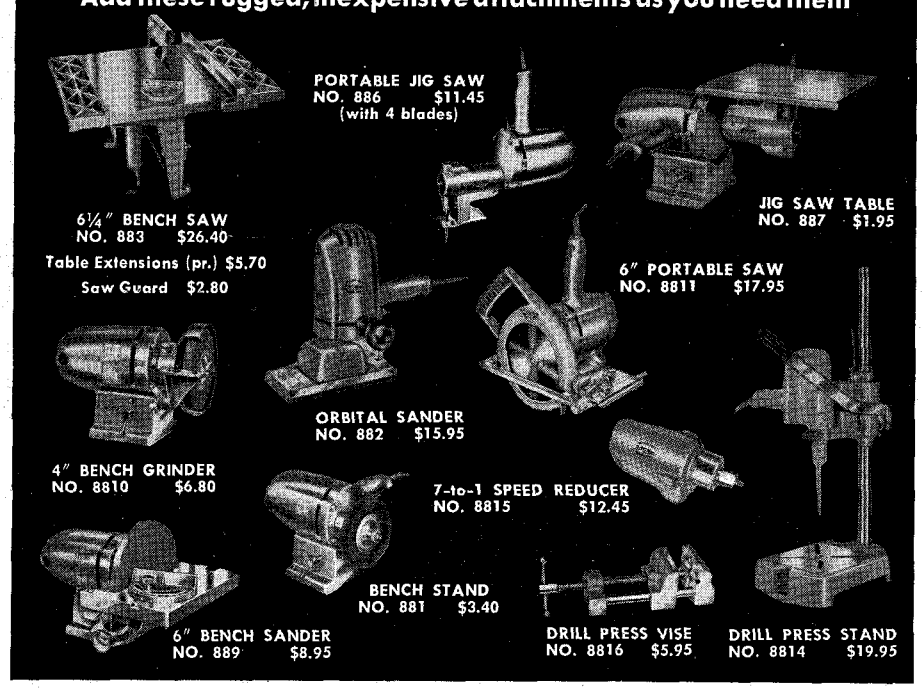

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coat pocket. He lay down on the bed and tried to rest. He could not. He decided to walk around the grounds and make plans for the route of his leaving tonight.

When he came back to his room, a few minutes before dinnertime, he discovered that he had had another visitor. There was no note this time. But his belongings had been carefully searched.

In a remote corner of the acres of Eagle's Point, down near the river, there was a pocket-sized green area enclosed by a picket fence of ancient vintage. Within the enclosure there were perhaps a dozen stone markers. When Hammond Jordan, Amelia's grandfather, had bought this land many years before, he had not disturbed this burial ground of the original settlers. Instead, throughout the years he and his descendants had planted flowers and tended the plot carefully. And though further interments were, of course, forbidden by city ordinance, it had been the custom of the Jordans to erect a small memorial stone here to each member of their family who passed away. It was before the simple stone, IN MEMORY OF PATRICK DOOLEY, that Miss Amelia now sat, carefully weeding the giant pansies and picking off the dead blossoms.

Though there was no one else around, she reached down to pull the fine silk of her dress over the dainty lace of her slip, which was showing. Her back was straight, as she sat back on her heels, and her troweling energetic and skillful.

"Your dam is still there, Mr. Dooley." Her voice was softly affectionate. "There's talk now of needing a bigger one. But yours is still as fine and solid as the day you built it. I'll fight a new dam with my dying breath. But even if the project went through, the new dam would never be the equal of the one you built. And I always think, if it hadn't been for the dam bringing Mr. Dooley to Waurika ——" Miss Amelia sat back and sighed. "Do you remember the day we met, my dear? It was a Saturday in December, cold and wet and utterly unromantic, and we were both late for the Civic Committee Meeting, and I came running up the steps one way and you another, and we collided and I went down. And I looked up at you, and I knew right away—right away, Mr. Dooley—that you were the one. Perhaps it was the way your black hair curled or perhaps —— Of course, dear mamma was very difficult about it. But when I told her I was going West with you as Mrs. Dooley, dear mamma fainted; but she did come around nicely. And it was such a lovely church wedding."

Amelia remained for a few minutes, looking down the river. Finally she said, "But if I hadn't gone away then and left dear Cecily with just mamma —— Even Ichabod was away mostly then, finishing his law school, after the time out for the war. If only dear Cecily had had someone to turn to. Dear mamma simply didn't understand. But it can't be helped now. You would like Raphael, I think, Mr. Dooley. He's big and strong like you. Perhaps he could build things, big things, like you did. I looked at him and thought he might have been our son, yours and mine, if ——" Amelia shook her head. She stood up now, shaking the folds of her silk dress into place around her. She said politely, "I must go now, Mr. Dooley. Dear Ichabod will be coming, and he's already so angry at me for seeing Raphael without telling him."

She found Ichabod Carr energetically pacing the floor of the little library, gesticulating dangerously with his burning pipe. His gray hair was hopelessly awry, and his roar filled the house. Folly, her big arms folded in her red-flowered blouse, eased her large back against the door and watched him with the tolerance and affection of an old friend.

"Don't tell me about it. I'm no jury," she said. "Tell Miss Amelia."

"But I never dreamed that Amelia would see this fellow without telling either me or Kathi. What does Amelia have a secretary for, I want to know?"

"To write letters." Folly closed her eye in an enormous wink. "The ones she doesn't mind anybody reading."

"This isn't funny!" roared Ichabod.

"I'm not worried. Not now that you're here. Here she comes." Folly disappeared through the doorway.

Miss Amelia came out of the little downstairs washroom. "I've been gardening," she said. "It does get one's hands so earthy. Good evening, dear Ichabod." She crossed the room to him and held up her cheek for his kiss. She reached up to straighten his tie and to pat his hair smooth. "Dear me. If your housekeeper saw the way you look fifteen minutes after you leave home, she'd probably ——"

"Amelia!" said Ichabod.

She smiled up at the big man. "Yes, Ichabod?"

"Sit down!"

"Yes, Ichabod."

Ichabod strode up and down in front of her, not speaking, but now and then glowering at her.

Miss Amelia reached out to pat his hand. "Dear Ichabod. You need your whisky and soda."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Prairie Mother

By IRENE STANLEY

This was our mother, always slight of form,
Yet great of strength in any chilling storm—
Our prairie mother, brown-haired, brown-eyed, warm
Possessor of the poet's heart and eye.
Entranced by all things beautiful and high,
Her gaze turned often to the open sky,

Interpreting for us the lark's rich flood
Of silver sound before his silent thud
To crocus beds in purple furry bud.
Her ear was first to hear at winter's edge
The tingling challenge of the wild-goose wedge
Descending pondward, crashing reed and sedge.

She traced the glory of the afterglow
In ruby dust on frozen fields of snow;
She knew what hour should see the blue flax blow.
The benediction given to the pure
To glimpse Infinity, she held secure
Who wrote across our lives her signature.

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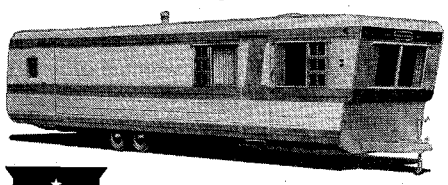

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Folly had apparently had the same thought, for she appeared now to put the glass into his hand.

Ichabod took the glass, weighing it. Then he threw it, quite deliberately, at the stone grate.

Miss Amelia's face went white. "Ichabod!"

"Don't Ichabod me! I've had enough of this, Amelia! Do you understand that? Enough. I can't be your attorney if you disregard my advice and deliberately do things I have told you not to."

"I ——"

"I told you not to correspond with any of the claimants without my knowledge. I told you not to see them, not to talk to them, without my being there. I told you ——"

"Oh, Ichabod!"

"Crying isn't going to do you any good," said Ichabod grimly. "You've always been able to get anything you couldn't get any other way from me by crying. Not this time. I'm through. Get yourself another attorney." He turned abruptly on his heel and headed for the door.

"Ichabod!" wailed Miss Amelia. "You can't!"

"Why can't I?"

"Because I—well, I simply couldn't get along without you. It's absurd. You've always—I've always ——"

"No," said Ichabod. "I won't be your attorney if you don't follow my advice."

"I only meant to surprise you. And dear Raphael was so insistent that he was just coming to see me, and the meeting should be just the two of us. I won't do it again. Ever. I promise, Ichabod!"

Ichabod paused in the doorway, his face grim. "How do I know you'll keep your promise?"

Miss Amelia drew herself up. "A Jordan never broke a promise!"

Ichabod seemed to be weighing the matter. He took his time, letting her wait. Finally he said, "I'll listen to what happened. All of it, mind. Not a word left out. Then I'll see. Start talking. When did you first write this fellow without telling me?"

Miss Amelia started talking, her eyes anxiously on Ichabod's face. She obeyed his instructions to the letter; she left nothing out, and conscientiously repeated her conversation with Raphael as nearly word for word as she could.

Miss Amelia sat very quietly in her rocking chair, her thin face pale, but her body very straight. She was every inch the aristocrat as she sat there, Amelia Jordan Dooley, and knowing it.

Finally she said, "Well, Ichabod?"

Ichabod roared, "Do I have your word that from here on you'll do just what I tell you, and report to me everything that happens?"

"Yes, Ichabod. You have my word."

Ichabod exhaled all his breath at once and fell heavily into a chair. "I believe I'll take that whisky and soda now."

Folly brought it, and swept up the broken glass on the hearth without comment. Ichabod sipped his drink in silence. Then he spoke in his usual slow drawl, "Now here's what we'll do, Amelia: No more letters. Understand that. No promises. But so long as the fellow's here, and you say he's presentable enough, we'll let him stay for the present, where we can watch him. But all business matters are to be discussed only with me present. You treat him just like any other house guest. Do you understand that? You are to commit yourself to nothing."

"Yes, Ichabod." She smiled at him shakily. "I want to get to know him. I often think, if I had taken time to know dear Cecily better —— I loved her very much, but she was so much younger that I petted her like a baby. But I don't believe I ever really talked to her. She must have been a very lonely child, now that I think of it. Dear mamma was always so ——"

"So wrapped up in her beautiful daughter, Amelia," said Ichabod grimly. "You were the belle of Waurika in those days, Amelia, running from one gay party to another, beaux galore, jumping your mare over fences, dashing off to Europe. All the pleasures and luxuries that money could buy. I was as mad about you as all the rest. So much so that nobody dared write me about your wedding while I was away at law school. Cecily had to tell me, when I came home on vacation, that you had married Mr. Dooley. I thought of joining the Foreign Legion."

Miss Amelia laughed. "But instead you quite sensibly went back to law school."

Ichabod said soberly, "Cecily was lonely, Amelia—lonelier than any of us realized. And none of us helped her. None of us really thought of her as anything but your young sister. I'd give ten years of my life to have known ——" He put a big hand on her frail shoulder.

"Dear Ichabod," she said. "We would both so have liked to have known. But perhaps we can now at least help her child. I would have given up many times in this search if it had not been for your strength and steadfastness behind me. But you have never given up, never lost your courage, your determination to find Cecily's child. And now we seem to have finally succeeded."

"Perhaps," said Ichabod. "I don't know. Somehow I don't feel right about it. But I haven't even seen the fellow yet."

Miss Amelia looked at him. "Why, Ichabod! It's incredible, for you of all people, but I believe you are actually nervous about meeting Raphael!"

She covered his hand with hers. He bent suddenly to kiss her soft cheek. She pulled him against her, holding him tightly, each of them giving to the other the particular kind of strength which was their own. Then Ichabod was across the room again, blowing his nose furiously, as Miss Amelia brushed at her eyes with her handkerchief. Presently they were engaged in one of their lively and familiar discussions, which jumped from subject to subject, even including the forbidden religion and politics. Ichabod was a Democrat by conviction, Miss Amelia a Republican by inheritance and principle. Miss Amelia, a strong Methodist, did not actually believe that Congregationalists like Ichabod went to hell, but it would not have surprised her very much.

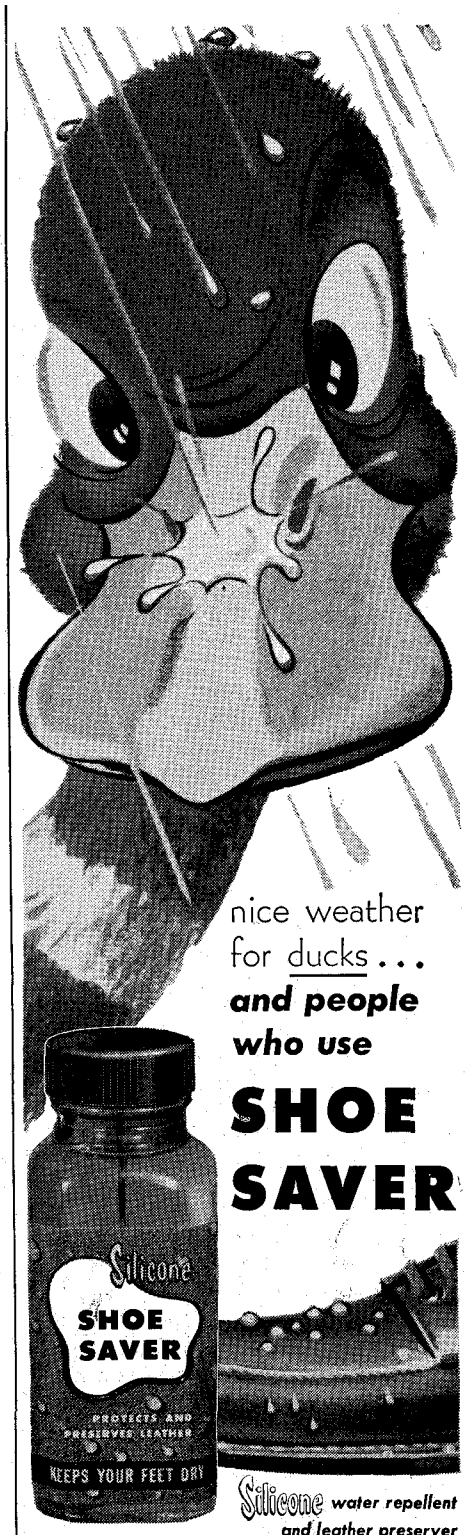
When Wes Olson came into the room a few minutes later, they were on the subject of baseball, for which Mr. Dooley had taught Miss Amelia an abiding passion. Their mutual affection and happy companionship was obvious. But Wes' cool gray eyes did not miss Miss Amelia's tear-stained cheeks, her handkerchief a wet wad in her hand, or the tension so unusual in the normally relaxed Ichabod Carr.

Wes made his smile casual. "Am I too early?"

Amelia, always a gracious Jordan hostess, assured him that he was not. Ichabod let Wes engage Miss Amelia in conversation about the dahlias with which she annually took prizes in the Waurika Garden Club Fair. Ichabod put his hot pipe into his coat pocket and sat watching the door.

Presently there were light, hurried steps and Kathi came in, tall and willowy in a brown print over a full and rustling yellow petticoat. She had brushed her short hair until it framed her face in a haze of shining red-gold, and there was about her a young, very appealing grace. She seemed excited and upset, but she spoke to Miss Amelia in her clear, pleasant voice, then to Ichabod. Finally she turned to Wes.

He smiled. "Still mad?"



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Kathi said, "I'm sorry about losing my temper this afternoon in Ichabod's office, Wes. Truly sorry. I didn't mean ——"

He patted her soft, freckled arm. "Forget it."

Kathi's look was troubled. "Wes, if you could only understand!"

All of them heard the footsteps coming down the stairs. Ichabod Carr got to his feet abruptly, standing very tense, watching the door. Kathi moved to the desk at the other end of the room. Wes and Miss Amelia remained as they were, also watching.

Raphael crossed the hall, hearing only silence in the room ahead. Then he was facing three people, all looking at him. The girl was standing at the desk, her back to him, fussing with some papers.

Miss Amelia said hastily, "My dear, I'm forgetting my manners. This is Raphael, everyone. My lawyer and my oldest friend, Ichabod Carr."

Raphael shook hands with Ichabod, smiling carefully, but feeling secretly relieved. It had been the lawyer he was dreading most. Surely it would not be difficult for a few hours to fool this big untidy man, who was not even careful to get a haircut when he needed it. Ichabod stood white-faced, saying little, wringing Raphael's hand hard, staring at him. Wesley Olson would have impressed Raphael more had he been the lawyer, for there was about Wes in his neat summer suit a cool sophistication that Raphael secretly envied. Wes, Raphael felt resentfully, could probably cope with anything that came along. He had a capable air, as if able to meet any emergency.

And then Wes left Raphael's thoughts completely. For he was being introduced to Kathi.

"Kathi, my dear, this is Raphael," Miss Amelia said.

The girl turned suddenly and faced him. Her eyes widened. She said, "But you aren't —— Who are you?"

Raphael tried to put bewilderment into his tone. "That's what we're trying to establish, isn't it?"

"But I thought you were—you mean you're the one claiming to be the nephew?"

He looked her squarely in the eye. "You find that surprising?"

Kathi backed away from him. "Yes," she said slowly. "I do. I wasn't expecting—I mean I was expecting you to be ——"

For an instant the thought flashed through his mind, *This girl wrote that note saying she was going to denounce me as a fraud. Only she wasn't expecting me. She was expecting Benjy Neils. She wrote that note to him. It took nerve to threaten Benjy Neils. He was a dangerous man. What will she do now?*

Wes Olson came over to where Kathi was standing, holding tight to the desk. Raphael noted for the first time, but with very real satisfaction, that Wes had the use of only one arm.

Wes put his hand on Kathi's. He said quietly, "Your fingers are cold. Do you feel all right?"

Kathi swayed a little, so that, just for a second, her bright head rested against Wes' shoulder. Wes' arm came around her; she seemed to fit naturally into the circle of it. Head up, she smiled at Wes, though not at Raphael. "I'm fine."

Raphael told himself that this girl was nothing to him. This would be the only time he would ever see her. In a few hours he would be gone. No reason, at any rate, why he should resent Wes' hand on hers, or her head on his shoulder, or his arm around her. And yet he did resent it. And suddenly he knew why.

Kathi reminded him of Lynne. Kathi and Lynne, he knew instantly, both had the same courage, the same love of life, the same honesty about it. He could see Kathi sailing out into space, as Lynne had, heedless of anything except the joy of doing work she loved, and doing it well, not counting the risk, the net which was not below. Not minding, even, the price she had paid.

Ichabod Carr continued to watch Raphael closely. So did everyone else in the room. Even Miss Amelia had ceased to make her gracious small talk. Folly saved the situation by appearing in the doorway. Evening attire, for Folly, meant a red skirt, a blue blouse.

"Dinner," said Folly succinctly.

The dining room was a vast one, with a heavy mahogany dining set—tables, chairs and buffets. There were portraits on the paneled walls of people whom Raphael took to be Miss Amelia's ancestors.

Without paying any particular attention, he heard Miss Amelia saying, "Oh, are you the new maid, my dear? We hope you will be happy with us. Do tell Folly this Tetrazzini is delicious. Is it chicken?"

And then Raphael heard a voice he had never expected to hear again. A voice strangely respectful, strangely subdued, but nonetheless unmistakable.

"No, ma'am," the voice said. "Something happened to the chicken delivery today. This is rabbit."

The new maid was Mynnelu.

Miss Amelia tiptoed softly into Raphael's bedroom. "I thought I'd be sure the cloth on your head was cool, my dear. And that you were all right." Her slender hand rested for a moment against Raphael's cheek. "What a pity that you should become so suddenly ill. Right in the middle of dinner!"

If I hadn't become suddenly ill, I would have committed another murder, with four witnesses. I would have killed Mynnelu then and there. How could I have got through dinner, answering that lawyer's questions, having that girl Kathi look at me like Lynne, that damned efficient Wes Olson watch me and weigh me, with Mynnelu listening? Of course I pretended to be sick. I was sick. I still am. How could Mynnelu have got here? How did she find out that I was alive and where I was?

He moaned with genuine pain. Miss Amelia's hand found his pulse. "I do wish you'd let me call the doctor, Raphael."

"No, thanks. I'll be all right in the morning. It was just the heat yesterday and the excitement today, I guess."

"Dear Cecily's stomach was always a delicate one too. When she got excited, I remember, or when she rode in a car—but it could be your heart."

"My heart is O.K. now. That was just a temporary strain. I'll be fine in the morning."

Miss Amelia sighed. "I'm sure you will. I know I must let you rest. It's just that I never had a boy of my own. Good night, my dear."

"Good night."

Miss Amelia stooped and brushed her lips against his cheek. Then she was gone, closing the door softly, leaving the faint scent of lily of the valley. Without turning on a light, Raphael got up and crossed the room. He was pleased to see that there was a catch lock on the door. He snapped it, locking himself in.

All he had to do about Mynnelu was to avoid her between now and the time the rest of the house went to sleep. Raphael could not leave before then, because someone might check, miss him and start a search. But then he could get away. Nothing was any different, really. Mynnelu couldn't stop him. By this time tomorrow he would have forgotten he ever knew her.

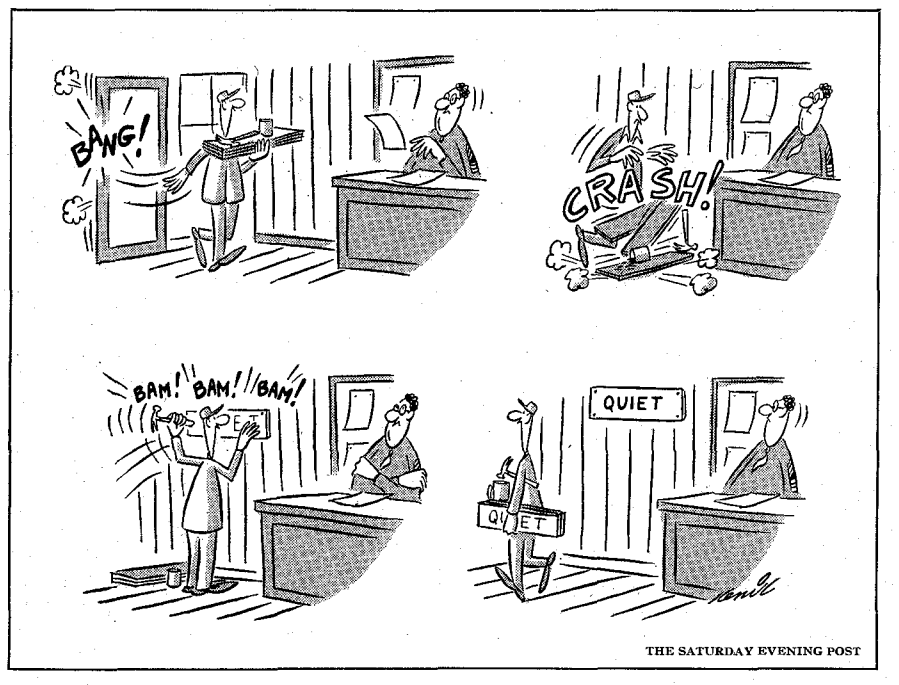
He groped in the darkness to find his clothes. He went quietly into the bathroom to dress. He put the gun in his pocket. In the darkness he repacked his meager possessions in the flimsy suitcase. He forced himself to lie down on the bed; later he would need all the rest he could get now.

He heard Miss Amelia at the head of the stairs, softly saying good night to the girl Kathi. He heard Kathi's pleasant voice asking Miss Amelia if there was anything she could do for her. When Miss Amelia said "No, thank you, my dear," he heard Kathi's light steps running down the stairs. Was she running back to Wes Olson? Raphael pictured them together in the rose garden, Wes' good arm around Kathi, her bright head against his shoulder, her lips turning up to his.

Raphael told himself sternly that it was none of his business whom Kathi kissed. He had seen the girl only once. It had not even been a particularly fortunate meeting. In Raphael's opinion, she knew more about this business than she should; privately, he thought she had been expecting him to be Benjy Neils. But something within him shook off the thought. Incredible that Kathi—clean, shining, forthright Kathi—could ever have been mixed up with anything so shady as Benjy Neils and a false-heir claim. And yet she had said, "I was expecting you to be ——"

In the silence and darkness he heard the sound of his doorknob turning. He was on his feet, moving noiselessly across the floor to stand by the door. He heard a scratching sound. Then a hiss that was unmistakably Mynnelu's. "I know you're there," she whispered. "Open that door."

He did not move. Did not breathe, even. Mynnelu tried the door again and again. She rattled it, raised her whisper as much as she dared. Finally she whispered, "All right. We'll talk tomorrow. But don't think we won't."



Mynnelu wouldn't dare take any further chances on being seen near his room again tonight. But she might find some way of watching his door from downstairs. Even if she didn't, Raphael couldn't take any chances either. He couldn't risk being seen on the stairs with his suitcase. Someone would think he was taking the silver, and call the police in thirty seconds flat. The window. That was it. He must go out the window.

He unlatched the screen and looked out, feeling his usual dizziness at looking down, though he couldn't see very well in the darkness. After his circus years, Raphael was used to falling, but this was quite a drop. Easy to break a leg. He threw the suitcase into what he hoped was grass beyond.

He thought of lowering himself by knotting the bed sheets. But there would be no way, once he was down, of unfastening the sheets. And sheets dangling down the sedate front of Eagle's Point would certainly attract attention long before Raphael's absence would otherwise be discovered.

He had no real choice but to drop directly on the concrete and take his chances on broken bones. He gave himself the advantage of the six-foot length of his body, though doing so meant dropping blindly backward. But he could not with a steady stomach look down anyway or see much in the dark if he had been able to. He let his body down to its full length. He was hanging by his finger tips. Then he dropped. He hit the concrete with a body-shaking jolt. Pain shot through his left leg and ankle. He rolled with the jolt, and his left shoulder, too, shot pain. Finally he was lying still.

It was several minutes before he moved. Then he sat up, wincing. He felt his ankle, which was swelling. Nothing broken, he was sure. The shoulder, too, moved freely. He took the precaution of bandaging the ankle tightly with his handkerchief. He worked the shoulder carefully.

Just sit here a minute or two longer, until the worst of the shock has worn off. Then find my suitcase and start walking. In an hour or two, with luck, I'll be far enough away to hitch a ride. By tomorrow morning I can be anywhere.

Mynnelu's voice, at his elbow, said flatly, "Hello, Raphael."

This was impossible—absolutely impossible—that Mynnelu should be here on the porch. And yet she was.

"How did you know?" he asked,

"Simple," said Mynnelu. "Being you, you'd be bound to try to leave tonight. You couldn't go through the house. Somebody might have seen you. You had to come out your window. All I had to do was wait."

He must have moved in her direction, for she said sharply, "Don't come any closer. I'll scream."

He took a deep breath, waited. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"What happened to Benjy Neils?"

Raphael felt suddenly cold. His voice was hoarse. "How ——"

Mynnelu laughed and leaned back. "How did I know the body wasn't yours? I didn't, at first. I really thought it was you, on account of the suit, which was about all that was recognizable. I thought that because we had quarreled —— I wasn't acting, then. I was real broke up. Ashamed of myself, even, because of the things I had said to you. Me, crying my eyes out because I thought you were dead. And you letting me, while you watched someplace and laughed."

"I didn't laugh."

"Well, you certainly didn't come and help me." Mynnelu sighed. "Ma always did say I had such bad taste that I was bound to be unlucky with men. And I sure have been. That worthless Schultz, and now you." Mynnelu sniffled. "Not to mention ——"

(Continued on Page 114)

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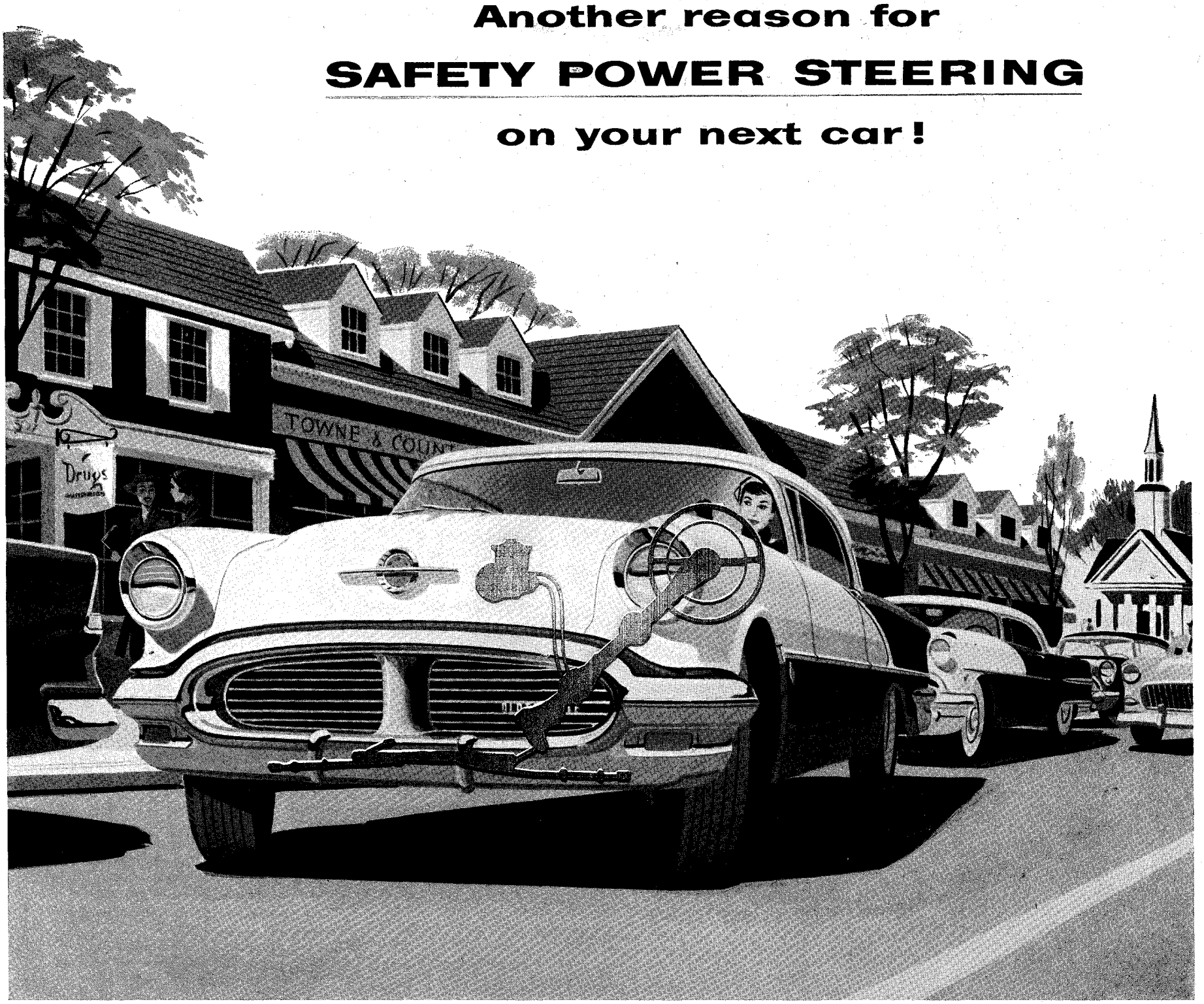

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(Continued from Page 112) "Stop it," he said, unwilling to start, at this point, a chronicle of Mynnelu's male conquests, which he knew from experience was a long and tedious one. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself. How could I know you really thought it was my body? You're such a good actress, I thought you were putting on an act to help me." He waited to let the flattery sink in. Mynnelu was very susceptible to flattery. "What kind of a position would it have put you in if I had come forward? Would it have helped you any to have your partner in jail?"

"Well——" said Mynnelu.

"You know it wouldn't. I thought you understood. I thought maybe you could collect a little money from the railroad."

"Two hundred and fifty lousy bucks, plus funeral expenses. That's what they offered me for you being dead. I had no legal claim, they said. I wasn't your wife. But just for the sake of a release and the good will—good will!"

It was a rather shocking thought, that one's death was a matter of two hundred and fifty dollars. Though, Raphael reflected, he was not worth much more than that alive. And that only thanks to Benjy Neils' wallet.

He said grimly, "What did you do?"

"Oh, I took the two hundred and fifty," said Mynnelu. "What else could I do? Especially when at any minute they might have found out the body wasn't yours."

"How did you find out?"

"When we got back to town, they made me look at it again, for the formalities. By that time I had stopped crying and I saw it wasn't you."

"But the face——"

"It wasn't the face. Nobody could tell from that. There was a diamond ring. Where would you get a diamond ring?"

"You didn't say anything?"

"And not get the two hundred and fifty bucks?"

"But how did you find me here?"

"I signed the release and they paid me. I told them we'd have the funeral in a few days," said Mynnelu. "I went to the hotel. Not that old stuffy one. The new one, with all the glass and bricks. I got a real classy room. I had two hundred and fifty bucks, and you only live once, I always say. It was cool there, after that hot train ride. Real nice. But then I got to thinking. Raphael had to go somewhere. You probably came on to the next town. If you did—and you had any money—you left your own wallet on the railroad tracks, so you probably had the other guy's. And if he had a diamond ring, he probably had some money, so you might have come to a hotel. It was a cinch you weren't going to go to that old hotel with the plush chairs in the lobby. I didn't see any other, so you might have come to the Jones House. I called downstairs and asked the clerk if any gentleman had checked in that night without luggage. He said Mr. Benjy Neils, in Nine-oh-two. So the next morning, I just waited in the corridor near Nine-oh-two until Mr. Benjy Neils came out. And who do you think Mr. Benjy Neils was?"

Raphael groaned. "It certainly was smart of me to sign Benjy's name to that hotel register. The police will get it there when they check registers looking for the man in the striped suit. They'll print it in the paper. Fortunately Benjy only used a post-box number and initials in writing Miss Amelia, so the name 'Benjy Neils' will mean nothing at all to Miss Amelia and won't alarm her. . . . I suppose then you followed me?"

"That's right. Not too closely. But I always knew where you were. I nearly went up and spoke to you in that park, I got so curious and tired of waiting and watching you practicing writing on pieces of paper. But I wanted to see what you were up to. So I listened to the address on Riverview Drive that you gave the cab, and after a while I gave another cab the same address and came out here too."

"But this maid business?"

"Purely happened. A girl came out of Eagle's Point. She was hopping mad. Said an agency had sent her to be the maid and some old harpy—that's Folly—wouldn't hire her. Said she didn't even get to talk to the lady of the house, because her long-lost nephew had just showed up to visit her. I didn't understand, but I knew you were in there somewhere and it didn't look like you were coming out. So I thought I'd investigate a little further. Applying for the job as maid was a good way to get into the house. So I did."

"And you got the job."

"I didn't want the job." Mynnelu sighed with real weariness. "I hate housework. You know that. Why do you think I left Milwaukee? And that Folly! Eyes in the back of her head, and a tongue that would melt steel. And a vocabulary to match. But when I found out you were the long-lost nephew, I said to myself, 'Mynnelu, you've got to stay here to protect your own interests,' and so here I am. After washing the dishes. I never saw people use so many dishes. You even have to wash the ones they don't use. But I've got to protect my interests."

"There are no interests to protect," he said sharply.

Mynnelu stretched her arms above her head. "Aren't there, though! With my partner the heir to—is it three or four million dollars?"

"I'm not the heir to it. You know that."

Mynnelu said softly, "Oh, yes, you are, Raphael. Oh, yes, you are."

"Do you realize that if I'm seen in town I'll be arrested for murder? I've got to get out of here. Now. Fast. I was going to get settled somewhere and then, when it was safe, send for you."

"I'll bet."

"But I was. You've got to believe me." *You've got to let me go. My life depends on my going. Tonight.*

There was a smile in Mynnelu's voice—a smug smile, though he could not see her face. She said, sounding more like her usual cheerful self, "We've got a lot of other people to kid in this business, Raphael. Let's not kid ourselves. Why didn't you let me in to talk to you tonight in your room, if you were going to send for me?"

"Let you in?"

"You heard me at your door," said Mynnelu. "Don't say you didn't. You've got ears like a cat."

"But, Mynnelu ——"

"Don't 'but Mynnelu' me. I don't believe you, for one thing, and for another, there isn't time. What is anybody going to think if they come along and find Miss Amelia's dear sick nephew talking to the new maid in the dark?"

"Never mind what they think. I've got to get away from here!"

"Why?"

"I told you. If I'm seen in town and recognized, they'll arrest me for murder!"

"Maybe."

"What do you mean, maybe?"

"They don't have much of a description in the paper," said Mynnelu. "Just a dark man with a striped suit. Of course, the police probably have a better description, and there are the eyewitnesses. But as that mustache grows, and with the striped suit burned—I hope you had enough sense for that—no stranger is going to connect Miss Amelia's nephew with Benjy Neils. Of course, if one of the witnesses sees you, that may be different. But the hotel clerk only saw you for a minute; the Jones House is a busy place. Otherwise, a couple of waiters, maybe a few people on the train, a two-bit kid."

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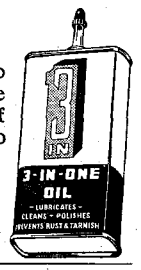

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"And if you do," said Mynnelu, "you won't blink an eye. I've tried to make a trouper of you. That's your business. Do a little acting, for a change. Be Miss Amelia's nephew. Raphael Jordan, heir to three or four million. Let's make it four. They'll never think of connecting you with Benjy Neils."

"It's too risky. If it fails, I'm the one who gets hanged. Not you."

"Reasonable, considering you were the one who murdered him in the first place."

"I didn't murder him! It was an accident. You've got to believe me."

"Do you think the police will? You ran away, you've taken his place, you spent his money."

"That's why I've got to get away."

"You're not going any place."

"I've got to. Do you want me hanged?"

"At the moment," said Mynnelu, "it is a matter of supreme indifference to me whether you are or not."

"You can't mean that."

"I do mean that. Now you listen to me, Raphael. I've worked hard all my life. Real hard. And for what? For nothing, so far. I thought I'd be rich and famous. A great dancer. A great singer. A big name in lights. Well, I don't think that any more. I thought I'd see the world. I found that a cheap hotel looks like a cheap hotel, whatever town it's in. I thought I'd marry a wonderful man." Mynnelu sniffled. "And what I got was Schultz, and you and —— But this is something big. The only big thing I've ever had a crack at or ever will. It's my last chance, and I'm taking it. We can get four million dollars, easy as pie. And you want to run away. Well, I'm not going to let you. You just start to try to run, and I'm going to call the police so fast they'll pick you up going out the front gate. And I'll tell them who you are and that you murdered Benjy Neils too."

"You wouldn't."

"Oh, wouldn't I? Just try me and see."

"You'd go to jail yourself as an accessory."

"If," said Mynnelu coolly, "my legs and my tears had no effect on the jury. Anyhow, if I did, it would be cheap at the price."

"You couldn't be so vindictive."

"If I lose the chance at four million dollars? After all these years of hoofing and starving and being chased around by managers? Don't kid yourself. I mean it."

And I might as well not kid myself. She does.

Again he moved toward her; again she moved back. "I'll scream. And don't think I won't."

He was silent now, his head in his hands. His ankle and shoulder throbbed painfully.

Mynnelu said, "Make up your mind. Stay here and inherit or I go to the police. Now."

"Mynnelu, after all we've been to each other, are to each other still, after three years of working together ——"

"If," said Mynnelu, "I were completely bats about you—oh, I admit I may have been once, but not now—and you were about me, that still wouldn't make any difference. Love has its place. But this is business. Big business. Four million dollars' worth."

"Just for once, listen to me, Mynnelu. We've got to get out of here tonight. Staying would mean disaster for us both. I can feel it."

"Some more of your silly superstitions. Sometimes I think you were with that circus too long. Nothing's going to happen. You're going to stay here and inherit four million dollars. What's disastrous about that?"

"But if I'm recognized ——"

"If you stay here, you at least have a chance of not being recognized. If you go, now or later, I promise you the police will have you within an hour. Take your choice."

He sighed. "There is no choice."

At the present. But there will be other times. Times when you won't hold all the trumps. You'll be careful, but you can't always be on guard. It won't hurt me to let the situation simmer down a little. I probably won't have to go into Waurika immediately, and there's no reason for the police to come out here.

"But I don't know if this ring and letter Benjy Neils had are genuine," he said. "They may be able to prove I'm not the nephew. Then ——"

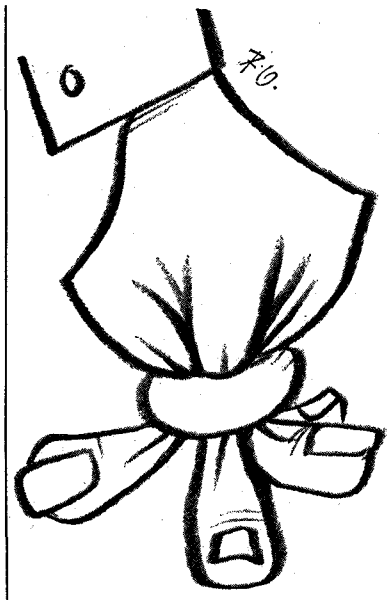
"They'd better not. You'd better do the acting job of your life. You'd better be the most careful and loving nephew anybody ever had. You'd better watch every word. You'd better not slip. Because if you do ——"

One way, she'll tell who I really am and I'm practically sure to be hanged for murder. Staying here, I may have a chance. If I can be a convincing nephew. More than money depends on this impersonation now. My life depends on it.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Met a couple of your contemporaries down the street."



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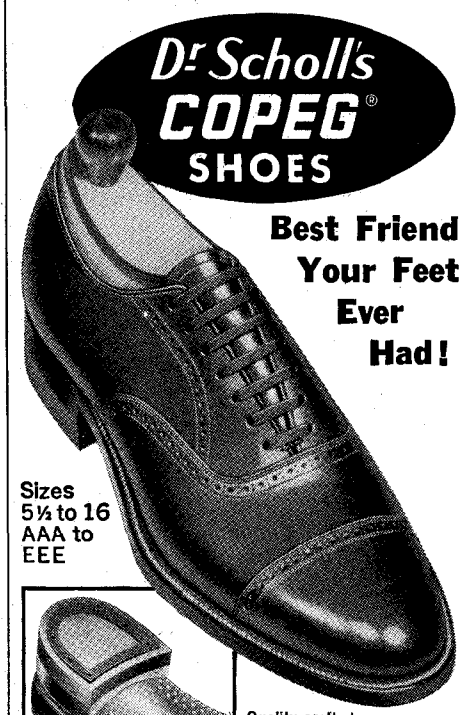

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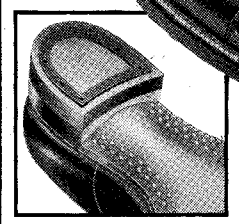

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The Case of the Jolly Jailbirds

(Continued from Page 25)

manner, a former journalist and writer, accountant, *résistance* hero, poet and philosopher. In short, a Gallic egghead, up for two years for a slight affair of forgery and embezzlement.

Within one hour of his arrival at the prison, he had sized up Billa and Billa's gentle, thirsting nature, had slipped out of his cell block, pushed open the office door, walked in and offered Billa two bottles of Pastis and his services as prison "accountant."

Billa was impressed.

"Sh-h!" he told an openmouthed guard. "This guy's a intellectual. I'm gonna put him in charge of the office."

Grainville's conception of his usefulness to the prison of Pont-l'Évêque was a little grander than that, and it became grander and grander by the minute.

"Tsk, tsk!" he said, looking around him at the unopened mail, the documents and unkept ledgers spilling over the office. "You permit me?" And took off his coat and sat down at Billa's desk and started riffling through a few papers. "Ah, I see." He adjusted his spectacles. "Now, the first thing is for me to get your signature down pat, so you won't have to be troubled signing these things. Little forgery, very handy."

For an hour or two he practiced it, while Billa, fascinated, watched. Finally, "*Formidable!*" breathed Billa over Grainville's shoulder.

Grainville's smile was modest. "Now these registers," he said briskly. "You don't happen to have a decent counterfeiter in the house?"

But, yes, they had Verchère the Athlete, a curly-haired young hood who had once worked in the legal archives of the Police Department in Lyons, and who had quite a reputation for falsifying documents.

"Send him down," said Grainville. "We may need to rough out a couple of official stamps for this stuff. Now, if I may have the keys ——" At that moment the telephone rang. Grainville picked it up. "Chief Warden Billa speaking." And then, dismissing Billa with a polite nod, "It's just the judge calling from the courthouse. I'll handle it."

It was with a lightened heart that Billa that night made his usual tour of the village bars. Things were at last in the hands of an expert.

They were indeed. They were in the hands of an expert who, like most real experts, demonstrated his knowledge of the rules by disregarding them. Having promoted Billa to front man and taken over the prison, Grainville memorized the Penitentiary Code ("Prisoners must wear the brown wool prison garb at all times. . . . Except for one hour per day in the exercise yard, prisoners must observe the rule of silence. . . . The wine ration will be one glass per day. . . . One cigarette per prisoner per day. . . . All mail entering or leaving the prison to be strictly controlled and censored by the warden," and so on.) and then tossed it into the wastebasket as antisocial nonsense, and instituted a code of his own. His code, as he told the judge at his trial last fall, was a more sanguine one, based on "making life a little less painful for my fellow prisoners."

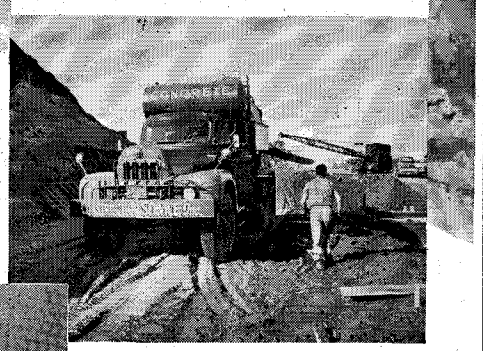
It was also nothing if not bold and forward-looking. First, he made the prison cooperative, selecting as his personal assistants those convicts who had what he called "background"—that is, a certain amount of money and a useful skill—and putting them into key spots. With car thief Bidegrain (Grain-Belly) running the cuisine, a bartender who specialized in fencing stolen goods put in charge of wines and liquors, a hotelkeeper known as Georges the Shark (up for armed robbery) in charge of ordering up from outside such extra delicacies as well-heeled prisoners would buy, an organized abundance soon reigned in the quartermaster department. Grainville then made the prison coeducational by throwing open the doors between the women's and men's wings, over the screams of Madame Billa. And then supplemented this, for the faithful or family-man-type prisoner, with a "*chambre d'amies*," or reception room, tastefully furnished with couches, where prisoners could receive visits from their

The Moth

By S. Omar Barker

The moth, that well-known
closet scourge,
Eats holes in papa's best blue
serge.
His stealthy feasts upon wool
clothing
Earn him the housewife's
bitter loathing—
Yet what a friend he is to
those
Who earn their dough
mothproofing clothes!

"HILLS DON'T HOLD US BACK NOW," says Mr. Dauphinais. "Too often in the past, a truck would get stuck on an upgrade. The oil wouldn't feed and we had to turn off the concrete mixer motor. Then the concrete would set in the drum. It cost approximately $600 to jackhammer the concrete loose, sometimes $2,000 for a new drum. With Eaton Tandem Axles, we no longer have that trouble."



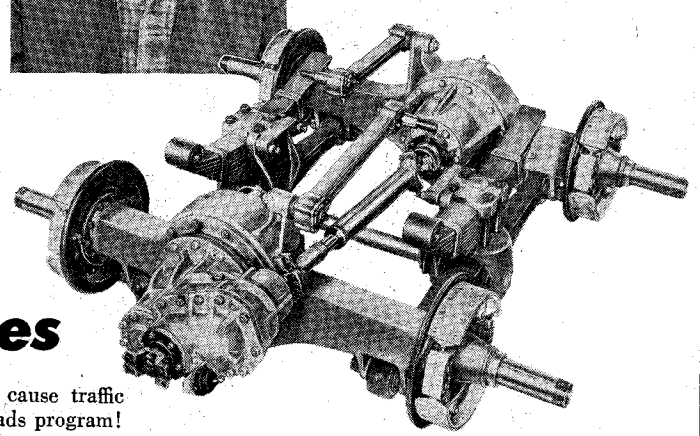
"LAST YEAR, we traded in ten single axle ready-mix concrete trucks," reports Mr. Dauphinais, "for ten new Internationals—all with Eaton Tandem Axles. These Eaton-equipped trucks go into construction sites where we wouldn't have dared to send our single axle trucks. Now we move right over rain-soaked ground, pull through sand and slime, ease around ruts and rocks.

"Because of Eaton Tandem Axles, our new trucks carry bigger loads. On soft mud, Eaton's extra flotation keeps the truck 'on top,' without bogging down. We save time, cut breakage and maintenance expense, get greater tire and gasoline mileage."

Eaton Tandem Axles provide more load-carrying capacity—stronger pulling power as well. A third differential in the power divider equalizes power on every wheel, regardless of wheel speeds and tire diameters. This prevents "wheel fight," assures extra miles of tire life. And Eaton Tandem Axles are built to absorb punishment, offering increased safety and savings on heavy hauling jobs.

Ask your truck dealer to demonstrate the profit-boosting benefits of the Eaton Tandem Axle.

"EATON TANDEM AXLES are musts on rugged jobs like this," continues Mr. Dauphinais. "Records show that upkeep costs have been reduced, load capacity greatly increased. With single axles, sometimes we'd ruin as many as eight axles in a day. In almost a year's time, not one Eaton Tandem Axle has broken."



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Tandem Axles

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wives or mistresses. The prison garb went out the window—and so did all restrictions on card playing, cigarettes, booze.

After that—because he was, after all, a poet as well as a philosopher—he established and equipped a prison library and bookbinding shop. He also installed proper beds and medicines in the infirmary, and, for the complete man, organized basketball games in the prison yard. An electrician turned con man was detailed to repair and maintain prisoners' radios. A tailor pickpocket took care of their wardrobes. And Grain-Belly doubled as postman and magazine peddler, carrying the mail and bringing in detective and crime magazines so the boys could keep up with what their pals in the outside world were up to. A telephone hookup with a bookmaker in Deauville took care of the horseplayers.

Almost overnight the prison of Pont-l'Évêque, under its trail-blazing new guest director, took on the characteristics of a small, exclusive family hotel—all the comforts of home, plus several that home never had. But with one noteworthy difference: it was all for free. Certain of the extras cost money, of course—the roast chicken or lobster, the vintage wines, the morning newspaper delivered with breakfast. But otherwise, rent, room service, meals, drinks and entertainment were all on the house, all courtesy of the Ministry of Justice. One can imagine Grainville's slow, elfish smile.

Yet there remained the problem that has troubled every prison administration in history—the problem of claustrophobia. Even in the midst of such well-ordered luxury, the inmates showed a certain restlessness. And with Billa "the Debonair," as they called him, staggering freely in and out, it was inevitable that the others would get ideas. Thus Manguy, former lieutenant of a big Paris gangster and a great ladies' man, refused to order up his breakfast in bed as the others did. He insisted on traipsing across the square every morning in his sumptuous blue Japanese bathrobe and slippers, cigarette dangling from his mouth, to take his coffee and croissant in the corner café. To do so, he had to cross right between the courthouse and the police station, but what could you do? Everybody agreed Manguy was a *dur*, a hardened type. Thus, too, the sports like Nova and Georges the Shark, for whom a bookmaker was too tame, had to drive over to see them running at the Deauville track seven miles away. And the ones who wanted to pub-crawl all night with Billa! It was a problem to unnerve a less philosophical man than René Grainville. But Grainville's code had the solution—put them on their honor.

It is doubtful that Grainville's principles of penological administration will ever receive much application outside Pont-l'Évêque, but in defense of the system it must be said that, except for two strange cases, it worked. The first was the prison radio-repairman, a local youth sentenced to three years for swindling, whose prison file had been doctored by the "accountant" so he was due to get out in two weeks. Given permission by Billa to take a repaired radio back to Deauville, he "got the blues," as he put it, and hopped a train for Paris. For the remainder of his term, Grainville, although hurt by this betrayal of trust, covered up by carrying him on the books as present.

The second escape was more of a credit to Grainville's system than a demerit. By this time news of the cozy atmosphere of the little prison of Pont-l'Évêque had spread through the underworld of France, and criminals serving time elsewhere began to plot to get in. A new arrival, in March of 1949, was one of the "big" boys, a notorious holdup man and escape artist known throughout gangdom as René the Cane. He had confessed to a crime he never committed in Normandy in order to get moved from the big hermetic Paris prison of la Santé to something smaller and more informal. For one month René the Cane stuck it out with his playmates at Pont-l'Évêque, and then, one dulcet April night, habit became too strong and René the Cane took it on the lam. Not by walking out the front door, which was wide open, but by the infinitely more troublesome, classic way of sawing through the bars of his window and swinging down on a rope, "so as not to cause any trouble for my friend, the warden." Such thoughtfulness touched Billa and Grainville to the quick.

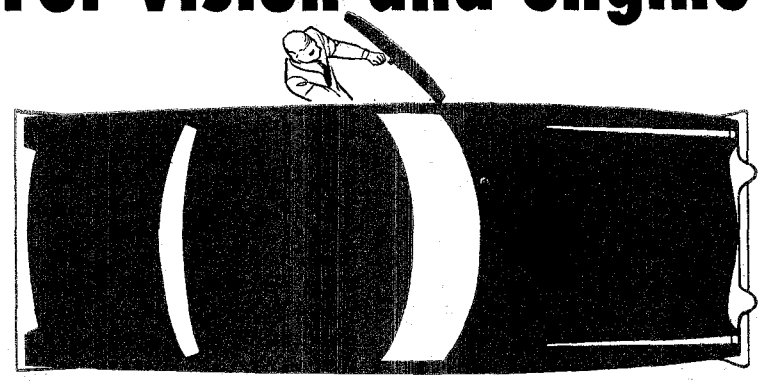
Little by little, with convicts wandering around the village at night dressed to the nines, with cars and taxis waiting in the square with motors running to whisk the boys off to Deauville for an evening's gambling, the villagers and even some of the officials of Pont-l'Évêque began to sit up and take notice of the social amenities provided by their prison. One of the first was a lawyer who, presenting himself at the prison to confer with a convict client, was told by a guard, "Just a moment; I'll see if he's in." (He wasn't.) Another lawyer, invited to a village ball held in the police prefecture, was somewhat upset to recognize the handsome young man dancing with the wife of the chief of police as Manguy, he of the blue-brocade bathrobe, this time in dark suit and white tie and enjoying himself thoroughly. Putting down his drink, the lawyer led the convict to one side. "If you've got to dance, then dance. But for heaven's sake, don't dance here!" Compliant but crestfallen, Manguy went back to the jail and talked Nova and some of the others into driving over to Deauville to finish the evening at the Casino.

Strange prison, where the prisoners weren't imprisoned, the warden didn't ward, the district inspector didn't inspect, the *juge d'instruction* didn't instruct, and the Prison Control Commission couldn't care less. Strange penological paradise where a bald, bespectacled guardian angel, wielding not a sword but a fountain pen and a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, it won't hurt you to ask!"

For vision and engine



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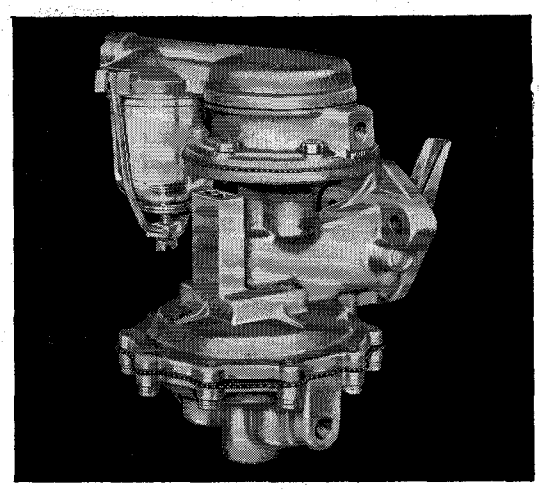

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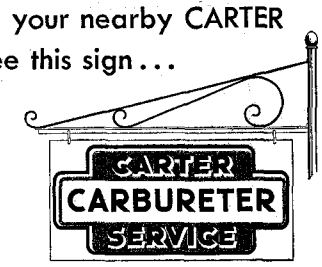

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cleverly counterfeited official seal, could minister to his minions with no more interference than an occasional inaccurate pat on the back from Billa. It had been so long since an inspector had come by that Grainville's chums began to tease him. Watching him tranquilly falsifying police records, carrying on long, complicated correspondences with the Paris Penitentiary Department head office, some of the boys would stick their heads in the door of the office and yell, "Psst! The inspector! *Hé*, Grainville! The inspector's here!" A few times Grainville actually jumped up and shoved the books into a closet, but after a while the joke ran thin. And then one day, in the best boy-and-wolf tradition, he peered up over his horn-rimmed spectacles, and there in the doorway stood the district inspector.

Quickly, Grainville got the inspector immobilized by offering him a chair and talking him to death while one of the guards combed the village for Billa. While he waited, listening to this smooth, professorial-looking jailbird explain the workings of the prison's administration, the inspector didn't bat an eye. And when Billa arrived, somewhat cleaned up for the occasion, but still loaded, he didn't bat the other one either. Weaving and stumbling, Billa led the inspector on a tour of the prison, with Grainville apprehensively bringing up the rear. But the only thing the inspector found to criticize was the set of cobwebs that laced the ceiling in the basement. Billa stammered something.

"Aw, he never sees them," explained Grainville. "He's always too busy watching his feet."

At the front door, the inspector did tell Billa he was drinking too much.

"Yes, sir!" said Billa enthusiastically, hanging onto the door jamb.

Also the inspector felt that the door ought to be kept locked.

"Oh, you know, *M'sieu l'Inspecteur*," said Grainville, shrugging his shoulders. "They're good boys."

And in a certain way they were. One of the more heart-warming touches to this story is the care they took of Billa, presumably because they would have hated to lose him to a less tractable successor. More than once, when midnight sounded and their wandering warden was still out on the town, it was his prisoners who got out the wheelbarrow and went to gather him up, from whatever gutter he had fallen into, wheeled him home and tucked him tenderly into bed with a hot-water bottle at his feet—Billa had a tendency to catch cold. More than once, when the guards were too drunk, the prisoners made the rounds themselves, punching the time clocks so all would look well for Billa's administration. Nova the Fence, a well-heeled spiv who owned the chic Hollywood Bar in Deauville (in a fit of temper one day he had shut a tax collector up in his refrigerator, and so was condemned to a year in the freezer himself for "assault with intent to injure"), at first refused to take Billa over to his bar along with the others, on the ground that "he wouldn't know how to sit at a table." Yet after getting into the spirit of things, at Pont-l'Évêque, even the socially conscious Nova was standing Billa not only all the *petit Calva*' he could down but a flight in a chartered plane so he could see his beloved prison from the air. As they buzzed the prison, shouts went up below and handkerchiefs fluttered from every barred window. Billa's florid face beamed.

Yet for all this innocent frolicking, there was one other advantage to doing time at Pont-l'Évêque. That summer—1949—by an odd happenstance, a spectacular holdup was pulled on the big jewelry showroom of Van Cleef & Arpels in Deauville, when six masked robbers calmly walked in at eleven in the morning and made off with over $150,000 worth of jewels. The getaway was as smooth as glass and what traces there were led nowhere. When the boys at Pont-l'Évêque read about it next day in their newspapers, they cluck-clucked and reminded Billa—needlessly—that if anyone asked, they were all in stir at the time. This is not to imply that our joyous band had anything to do with it. It is only to point out that they had the most airtight alibi in crimedom.

Why, during the nearly four years that this happy state of affairs went on, did nobody squeal? Not the inmates, of course; they never had it so good. But the 3000 villagers of Pont-l'Évêque? Well, they didn't squeal because, as they explained later, it was none of their business; it was the business of "the magistrates." Besides, they disliked Madame Billa and felt sorry for old Billa himself. "He was a brave type, all the same," they told me. "And so *gentil!* He wouldn't hurt a fly." More materialistically, the crafty apple-cheeked Normans knew that the prison was a good part of their livelihood. Many of them supplied it with eggs and milk, coal and wood, fruits, vegetables and meat. If a scandal broke around their prison, it might be closed down, and so would its trade. It was the same with Pont-l'Évêque's lawyers. The convicts were their clients; if the jail went, so would the fees. As for Grainville, they were rather more proud of him than disapproving. He was a local boy, making good.

And what about the inspector, and the district attorney, and the *juge d'instruction* in the courthouse? The district inspector was a friend of the Billas—it was he who had got Billa this job in the first place. This, however, does not explain the chronic myopia of the *juge d'instruction*, who, from his office in the courthouse, could look directly down on and into the prison. Nor that of the district attorney, who was supposed to keep close check on the prisons in his district and file a monthly report to Paris. These are the men—Billa's superiors—whose negligence made the happy prison of Pont-l'Évêque possible. They are also the ones whom the state, when Billa and company finally came to trial, was very careful not to call.

Surprisingly, Grainville himself quite clearly turned no profit from the whole affair. As a true guardian angel should, he seems to have acted more through a benevolent waggishness than through any direct self-interest. For all the artistry with which he embellished his fellow prisoners' police records—and a good-conduct or good-morality notation was as easy to get at Pont-l'Évêque as a three-day pass—he at no time touched his own. For all that he whittled off the others' sentences—nine months off Nova's, nearly two years off Georges the Shark's, for example—he served out his own term to the minute. The blissful satisfaction of having for so long hoodwinked the entire French penitentiary system, using nothing more than a fountain pen, a typewriter "borrowed" from the courthouse, and a decalcomania stamp made by the faithful Verchère, was evidently reward enough for Grainville.

A curious character, this Grainville, a kind of whimsical bum who has gone through life playing practical jokes on himself and on society. When the authorities went back over his life history to check up on all the things he'd told Billa, they were astounded to find that it was all true, and more. He had been born less than fifty miles from Pont-l'Évêque, he'd had good schooling in mathematics, law and languages.

He had fought in the Riff campaign in North Africa in the 1920's and been highly decorated for valor. He had made a wealthy marriage in 1932, with France's Marshal Juin, today head of all ground forces of N.A.T.O., but then simply Captain Juin, standing up for him, and if his "my good friend Juin" was name-dropping, it was at least legitimate. He had worked as chief accountant for the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique for three years, then volunteered and fought at the front in 1939–40. As early as September of 1940 he was active in the *résistance*, successfully carried out several very risky spy missions for the R.A.F. in Germany—he speaks good German—was captured by the Gestapo and tossed into prison in Hanover, escaped and went back to spying again.

When the war ended, he returned to Pont-l'Évêque, acquired a couple of expensive mistresses and got a job as accountant in a cider factory.

He did write poetry too very flowery and sentimental, and from time to time an article for the newspapers. Yet in between all these patriotic and literary exploits he had also tried his hand at check bouncing, embezzlement, false bankruptcies and several ingenious swindles; had abandoned his wife and son in North Africa after running through her fortune; and had done numerous stints in jail. Given his puckish sense of humor, to him they were all exploits, the legal and the illegal, and the most delicious of them all, the high point of his career, was his proxy guardianship of the prison of Pont-l'Évêque. To him it was a sublime joke. His only regret seems to be that it didn't go on forever.

"Alfred's gone all out for his new hobby!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Why didn't it? The Ministry of Justice, understandably oversensitive about the whole affair, has allowed several theories to circulate on what tipped them off, none of which hold much water. What is clear is that the Penitentiary Department, which is a division of the Ministry of Justice, knew about the cheerful little den of thieves at Pont-l'Évêque as early as December of 1949, and that their first reaction was to hush it up, but quick. In January of 1950, Billa was called before the Penitentiary Council of Discipline in Paris, questioned, and fired. And, according to the villagers of Pont-l'Évêque, paid to keep his mouth shut. The prison was closed down for some routine reason, and the Penitentiary Department breathed easier.

But a few weeks later one of the big Paris dailies, the Paris-Presse, came out with a series of exposé articles on the Pont-l'Évêque affair, signed Gabriel Senchet, obviously a pen name. The flowery style, the intimate knowledge of the subject, were unmistakable. It was Grainville, exercising one of his more legitimate talents. And still the Ministry of Justice did nothing.

Then, sometime in 1952, a suave, well-dressed man named Cnudde—once known to intimates as Georges the Shark—drunk and talkative in a Paris bar, got to bragging about beating a prison sentence in Pont-l'Évêque. A police inspector hanging around nearby overheard, reported, and an inspector of criminal affairs was ordered to look into the matter. The Ministry of Justice itself was now involved, and this meant business.

Late as it was—June of 1952—a full-scale investigation got under way. And it had no sooner been begun than the Ministry of Justice wished it had left well enough alone. All it had wanted to do was just tilt the lid, delicately, to see why its carefully handed-down sentences had not been served in a certain rural prison. And what blew up, and wafted over the length and breadth of France, was a scandal as tangy as Pont-l'Évêque's cheese and with much the same rich Limburger-type odor. Bewildered, the Ministry of Justice tried to back away. But it was too late. The just-plain-folks of Pont-l'Évêque had hit the headlines with their "happy prison."

So poor old alcoholic Billa had to be tried in the courthouse of Pont-l'Évêque and condemned to three years for "negligence." Then eight of the inside gang had to be tried, not, as one might think, for picnicking on government property, but for "falsification of government documents."

The trial was sheer vaudeville, with Grainville, of course, heading the bill. In his role as genial host and "philantropist," as he called himself, he explained to the judge his theories of prison reform, corrected the judge politely on errors of penological procedure, and smiled that sweet, roguish smile whenever some of the niceties of his regime were described for the jurors. When the judge accused him of forging Billa's signature more than 300 times, he nodded and explained blandly, "I have always endeavored to give satisfaction to my employers." The jury, eight good Normans and true, roared with laughter, and, when the trial was over, returned with a verdict for acquittal. And that night the little village of Pont-l'Évêque celebrated the victory of justice over Justice. THE END

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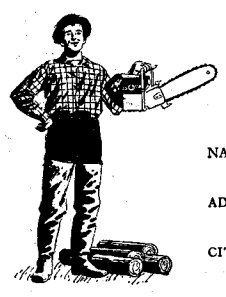

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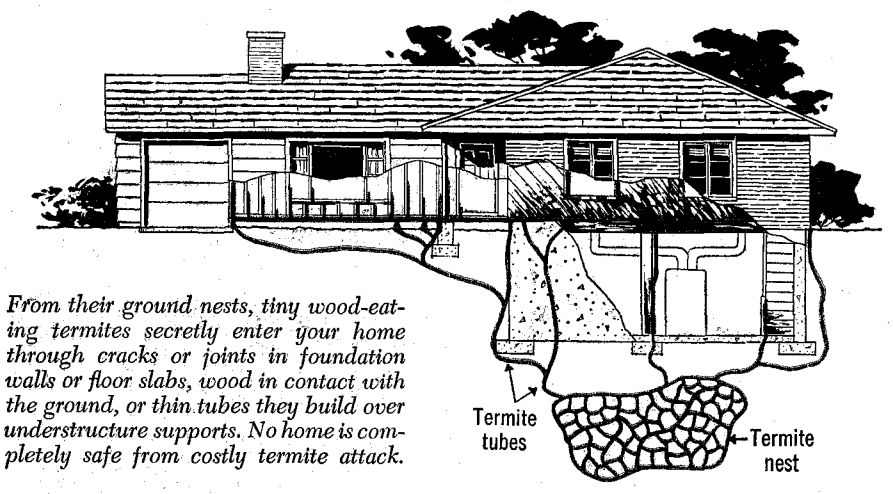

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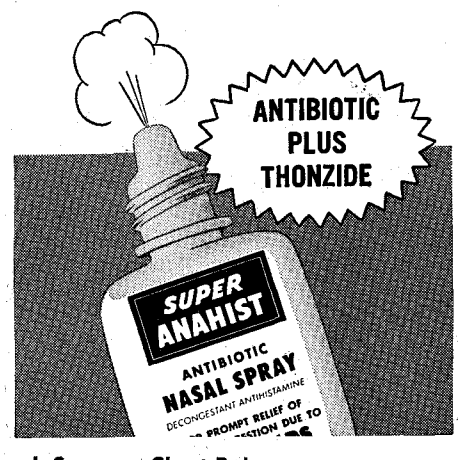

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No Place for a Woman

(Continued from Page 30)

his sea room before the Bain began her turn. His instinctive horizon search told him instantly that there wasn't another ship in sight. He put glasses to his eyes.

He was growling to the officer of the deck, "Blast it, Fanning, we'll have to pick the nitwit up!" He let the glasses drop against his chest. . . . "Get a detail to the fo'c'sle, Wattley, I'll lay alongside. Portside bow. You get that silly fool on board!"

The lean, dour skipper of the Bain knew how to handle his ship. When the tin can's knifelike bow slid close, the sloop lay flat on her side, her gunwale under, sail tearing and loudly slapping the sea. Wattley was leaning overside. He saw a jet-black head in the water, a waving arm, and a face smiling sweetly up at him, the blue eyes bubbling.

"Hi, Walter," a clear voice hailed. "Fancy meeting you here!"

"You!" Ensign Wattley cried. And, knowing trouble when he saw it, "You!" he groaned again.

That's when the bos'n, forgetting the talker in his astonishment, turned aft and hoarsely bawled to the bridge, "It ain't a man, sir! It's a girl!"

The explanation was really silly. She was climbing the rope ladder by now, shaking her close-cropped hair. She wore slacks and a yellow yachting shirt, and the dripping slacks and the yellow shirt were clinging pretty snug. The explanation was silly, all right. None of the topside people in the Bain were blind, and to prove it some of them whistled. So Ensign Wattley draped her in a blanket and brought her to the bridge.

"If you don't know how to sail, young lady," the skipper snapped, "you had much better stay inside till you learn!"

"It isn't too easy, captain, to capsize a good sound sloop." Her voice was low and throaty. "Did you ever really try?"

"Do you mean to say ——" The skipper's eyes went narrow. "Do you mean to say you did that deliberately?"

"Why, certainly. I've been waiting here for you." Her smile was sweet. "How else would I get on board?"

"Well, suppose we just get you off!" Commander Burton was angry. "Don't you know if I send a signal we ——"

"But that's just the point. You can't." The girl's smile was sweeter than ever. "Aren't you under strict radio silence?"

"Susie!" Ensign Wattley blurted. "Susie, you just ——"

The skipper whirled on him and his anger grew. "So you babbled, did you, Wattley? You broke security! Do you know her?"

"She couldn't have learned from me, sir. We didn't learn what the mission was till after we sailed." Ensign Wattley groaned. "Her name is Susie, sir. That's all I know. She ——"

"That's all you know, is it?" Susie spun on him. She was furious. "You're the man who's so full of Navy zeal you told me an officer shouldn't even think of marrying till he's a full lieutenant, at least! You cut in to dance with me three times at the Officers' Club, and twice last Saturday night at Coronado. And all you know is ——"

"Susie! Please! I ——"

"Don't you Susie me!" Susie was shaking a small white fist in Ensign Wattley's face. "I'm not used to being ignored! It makes me mad. When that Coronado crowd got talking about those enlisted people in the Wichita who tried to stow a girl away on board, you solemnly said it was stupid of her. You said you were willing to bet it simply couldn't be done. No girl could ever get aboard a combat ship for a Navy cruise! You said a skipper who ever allowed it to happen ought to get bilged! Maybe you remember that! Maybe you ——"

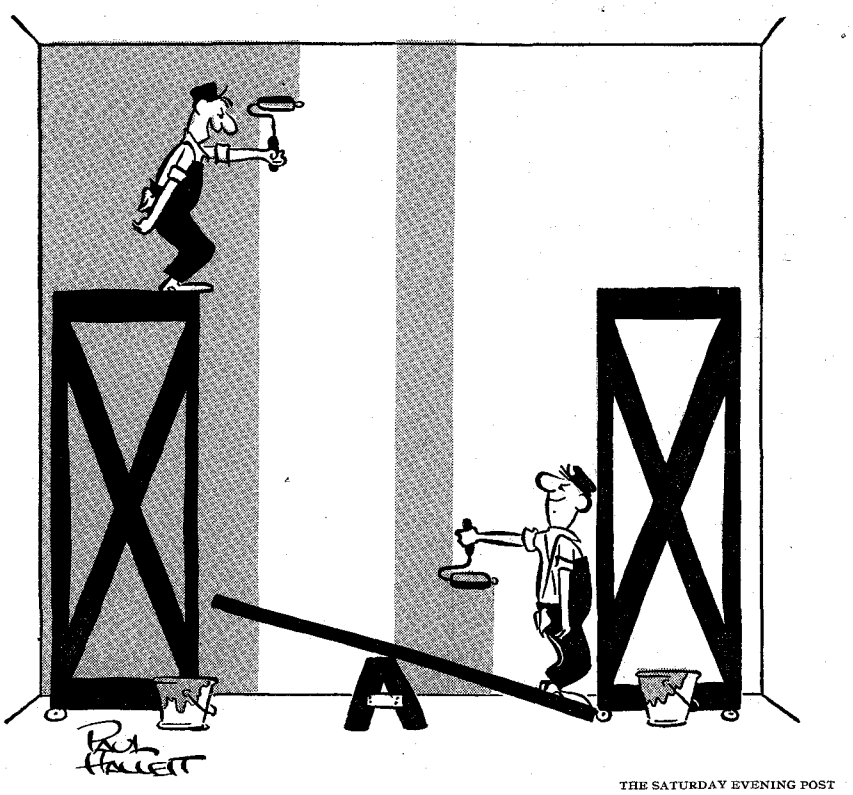
"Susie!" Ensign Wattley groaned again. "Please! I was only talking! I ——"

"You were only talking, were you?" Susie tossed her head and her blue eyes flashed. "Well, here I am! What's more, I ——"

"That will do!" The skipper's voice was sharp. "Who are you? What the devil is your name?"

"Susie, sir. Susie Smith."

"Smith!" Commander Burton snorted. "I'll just bet it's Smith!" He didn't believe it at all. He was angrily conscious of all the chuckles and appreciative sighs from all the bridge-watch people. The blanket, he saw for himself, wasn't doing Susie much good. "We'll take care of you later, Wattley!" he snapped. "I'll be using the sea room. You get this girl to my cabin below and keep her there. Get her some dry clothing too!"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ready?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We didn't dress like this in my day."

"What about my sloop?" wailed Susie. "You aren't going to ——"

"Maybe a friendly barracuda will happen to tow it in!" The skipper was really angry now. "Get off my bridge!"

So that's how Susie, who said her name was Smith, got to sea in a Navy combat ship where other girls who tried had failed. Commander Burton couldn't do a thing about it either. Susie was right about that. He was indeed under radio silence and he had no time to hunt a ship in visual signal range. At thirteen hundred hours he ordered all engines ahead, flank speed, for Area K-14.

There would be no other submarines at sea until the problem was resolved, except the boat the Bain opposed. Mushy Leighton was her skipper, and Mushy knew all the tricks in the book. Commander Burton understood that the odds were far from in his favor. Maybe the admiral wanted to prove to higher brass or maybe to some senators that an enemy submarine actually could close the land under favorable circumstances and knock out the naval base. The sea was wide and the Bain, all by herself, had to make an actual contact to prevent it. Commander Burton was an expert in destroyers, but he didn't think much of his chance. Not with only one tin can. And he was probably perfectly right. Except that he forgot about Susie. He forgot about Susie Smith.

Susie was not the kind of girl to be ignored or forgotten, as Ensign Wattley knew by now. From the skipper's room, through the curtained doorway, Susie heard the wardroom talk that afternoon about the problem of the Bain. She didn't really understand it, but it made her frown. When Susie frowned like that, it meant she was trying to decide. When she did, she told Ensign Wattley what she had seen. He wasn't paying much attention. She had him in trouble enough. And besides, wearing a seaman's dress-blue pants and a dungaree jumper, she was pretty stirring to look at. It was hard to listen to what she said. But all of a sudden he spun around. He heard her cry of anger at such rudeness, but he didn't stop. He went pounding up the ladders to the bridge and he banged on the door of the skipper's sea room.

"You!" Commander Burton snarled when he came in. "What now!"

"I'm sorry, sir!" blurted Ensign Wattley, trembling a little inside. "I'm sorry to bother you! But Susie just told me ——"

"I don't care what Susie told you! I want some rest. I won't get much tonight. Now get out of here!"

"Please, captain! Susie says that back there where she capsized her sloop, before we picked her up, she saw a broom handle floating in the water. She saw ——"

"Broom handles! The girl is nuts!"

"No, sir. She saw it twice. It was floating upright. It looked pretty funny to her. With a knob on top, she says. It ——"

"Periscope!" The skipper, all clothed, leaped out of his bunk. "Periscope!" he roared.

"Yes, sir. That's what I thought. And that's exactly what I'd do myself, sir, if I were the enemy sub!" Ensign Wattley was burning with zeal now. "If I got attacked out here and evaded successfully, I'd dive down deep and run straight in for the coast. I'd lie there till after dark. Then I'd surface and fire and run. That's what I'd do if ——"

"Oh, you would, would you! By glory, that's just what Mushy Leighton would do! He'd get in east of Cortes Bank. He'd get under the San Clemente traffic to Pyramid Cove. There's plenty of water there. It would be his best chance! Mushy would ——" The skipper plunged past Ensign Wattley. He was all afire. He was out on the bridge wing, crying, "Left full rudder! All ahead flank. Get me a course from CIC straight back to where that sloop capsized!"

And that's the way it happened. The Bain came knifing eastward through the water, racing back from sunset with her blowers whining, radars searching and the sonar watch alert. It was pitch-black night by the time she started prowling the area where Susie said she'd seen a broom handle floating upright in the water. The bridge was tense. The Bain was steaming on one engine now, making sixty revolutions with the starboard prop, hoping to sound like an innocent merchant ship. Commander Burton knew he was taking a desperate chance. He was gambling that Mushy Leighton's submarine was hiding deep in some density layer here and would surface soon. He knew, if he was wrong, he had left the whole area exposed. But what could you do with a single can? The doubt was gnawing in him. He was sure by now he had blundered.

Then all at once the speaker in the pilothouse began to crackle. "Contact! Hazy! Clearing now!" The voice began to bristle. "Bearing one six four, range two-seven-double-oh!"

The surface scope in Combat Information Center had been clear before. It could mean only one thing. Surfacing submarine. In the darkness, the skipper's eyes began to glow. He had a taut ship, and he knew it. "Come left to zero six zero!" he snapped to unmask his battery. "All ahead stand-

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ard." He was rapping out orders to his talker now, "On the director! Star shell from Number One Mount, according to plan. Fire the minute you're on her, Jones!"

An instant later, the twin guns spoke. The five-inch shells went arching out and upward, glowing. They erupted in the sky and weird light hung there, slowly drifting down, illuminating a wide pool of ink-dark water. Captured central in it, the black silhouette of Mushy Leighton's surfaced submarine stood etched against the night. According to the plan of operation, it meant Leighton's sub had taken five-inch salvos from the Bain. It meant, in fact, that she was sunk. Commander Burton's dour face crinkled in a happy grin. Ensign Wattley laughed, forgetting Susie and his trouble. All the bridge-watch people felt real fine. Even Susie Smith was chuckling in her throat. Susie was there, all right, over by the signal bags. The striker thought her chuckle had a very stirring sound. And the submarine began to signal with her flashing blinker lamp.

"He says, 'You win, you louse, but I don't know how,'" the quartermaster told the skipper.

"Send him, 'You must meet our Susie, Mushy.'" Commander Burton actually smiled. "'Maybe tomorrow night.'"

That's just the way it was. Toward dawn, the USS James Bain sent in her prearranged dispatch in code to Comcrudespac, the admiral commanding cruisers and destroyers. "Charlie returns well satisfied," it said, and its announcement of success must have taken the brand-new admiral completely by surprise. He had, apparently, been expecting something entirely different. In brilliant morning sunlight, his barge with the two-starred flag came boiling out from the San Diego foreshore across the sparkling blue bay water soon after the Bain steamed up the channel past North Island, heading for her mooring buoy in tin-can row. The barge was rounding up to the starboard ladder almost before the Bain had her lines secure. Commander Burton barely had time enough to reach the quarter-deck before the admiral was stomping on board.

"Never mind side honors!" he was booming, quickly saluting the ensign aft, and the OOD. "How did you do it? I didn't believe it possible!" His voice was gruff and his seamed brown face looked tough. "Oh, I forgot," he growled. "Congratulations, captain!"

"Thank you, sir." Commander Burton grinned. "We had a very remarkable lookout. Much better than radar. We picked her up from a ——"

"What the blazes are you talking about!"

"Susie, sir. She saw a broom handle floating upright in the water and ——"

Old Houseboats

By Vesta Nickerson

Wave-borne no more nor landlocked yet
The anchored houseboats tug and fret
At weathered pilings, hawsers, chains,
And feel the surge of tides' refrains
Along the marshland's channeled stream.
The salt winds blow and sea gulls scream
Above the cattails, grass and sedge
Whose creeping roots will shortly wedge
The restless boats in drifted sand
And fetter them to alien land.

"Commander Burton, are you drunk!"

"No, sir. It was Susie, all right. She ——"

"Well, hi, dad!" The throaty voice came lilting down the deck in that fine San Diego morning. "Fancy meeting you here!" Susie said.

The admiral spun around. Susie Smith came tripping gaily toward him down the Bain's main deck, still wearing her seaman's dress-blue pants and the dungaree jacket, and looking as fresh and as lovely as early daylight on the water.

The admiral gaped in silence for a moment before his gruff voice boomed, "Susie! What the blazes are you doing here? You told your mother you were going to spend a few days with Inez Gordon in La Mesa!" The admiral's voice went taut. "What," he demanded sternly—"what is the meaning of this!"

"Sir," the skipper of the Bain said, gulping, "she was hanging to a capsized sailboat outside, yesterday. I had to let her drown or pick her up. I was under strict radio silence, and I couldn't get her off without fouling the whole operation." The skipper was talking pretty fast. This certainly was a messy kettle of fish. "She told me her name was Smith. I just didn't believe it, sir. I never thought—I never dreamed she was your ——"

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"My sloop!" cried Susie, excitedly pointing down-channel. A big purse seiner was standing in, and Susie's sloop was lashed on her fantail. The mast was a broken stump, gear and sail in shreds. But Susie was glad to see it. "You said a friendly barracuda might bring her in," gurgled Susie Smith to the skipper. "Look at the name on that fishing boat's bow! Barracuda!" cried Susie. "Captain, you must be psychic," she said.

The skipper gulped again. Ens. Walter Wattley groaned, and Lieutenant Fanning suppressed a grin. The admiral suddenly knew that all the topside people in the Bain were openly admiring Susie. They were chuckling and having a very wonderful time. They had never dreamed a hitch in the Navy could be like this.

So the admiral snapped, "We will go to your wardroom, captain. At once!"

They did. Rear Admiral Barnaby Smith heard all about it in there. He sat in the captain's chair, palming his cheek and frowning while Commander Burton explained to him exactly what had happened. His keen blue eyes kept darting from the girl to where despairing Ensign Wattley stood, then back again to Susie. Susie had always been a problem. She always knew what she wanted. Susie generally got it too. The admiral was doing his best to look as stern as he could.

"So you did it on a dare, did you, Susie?" he asked her at last.

"I certainly did." She tossed her head. "This ensign here told me flatly that no girl could ever get aboard a Navy ship for an operational cruise at sea." She tossed her head again. "I am certainly not going to let any young ——"

"Ensign Wattley is aggressive, sir. He ——"

"He is not!" snapped Susie.

"He is full of zeal," Commander Burton went on ruefully, disregarding what Susie said. "He also told your daughter that any skipper who permitted it to happen ought to get bilged from the Navy. Maybe he's right, but I couldn't let her drown."

The admiral coughed. Then he grunted. And just then Ensign Wattley, all of a flutter inside, said as firmly as he could, "The fault is mine, sir, not hers. I accept full responsibility."

"That's very gallant of you, son." The admiral coughed again. Then he turned on Susie, a glint in his sharp blue eyes. He asked her suddenly, "Is this the ensign who danced with you at the club and paid you no attention at all? Is this ——"

"Dad!"

"Is this," the admiral went on quickly, the glint growing stronger in his eyes—"is this the young ensign you thought was cute? Is this the ensign you told me you thought could easily get to be an admiral if he only had good luck enough to marry the right girl? Is this ——"

"Dad!" Susie's eyes were wide with indignation. "Dad, how can you? I haven't got any use at all for Ensign Wattley!" She snapped this out with a fierce, hot anger. But Susie was blushing to the roots of her jet-black hair. "Walter Wattley is an inconsiderate boor and a ——"

"Well, good. Then that's all right. Of course, you saw the broom handle, Susie, which certainly helped a lot, and I take it into consideration. But someone has got to be disciplined!" The admiral almost grinned. "With Commander Burton's permission, we will hold mast here and now. . . . Wattley," he snapped, "since you and Susie despise each other so much, I think it would be a just punishment to both of you if you were forced to escort her to the next three dances, whether at the club or at Coronado. You will execute that sentence without fail! You will report ——"

"Dad! How could you?"

"Susie, you be quiet!" He didn't even look at her. His eyes were boring at Wattley. "You understand, son," he said gravely, "that Susie could never have attempted a thing like this unless she learned that the Bain would be on an operation under strict radio silence. And when and where. It is a serious matter if you babbled. You broke security."

"Sir," Ensign Wattley gulped, "sir, I ——"

"I didn't learn it from him at all," said Susie sweetly.

"So? Then I should like to know who ——"

"You!" said Susie to the admiral. Her voice was sweeter than ever. "I learned it from you. You were talking to Captain Logan in the study after dinner last week when I brought in the coffee and brandy. I never heard what the operation was, but I learned all I had to know. From you!"

The admiral pulled at his cheek and groaned. Commander Burton coughed discreetly and Ensign Wattley blinked. He was stealing a look at Susie in her seaman's pants and jumper. He thought she looked wonderful. He didn't think it would be too bad a duty at all, taking her to the dances. She was bound to be trouble, that was sure. A girl like Susie always was. But, inwardly, Walter Wattley grinned. That kind of trouble could often be nice. He even began to wonder if he hadn't been mistaken in deciding no naval officer ought to get married till he got to be a full lieutenant. He was glad he still had time to change his mind.

"Well! Do you two ever intend to get the blazes out of here?" he heard the admiral snarl just then. "Burt and I need some coffee!"

"Yes, sir. At once."

Ensign Wattley helped Susie through the curtained wardroom doorway. He was just about to follow when the admiral barked out, "Son!" He turned in time to see Barnaby Smith's broad grin and the furious twinkle in his eyes. "If you've really got an admiral's flag tucked away at the bottom of your sea bag, son, Susie will find it for you. And if you ever really fly that flag, you remember what I tell you!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Don't be like me. I talk too much." The admiral brusquely waved him out.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Uncanny Angler of the Keys

(Continued from Page 43)

"To make matters worse," says Coughlan, "that old boy knew more tricks than a leprechaun. You couldn't tell what he'd do next. Once he piled us into a field of sea fans, hoping to saw the line in two."

To counter this strategy, the two men had to fight the fish at close range. For several minutes the tarpon rushed in circles around their rocking craft, forcing them to leap from bow to stern and back again. Then Jerry succeeded in working their still dangerous opponent alongside. As Jimmie Albright leaned out to set the gaff, he could tell from the long white body and silver-dollar-size scales that they had within reach a record catch.

The fight had lasted only thirty-five minutes. With the hefty prize flopping on the skiff's floor boards, Albright started the outboard motor and they raced to Whale Harbor, the nearest official weighing station. The great *Tarpon atlanticus* tipped the contest scales at 160 pounds, 8 ounces.

The little sportsman's accomplishment caused Allen Corson, fishing editor of the Miami Herald, to write:

Never has a more spectacular competitor hit the Keys country. This demon plug caster . . . has hung up a list of successes unapproached by the thousands who have fished our waters. . . . He does with plug-casting equipment what others use heavy trolling gear to accomplish.

His giant silver king is so great a plug-casting feat it almost defies description. Understand, the lure wasn't trolled. It was cast . . . with the stress centering on wrists and arms. The boat was a skiff, not a fast runabout.

Almost everything was against boating this fish. First, there's the matter of locating such a behemoth. Second, it is a known fact that these big fellows are chintzy about striking. Third, hooking any tarpon is tough. . . . He had only 175 yards of fourteen-pound-test nylon on his reel.

. . . Then there are the fighting chairs, the gimbals, that Jerry did without. Nor were there any dual controls and extra personnel aboard to keep things moving right; just the guide. . . . Coughlan goes after fish with a science he has pioneered and perfected. . . .

This tribute, paid an outsider, apparently stung a number of local anglers, for the Herald scribe felt obliged to run this follow-up:

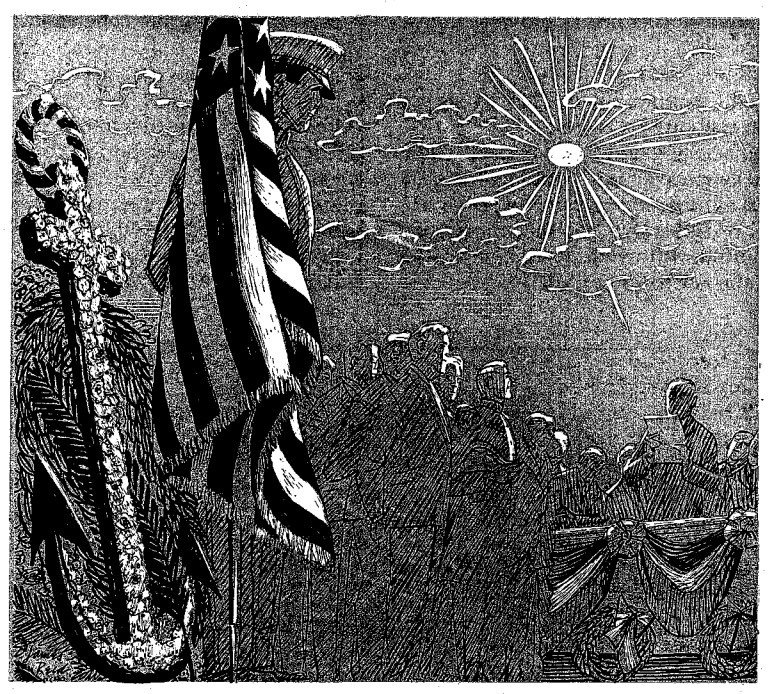
Look, chums, we don't use full columns on a single catch just to hear our gills rattle. Facts are facts. . . .

To prove that the big catch was not mere luck, the newspaper carried a copy of the record which Mrs. Albright had kept during the ten-day period that Jerry Coughlan had fished with her husband that spring:

March 10th, a 76-pound tarpon landed in twenty minutes. March 11th, ten in the air, none boated. March 12th, a 76-pounder landed in twenty-five minutes. March 13th, the 160½ all-time tourney record, landed in thirty-five minutes. March 14th, day of rest—five redfish taken, up to fifteen pounds. March 15th, 86-pounder in one hour. March 16th, 90-pounder in thirty minutes. March 17th, 90½-pounder in ninety minutes. March 18th, 82-pounder in thirty minutes, and a second fish, an 87-pounder, in forty minutes. March 19th, a 120-pounder in twenty minutes.

Needless to say, that year Jerry was again acclaimed the angler of the season.

Jerry Coughlan, the pint-sized superman, began his fishing career at the age of



What's Going On Here?

President Roosevelt and high diplomatic officials are assembled to honor the memory of a former rear admiral in the Russian Navy who won several battles for Russia. Although foreign-born, the man is interred in the United States and Congress appropriates $75,000 for a suitable tomb. Why this honor?

Fisher Banks

Answer on Page 126

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seven in his native Ireland. He was born in Youghal, County Cork, where the Blackwater empties into the sea. As a boy he used to catch brown trout with a homemade fly rod.

When he reached young manhood, the little fishing enthusiast "got into" the Irish Rebellion; later he was an infantry captain with the National Army during the civil war. Of this period he simply says, "I got shot and got a medal."

After recovering from his wound, Jerry got interested in Ireland's program of physical culture in the schools. "Before long," he says, "I found myself doing a bit of track running along with the youngsters."

The undersized trackman's "bit of running" landed him as a competitor in the 1928 Olympics. For years, he held the Irish record for the mile. When he came to the United States with the Irish Olympic team in 1932, he visited with John Gibson, now track coach at Seton Hall University. One day Coughlan caught himself staring at a lovely American girl. "Johnny," he said, "I must meet that lass."

He has been meeting her ever since, each day that he returns from work at his home-products-manufacturing plant in West Orange, New Jersey. ("Packaged creams, paints and fluids that clean up everything around the house, from silverware to the chimney.")

They have three children, Pat, fifteen, Pete, thirteen, and a daughter, Penny, eleven. Pop has taught them all to fish, but they still have to catch their first tarpon. "They're always in school when the fish appear during the spring," says Jerry. "Maybe it's a good thing—for me."

It was in 1950 that Jerry Coughlan bagged the record tarpon that caused such wide newspaper comment. When he showed up in Florida the following year with his "kid's rod," he walked off with all the honors once more. This time, however, he changed tactics a bit. Lest the competition accuse him of taking unfair advantage of his skill with the bait-casting outfit, Coughlan shifted to a long fly rod and again snatched the Outstanding Angler Award. An eleven-pound, nine-ounce bonefish took his expertly placed fly. Ordinarily, a big "bone" weighs around five pounds.

Jerry Coughlan has continued to come in first every year. Last spring marked the seventh consecutive season that he has placed first in the tarpon division of the Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament. In addition, he has walked off with the Outstanding Angler title for six straight years. With tens of thousands competing, the odds against holding either award for such a long time are fantastic.

But Jerry says, "I'm just a guy who has taught himself how to catch fish without fancy equipment. I still have plenty to learn."

Jerry has become an inspiration to anglers of moderate means who once believed that only wealthy sportsmen could afford to catch large fish. In case you ever feel the urge to tangle with his beloved tarpon—they also come in beginners' sizes—he offers some advice:

"Don't use a whippy rod. Have some backbone in it—you're going to get tired enough as it is. If possible, pick a day with a gentle wind to ripple the surface and help hide the shadow cast by boat and line.

"I've found it best to use a red, yellow and silver top-water plug, which I fish with a slow retrieve. You'll likely do better with a diving lure to start, since these have built-in action. It is O.K. to talk in normal tones, but don't bang the bottom of the boat or cause similar sound vibrations in the water. Above all, don't run a boat motor in waters where you expect to catch tarpon.

"When you spot your fish, cast about four feet ahead of him. No closer, or he's apt to flush. Not too far, either, unless he's moving fast, or he'll not see it. As he takes your offering, set the hook and keep a tight line.

"As soon as he jumps, the trick is to quickly lower the rod tip. Unless you give him slack like that, he'll likely land on the taut line and break it. We call this 'bowing to a tarpon.'"

As soon as your leaping fish hits the water again, Jerry says, you should "put on all the pressure you can," because at this point the tarpon is off balance. This same line-regaining technique is used when the fish

Memory

By Charles Lee

Mind is attic,
Delight to rummage in
When archaeology is
    nostalgia dusted off;
Bones of memory
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But do not tarry overlong,
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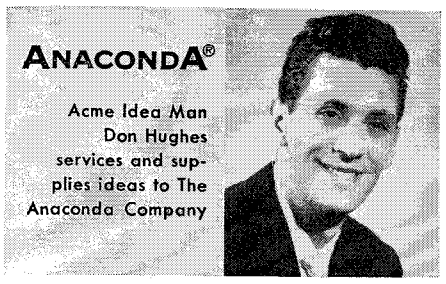

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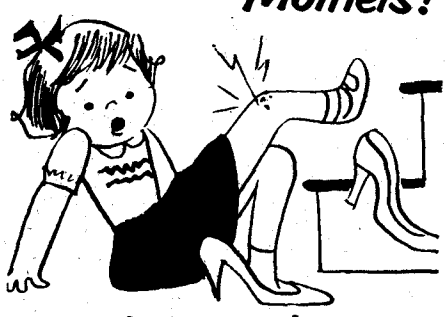

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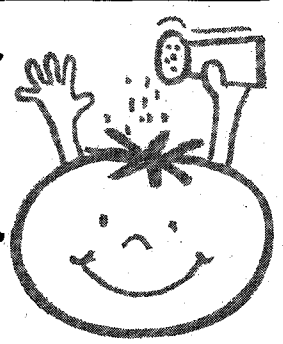

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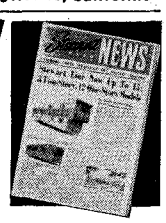

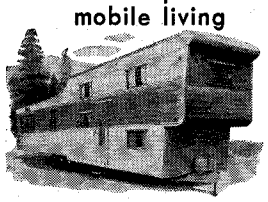

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begins to tire and you can see it rolling on the surface.

Where do you find tarpon? Jerry and Jimmie work the channels at low water and the grassy flats at high tide. This method has one shortcoming, as I learned one day. I was fishing in the Florida Keys back country with Jerry, Jimmie, and my own guide, Cecil Keith, Jr., of Islamorada. We started out in Jimmie's cabin cruiser. About a mile from the selected spot, Albright anchored the cruiser and we moved into two skiffs to pole the remaining distance quietly.

Our caution was useless. Just as we reached the channel's edge, three men approached in a skiff powered by a roaring outboard motor. They bore down on us at full speed, despite frantic arm signals from both guides to veer off.

As they shot past, Jimmie Albright prepared to unstake and leave this choice spot. The fishing would be no good there for the rest of that day, perhaps not for several days. "I've seen a single so-and-so like that scare a thousand tarpon off these flats at one time," my guide said.

Despite such obstacles, Jerry maintains his sense of humor. Although he has fished for marlin at Cabo Blanco, Peru, and at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, for giant tuna, he finds more sport in taking tarpon on light tackle. He once asked a well-known tuna angler, "What fun can a man get trying to pump one of those stubborn horse mackerel up from the bottom?"

Coughlan points out that while other game fish are easily hooked, once they decide to strike, the tarpon's mouth is plated with hard bone that barbs can scarcely penetrate. "You must snag your plug somewhere along the outside edge of his mouth. Otherwise he'll make spitballs out of your hooks."

Over the years, Jerry has lost plenty of tackle to his silver kings. The walls and shelves of his den boast an array of gleaming cups, plaques and certificates, but he is equally proud of the dozens of battered little reels, many with their gears stripped, and his collection of bent and broken rods.

He sees the tarpon as Florida's mystery fish. "They start moving onto the Keys shoals about mid-February. They stay there until July, sometimes August. Then they all disappear. Nobody knows where they go. I believe they swim off to lie in deep water, but where that may be I wouldn't guess."

The fish spawn on the western shore of Florida Bay, which separates the Keys from the mainland. Sometimes the tide carries the eggs away to be hatched at distant places. Large tarpon have been caught off Long Island, Africa and Brazil. Coughlan is convinced there are specimens waiting to be taken which weigh more than the world rod-and-reel record acknowledged by the International Game Fish Association, a 247-pound tarpon landed off Mexico in 1938, with heavy tackle. He recalls a tarpon estimated to weigh over 300 pounds, which he and Jimmie Albright saw once in shoal water.

"His shadow against the bottom was so big I thought at first somebody had sunk a boat there," Coughlan says. "When I tossed in a plug, he smacked it hard, and before I could wake up he got into a channel and unwound. There was no stopping that horse."

The little record holder has come to love the blue depths and chalky shoals of the Florida back country. It is a man's retreat, where a sudden heavy swirl in the waters tells anew the old story of the survival of the fittest. Here Jerry has watched huge sharks overcome big turtles. He once saw a hammerhead as long as his skiff kill a big sting ray, then slowly consume it until only the poisonous barb protruded from the shark's mouth.

On another occasion, Jerry saw a 1500-pound shark hungrily tearing up a school of big crevalle jack. Suddenly, a large tarpon leaped high from the water. The shark darted into position beneath the air-borne tarpon, waited with its head out of water, caught the descending fish and bit it in two.

For someone intending to come to Florida and try for tarpon, Jerry offers this concluding advice: "Get a guide, at least at the outset. Even the latest charts don't show everything about the back country. Besides, handling a big fish alone can be dangerous."

He cites an incident that took place during a trip with Jimmie Albright last season. They had hooked a tarpon of about 125 pounds, and after twenty minutes Jerry had it worked close enough for Jimmie to use the gaff. As it felt the bite of steel, the fish lunged unexpectedly beneath the boat, coming up on the opposite side.

Jimmie, holding the short gaff handle, was pulled part way out of the boat, so that his head and shoulders were under water. He wouldn't turn loose, because Jerry was using ultralight eight-pound line, and this would establish a new record for him.

Coughlan, holding his jerking rod with one hand, grabbed at Jimmie's legs with the other. Now, as seconds slipped by, he feared the guide would drown.

"Let him go!" he yelled. "Let him go!"

With his head under water, Jimmie couldn't hear, so Jerry dived overboard. "I got my arms around that tarpon," he said later, "but it was like trying to hold onto a greased pole."

Fifteen- and twenty-minute boatings are a far cry from earlier days, when Jerry, like most tarpon fishermen, took hours to bring a fish alongside. "It's merely a matter of being experienced," he says.

And experienced he is. In 1952 he won the Miami tournament with a 141-pound fish. In 1953 he won with a 154-pounder. In 1954 he caught twenty-two tarpon in twenty-two consecutive days of fishing. To date, using his "kid's rod," he has boated thirty-three fish weighing over 100 pounds each. I haven't heard of anyone who has landed more than one 100-pound tarpon on light tackle. When Jerry says, "I believe I can take any tarpon in the world on such everyday tackle," you are inclined to take his word for it. THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 124)

The man was John Paul Jones, America's foremost naval hero of the Revolutionary War. After the war, Jones, a Scot by birth, was commissioned a rear admiral by the Empress Catherine the Great and led Russian ships to victories over the Turks in the Black Sea in 1788. Throughout, he remained an American, saying: "I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States." He later died in Paris, and his remains lay in an unknown grave until identified in 1905. President Theodore Roosevelt paid tribute to him when the remains were returned for interment in a special tomb at Annapolis.

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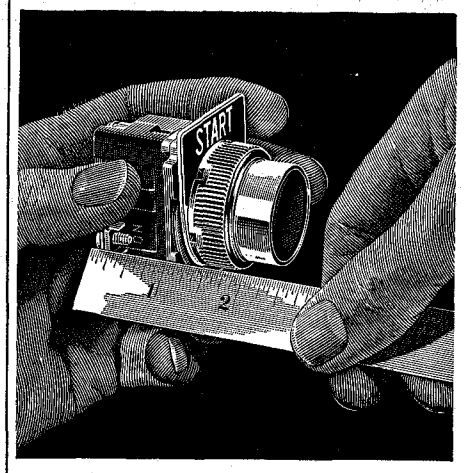

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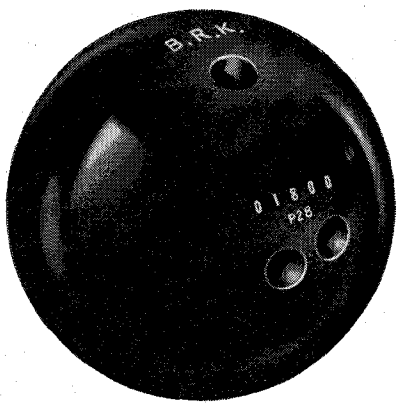

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My Battles in War and Peace

(Continued from Page 36)

a few hours away, would be all too soon to strike this blow at the heart of my dearest.

If those who impute a love of war to professional soldiers could share just one such experience with a soldier's family, if they could read what was in his heart when such orders came, they would never again make such accusations. Christmas was almost upon us. Saturday afternoon I had planned to slip away from the Pentagon to buy the tree for my little son, Matty, twenty months old. Saturday night we would string the lights and put the presents around, and spend the holiday together; just the three of us, at home. Now that chance for a happy Christmas was gone.

I broke the news to Penny at breakfast that morning as we were having coffee in the little study upstairs. She took it like a soldier. There were no tears, no pleadings for delay, and the thought came to me that no battlefield heroism can compare with a noble woman's faith and courage.

The day passed at a racing pace. I made a will, executed a power of attorney, provided an allotment for my family's care. Photographers and reporters came, and after they had gone another photographer came, to make the special picture of my

When the little things start proving too much for you, don't despair—be thankful you have smart children.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

wife and son that would follow me to Korea. Packing was no chore. On a rainy Sunday some weeks before, prompted by some guidance from above, I had gone up to the attic and laid out all my old combat gear from World War II. Now I packed it in a miscellany of bags and boxes which I considered singularly appropriate for a man who was to take command of a fighting force which depended for its life on interservice team play. There was an old Marine Corps sea bag, from my Nicaragua service in 1928; an Army footlocker from the 9th Infantry, circa 1926; a small steel chest picked up from the Navy when I was commander in chief in the Caribbean in 1949; an Air Force grip, stained with the mud and rains of Sicily, Italy, Normandy and the Ardennes.

I came home from the Pentagon early that night, to find a tree aglow and the eyes of my little son matching its shining lights. A brother officer, bless him, had found and placed it for me. After dinner we sat for a moment around the tree while Matty opened his presents, which he soon abandoned, as children will, for something else—a silver cigarette box which he found more entrancing. Penny, my wife, wished to show me what he had learned that day.

She started, "Jack and Jill went up the ——"

"Hill," said Matty promptly.

"To get a pail of ——"

"Water," said Matty.

And then, "Mary had a little ——"

"Goat," said Matty.

It was the first good laugh I'd had that day, the last I was to have for months to come. Two hours later I looked down from my plane, climbing westward into the darkness. I caught a brief glimpse of my own house, its lights aglow. Matty was in his bed by now, the silver cigarette box beside him. And somewhere, down there in the darkness, Penny was driving home, bravely to face the long hours of loneliness and anxiety a soldier's wife must endure.

Forty hours later, almost to the minute, my fine crew set the big ship down on the airfield at Haneda, half an hour from Tokyo. On the long flight out I had thought my problems through. Many of the elements of the Army I was to command were still withdrawing by sea from the north. The badly battered 2nd Division, which had borne the brunt of the first Chinese break-through, was still noneffective, refitting in the far south of the peninsula. The 1st Marine Division, after its famous "advance in the wrong direction" from Chosin to the sea, had gone aboard ship at Wonsan, and were just coming ashore at Masan. The 3rd and 7th divisions were still afloat. Only three American divisions, all greatly reduced in strength, were in contact with the enemy. The 24th and 25th divisions were in the line north of Seoul, with the 1st Cavalry in a blocking position to the rear. All the rest of that 135-mile front was held by ROK troops.

It seemed to me that the situation was a duplicate, on a grand scale, of similar problems that had been handed to me often in the service schools, for every young officer is trained to take over in battle in a time of crisis. Many times, in classes at Fort Benning, I had worked these things out—assuming that the battalion commander had been killed, taking over in his place in the midst of battle.

So, as I stepped from my plane at Haneda, my basic plans were laid. I would first report to General MacArthur, of course, and get from him the briefing that would bring me fully abreast of the situation in Korea. In Korea my first move would be to visit every commander—the corps commanders first, the division commanders later—to get their own appraisal of the situation and to form my own judgment of their capabilities. Then I would see for myself the terrain where action was taking place, and talk to soldiers and junior officers until I had the "feel" of this Army, had estimated its physical capabilities, and, above all, had assayed its willingness to fight. Once I had this feel of the situation, I would know what to do.

General MacArthur received me with the consummate courtesy that has been characteristic of him in all the years I have known him. The briefing he gave me was masterful. When it was finished, I had but one question. As I turned to leave, I stopped.

"General," I said, "if, after I make an estimate of the situation over there, I decide to attack, will I have your approval?"

"Matt," he told me, "the Eighth Army is yours."

Warmed by his confidence in me, feeling a deep conviction that out of this thistle danger we could, with God's help, pluck the flower of victory, I flew to Korea. The first message I wished the 8th Army to receive from me was one of profound respect for the indomitable heart of that great soldier, Johnny Walker, whose responsibilities it had become my honored privilege to assume. The next was an expression of my complete faith in the justice of our cause, and in our ultimate victory. Both of these I expressed.

Lev Allen, 8th Army's great chief of staff, had a heart-warming grin of greeting for me as I stepped from my plane onto Korean soil at Taegu. No fuss and feathers. Just a quick handshake and hello, and we were off in a bitter wind that cut through my thin blouse, riding to war once more in the old familiar jeep. *Here we go again,* I thought, as I saw around me men in battle dress and all the machinery and accouterments of war. First the Ardennes and the Bulge. Now Korea, and another massive break-through that must be stopped, turned back and destroyed. Now the full responsibility is mine, not to be delegated, as authority may be, but individually and ceaselessly mine, day and night, as is every commander's, from five-star general down to corporal. Command responsibility—mine for as long as it may please God and my superiors. What a welcome opportunity!

My first staff conference was brief, for I was eager to be on my way, by air, to my command post at Seoul. And again I met an old friend—the B-17 bomber of World War II. With a feeling of being once more at home, I climbed over the catwalk through the bomb bay, and crawled on my hands and knees to the bombardier's cage in the nose.

There is no substitute for personal reconnaissance in war. On my orders we flew a roundabout course that covered sixty miles of the front. From 3000 feet above the rugged hills, the deep valleys and the icy paddy fields, I found and marked on a map the line to which we would withdraw, and hold, when the next strong attack should come. At Taegu I began the conferences which would give me the feel of the situa-

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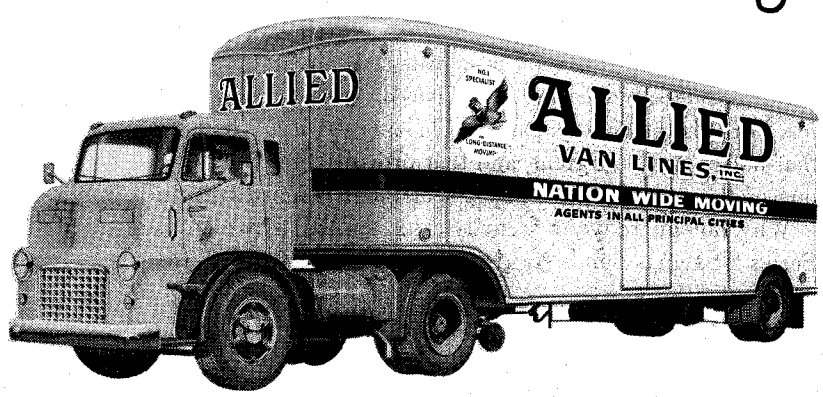

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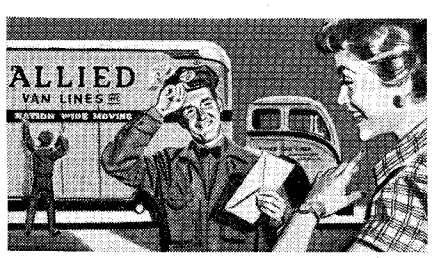

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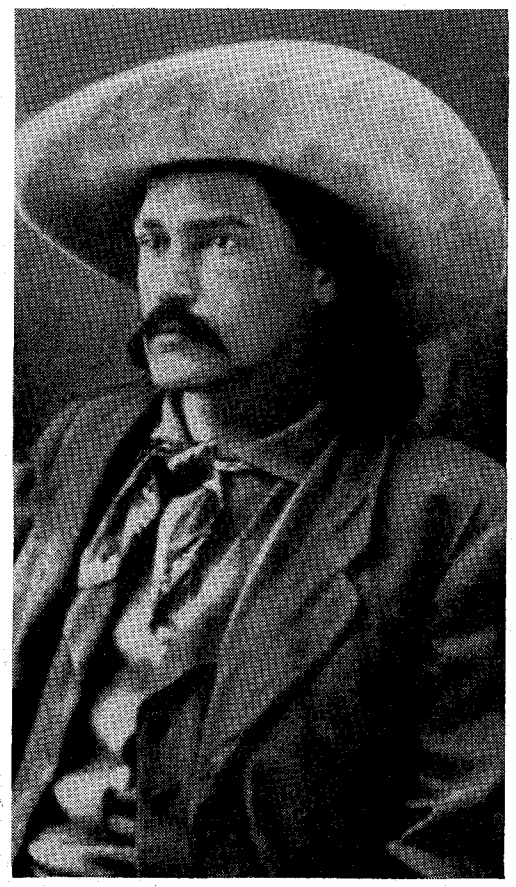
His calling card had claws on it



LUTHER KELLY lied about his age and got into the army at 15. They sent him West in 1865, and he stayed.

He liked living off the wilderness. Game abounded. In Trappers' Lake, "trout were so thick they obscured the bottom."

Hostile Indians were also pretty thick. But when two tried ambushing him, he fought his way out, killing both with his Henry .44.

He learned Sioux and sign language, read Shakespeare and Scott.

One day, he visited General Miles, sending a huge fierce-clawed bear's paw to Miles' tent as his calling card. Miles made him chief army scout against the Sioux.

But by the year 1885, the country was taming down and Yellowstone Kelly left it.

Almost two decades later, Teddy Roosevelt praised the heroic treasurer of Surigao in the Philippines who saved the town from outlaws. Name: Luther S. Kelly.

Yellowstone Kelly's body now rests at Kelly Mountain in Montana. But his restless, pioneering spirit lives on in the heart of today's America. For it is the courageous, trail-blazing spirit of 165 million people that makes America great, and that provides the real strength behind one of the world's finest investments: our country's Savings Bonds.

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tion. Then I paid my devoirs to President Syngman Rhee. Looking at that lined, ancient, stubborn face, I knew that here was a man who would stand by us to the last, would fight so long as a Chinese enemy remained on Korean soil.

"I am glad you are here, General Ridgway," he said, putting out his hand.

"I am happy to be here, Mr. President," I said. "And I have come to stay." There was no bombast in that statement. I meant it from the heart.

The days that followed were busy ones. From dawn to dark, by jeep and plane, I traveled the front, talking to my commanders. Some things I found filled me with great confidence. A few hours after I landed, Rear Admiral Thackrey, USN, commanding the amphibious forces that held the sea on our left flank, called on me. His first words were, "General, what can we do to help you?" General Partridge, of the Air Force, gave me the same fine support. Their magnificent spirit, manifest from the outset, filled me with complete confidence in the combat performance of the great interallied service team, no matter what trials might lie ahead. From that time on, I had no anxiety about our control of the air, and I worried no longer about my western flank resting on the sea.

Some other things disturbed me. It soon was clear to me that an air of uncertainty, of disquietude, of lack of confidence, prevailed among some of the ground-force elements that had been hit so hard. You sense these things the instant you enter a combat zone. You read it in the faces of the first troops you meet, the first MP who gives you directions; you sense it in the attitude of the men. There is a certain lack of aggressiveness, a withdrawal into themselves. They are reluctant to come forward with information. You have to drag it out of them. Before you ever find the commanding officer, you know what to expect from him when you call him aside, alone, to get his estimate of the situation. For confidence, spirit, purposefulness, aggressiveness flow down from the top and permeate a whole command. And in the same way do anxiety and lack of resolution on the part of a commander put their indelible stamp upon his men.

One of the first things that struck me was the location of the 8th Army command post. It was 200 miles behind the battle front, at Taegu. I stayed there just one night. Then I flew on up to Seoul, where the advance CP was located. I found only a handful of staff officers there, where most of them should have been.

In my first visits I made few pointed criticisms. The first thing to do with either a man or an army which has lost its spirit is to try to restore confidence. My first talks therefore, were in the nature of exhortations. I told these commanders that I had every confidence in them and in the fighting capabilities of their men. Then I began to get down to brass tacks. I told them that I had learned in my military primer, and I assumed they had learned the same lesson, that the first rule in war is to make contact with your enemy—physical contact—and once that contact is made, it must not be lost. So I ordered them immediately to begin aggressive scouting and patrolling, reconnoitering all the area to their front.

Second, they were woefully lacking in knowledge of the terrain. I told them I didn't want to ask any soldier or officer where a road or trail went and have him tell me he didn't know. It was his business to know the ground to his front. It was his business to know what kind of vegetation was there for cover, whether a tank could operate there or not, what concealment the land offered to an enemy.

Next was the use of firepower. All through my service, in school and on maneuvers and in battle in Europe, I had heard commanders hollering for help when they were not using more than 50 per cent of the total firepower that was available to them. As soon as I landed in Korea I had asked Washington to rush delivery of ten new battalions of artillery. When those guns were in place, I wanted them used. I wanted everything used—artillery, armor, antiaircraft guns, mortars, machine guns, and every rifle in the line—every time the Chinese came at them.

I then spoke about leadership. The power and prestige of America were at stake here, I told them, and some of our fighting forebears would turn over in their graves if they'd heard some of the stories I had heard. The place of a commander was up where the crisis of action was taking place. A division commander should spend his days up with his battalions in the line. A corps commander should be up with his forward regiments. Paper work was important, but it could be done at night. The commander had to be where the hardest fighting was going on. I had found in some units an appalling lack of initiative. An infantry company commander told me he couldn't communicate with another company in his battalion because his radio was out. I told him men in battle had kept contact with each other long before radios were invented, and he could do the same. If his radio was out and a vehicle couldn't cross the intervening terrain, then a good strong pair of legs could make it, and I wanted them used.

> Every year it takes less time to fly across the ocean and longer to drive to the office. RAYMOND DUNCAN

In the first few days it had become clear to me, from the fragmentary information I could get, that the Chinese were massing for a strong attack. I figured it would come just at the New Year. Soon after my arrival, therefore, I asked President Rhee to make available to me 30,000 native laborers. We equipped them with picks and shovels, and set them to constructing trench defenses and log barriers along the line we then held, and a deeper position some fifteen miles to the south, on the line where I intended this army should make its stand, and from which it would not budge, except in counterattack.

At noon on the thirty-first of December I told Lev Allen, my chief of staff, that I was moving from Taegu up to Seoul. I would stay there until the attack that I expected to come within the next twelve hours, had struck us or it became clear that my estimate had been wrong. I got there at two o'clock. I immediately got into a jeep and began to tour the front, riding the lovely, lonely hills, checking that thin line of brave men who held the front north of the Han. I'll never forget one young British lieutenant I found late in the afternoon, on a gale-swept hill. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. Not a thing, thanks very much, he said. Then, as I turned to go, he smiled.

"It is a bit drafty up here, sir," he said.

It was indeed. He had three miles of front to cover with a handful of men.

Just after dark that night the Chinese struck. They came astride the old invasion route, the main road leading south toward Seoul. They hit the 19th Infantry, on the right flank of the 24th Division, and drove hard against the ROK division beside them. They broke through, and for a while there we had an interesting military problem on our hands—the problem of whether or not I Corps and IX Corps could hold.

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Three days before, we had perfected plans to take care of any kind of action that might come. We had anticipated an attack in strength beyond our power at that moment to withstand, and had made plans for withdrawal on my order. For thirty-six hours the battle flared there, the pressure building up steadily, the Chinese breaking through all along that thinly held 135-mile line. Flying the front in a light plane, dropping down to talk with commanders in the line, at midmorning on January third, I reluctantly gave orders to fall back. This meant the evacuation of Seoul, with its 1,000,000 refugees. It meant also carrying out the most dangerous of military maneuvers—the withdrawal across the ice-clogged Han of all the men and guns that lay to the north of the river.

The Han, as it flows past Seoul, is a big river, as wide and deep as the Potomac where it flows past Washington. It is tidal up to the floating bridges that span the river at Seoul, and at the time it was partially frozen solid, partially filled with great cakes of floating ice.

The withdrawal of that fighting force across the Han and the flight of hundreds of thousands of refugees with them will live forever in the memory of those who witnessed it. In an endless stream, bumper to bumper, the guns and the trucks rolled over those floating bridges, steadily, hour after hour. I stood on the frozen bank and watched those heavy pieces of equipment roll by, and watched the bridges sink beneath the weight of those huge tanks and 8-inch howitzers, and I prayed, as I know every one of us did, that the bridges would hold. In boats alongside the bridges, engineers poked and shoved with side poles, keeping the broken ice floes moving, for an ice jam there would have carried the bridge away and cut us off beyond all hope of rescue.

Off to the sides, on the solid ice, one of the great human tragedies of modern times was being enacted. Hundreds of thousands of Koreans jammed in great masses along the riverbanks and poured in steady streams across the frozen river. Two-wheeled carts, ponies, oxcarts, men and women with great burdens on their backs were fleeing in panic before the advancing enemy. It is a sight I shall remember as long as I live. Old men, some of them so feeble they seemed hardly able to stand, mothers with solemn, wide-eyed babies shawl-wrapped upon their backs stumbled blindly southward through that dreadful cold. Now and then an ox or pony would go down, all four legs asprawl. The mass flowed on. In that desperate flight no man stopped to help his neighbor. Panting, half running, falling, they pushed on.

Watching them, I thought of our own people. How could a soft, ease-loving population like ours survive such hardships and such cold? What would our people do if ever they should hear the guns of a dreadful enemy thundering behind them, and saw an icy wilderness before them? How would they survive, if some man with a rifle ordered them out of their automobiles and sent them on trails over the hills, barring them from highways that were open only to military traffic? There is a lesson for us here, in the terrible problems that would arise if we should ever have to evacuate one of our own great cities.

The attack had come two hours after sundown, on New Year's Eve. All that night, reports of the collapse of the ROK 1st and 6th divisions poured into my CP. At dawn on New Year's Day I set out by jeep, with a driver and one rifleman, to find this force and stop, if I could, its headlong rush to the rear. A few miles north of Seoul the first wave hit me. Afoot and in trucks so jam-packed another small boy could not have found room in them, they were moving south toward Seoul as fast as they could roll. They had abandoned all their crew-served weapons, and all but a few of them had thrown their rifles away. I blocked the road with my jeep to halt the column, and then tried to find their officers, whom I could identify by their insignia. I'd never had such an experience before, and I hope I never do again, for trying to stop a running army is like trying to stop an avalanche. I spoke no Korean. They spoke no English. But they understood my gestures, and I wouldn't have been surprised if some of them had opened up on this lone foreigner who stood between them and safety.

I soon saw that it was impossible to stop them at that point. A retreating force in full flight builds up a tremendous momentum, mental as well as physical. The best you can do is to try to slow it down, channel it toward an assembly area, and halt it there, blocking its way with MP straggler posts. Once troops are out of the danger zone and their panic has been allayed, you can get them in hand, rearm them, get some spirit

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Roger is going through a phase."

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in them and turn them around to fight. That we did. We stopped both corps abreast, on the line I had already chosen, fifteen miles south of the Han.

In the task of preparing this force to fight again, I had great help from brave old Syngman Rhee. He knew my feelings about his troops. Tragic as their break had been, I could not find it in my heart to blame them. These ROK divisions had been mauled as few armies in history had been mauled. They had been practically decimated in the early months of the war. Their leaders had been killed or captured, and officers now commanding divisions had no more experience than a company commander should have had. The troops were green and it was no great wonder to me that they had been overwhelmed.

I knew also that with proper leadership and inspiration they could be turned into a fighting force again. For this help I called on President Rhee. At my invitation, he flew with me to talk to them and try to restore in them their will to fight. Our plane was an old World War II Cub, a tiny insect of a plane, with a canvas fuselage and no heat in it whatsoever. The old gentleman flew in his native costume, a long kimono. He didn't even have a scarf at his neck, and at the altitude we had to fly, the temperatures were freezing. He never uttered a word of complaint. We flew to those ROK units and he addressed them in fiery fighting words. I could not understand what he said, but he put the iron back in their souls, and I am sure his efforts played a great part in restoring their fighting heart.

So passed my first week in Korea. It was not easy to pull back. Troops do not like to give ground, and commanders do not like to require it. But all along the front, wherever the Chinese had pressed us, we had inflicted heavy casualties. We had achieved maximum delay. We had stood and fought, with an icy, unfordable river at our backs, until it was time to go.

As I was putting my few personal belongings in my musette bag, I found that the lower part of my one pair of flannel pajamas had seen better days. It was split beyond repair in the upper posterior region—due, I hasten to add, entirely to fair wear and tear in the Government's service. My orderly wanted it for a shoe rag, but there was a better use for it than that. We tacked it up on my office wall, the torn and worn-out seat flapping forlornly in the wind. Above it, I printed in block letters:

TO THE COMMANDING GENERAL, CHINESE COMMUNIST FORCES. WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL, EIGHTH ARMY.

That little chore done, I moved out with the troops. On the ridge lines fifteen miles to the south of the Han, we took our stand and waited. The Chinese did not follow. Hastily, with thousands of laborers working, we organized the ground, laid out fields of fire and emplaced the big guns. From there we began probing north, feeling for the enemy. We started with small patrols, reinforced them to battalion size, and added artillery and armor until these reinforced battalions were punching out in front of each division zone.

Offensive action bred an offensive spirit. We built up these probing attacks to a regimental combat team within each division; then to a division within each corps. We met spotty resistance, weak in some areas, strong in others. And all that my intelligence-gathering agencies could show me was a big goose egg out front, with "174,000 Chinese" written in red in the middle of it. I didn't believe that figure, but I had no desire to send my forces into a trap. As a last resort, with Lieutenant General Partridge, commander of the 5th Air Force, at the controls of a two-seater plane, we made a long reconnaissance, twenty miles into enemy territory. We flew below the ridge tops, peering down at every snowy village, every trail.

To my amazement, over all that area I saw only one indication of troops, a spider web of cart and foot tracks leading from a village into a pine-clad valley. We swept the valley back and forth, but saw nothing stirring. Everywhere the land looked empty and dead, with no wisp of smoke rising from the chimneys and no movement of men and vehicles on the roads. The Chinese are masters at concealment, though, and I knew I still did not have my answers. There was just one way to find out what was in there. We would attack.

On the morning of January twenty-fifth, the 8th Army jumped off in an assault that rolled on, and on, and was never stopped until the Reds were driven back across the 38th parallel. It was hard fighting all the way. Those still, dead-looking villages and snow-clad hills had concealed thousands of Chinese, and they fought with fanatic courage. In mid-February, side-stepping to the east, they launched an attack of their own, striking the 2nd Division a savage blow. This gave us pause, momentarily, but the break was soon sealed off, and the drive to the north rolled on. It was still rolling on the eleventh of April when, standing on a hill in a sleet and snow storm, I received the message that General MacArthur had been relieved. For several hours, without my knowing it, I had been Supreme Commander, Allied Powers, Far East, responsible for the protection and defense of a theater sprawled in a great arc from Formosa to the western tip of the Aleutians.

The next morning I flew to Tokyo. General MacArthur received me at once. He was entirely himself—composed, quiet, temperate, courteous and helpful. He made some allusions to the fact that he had been summarily relieved, but there was no bitterness, no anger, in his tone. I thought it was a fine tribute to the resilience of this great man that he could accept so calmly, without outward sign of shock, what must have been a devastating blow to a professional soldier standing at the peak of a great career.

The dispute as to who was right and who was wrong in that particular incident will rage, no doubt, so long as the principals involved survive. Our whole policy in Korea, in fact, both military and political, will be a question for historians to debate. My own conviction is that the magnificent 8th Army could have driven the Chinese beyond the Yalu—if this country had been willing to pay the price in lives such action would have cost. Personally, I strongly doubt that such a victory would have been worth the cost—particularly in light of the fact that our Government seemed to have no firm policy on what steps to take thereafter. Seizure of the line of the Yalu and the Tumen would have been merely the seizure of more real estate. It would have greatly shortened the enemy's supply lines and greatly lengthened our own. It would have widened our front from 110 miles to 420, and beyond that front would lie Manchuria and the whole mainland of Asia, in which all the wealth and manpower of this country could have been lost and dissipated. So it is useless to speculate on what might have been. I was not privy to the councils of our leaders at home when they decided to accept the Russian-sponsored overtures for a truce. But in retrospect I do not feel constrained to quarrel with that decision.

I left Korea feeling a great admiration and respect for that great, high-hearted army that had come out of the depths of military disaster to turn on its enemy and defeat him. I thought then, and I think now, that the United States never fielded an army as competent, tough, as high spirited, as was the 8th Army when the truce talks halted it in place.

I am as proud of what it represented in the spiritual and moral sense as I am of the military prowess it displayed. I remember one night spent at a battle command post deep in the snow-covered hills up front. I had far to go next day, and I was up before a trace of dawn. It was almost zero. The stars snapped and sparkled in a dead black sky. A few campfires were burning, casting the leaping shadows of soldiers' silhouettes across the gleaming snow. As I stood there these thoughts crossed my mind:

Here in this bit of far-off earth, cupped in by foreign hills, there burns a warm bright flame, lit and nurtured by free men, whose frigid bodies it warmed and whose spirits it raised and comforted. Beyond its warming circle, I thought, the eyes and souls of other men and women and little children, silent and hungry and cold, must see its glow and yearn for its warmth. Must wonder, as they yearned: Will these strange, generous men, determined killers in combat, compassionate neighbors in camp, let this fire languish and die? Will they keep faith and fire burning until the sun of freedom rises once more, and we can take up our toil again in honorable peace? Or will they, in the hour of decision, fail and forsake us?

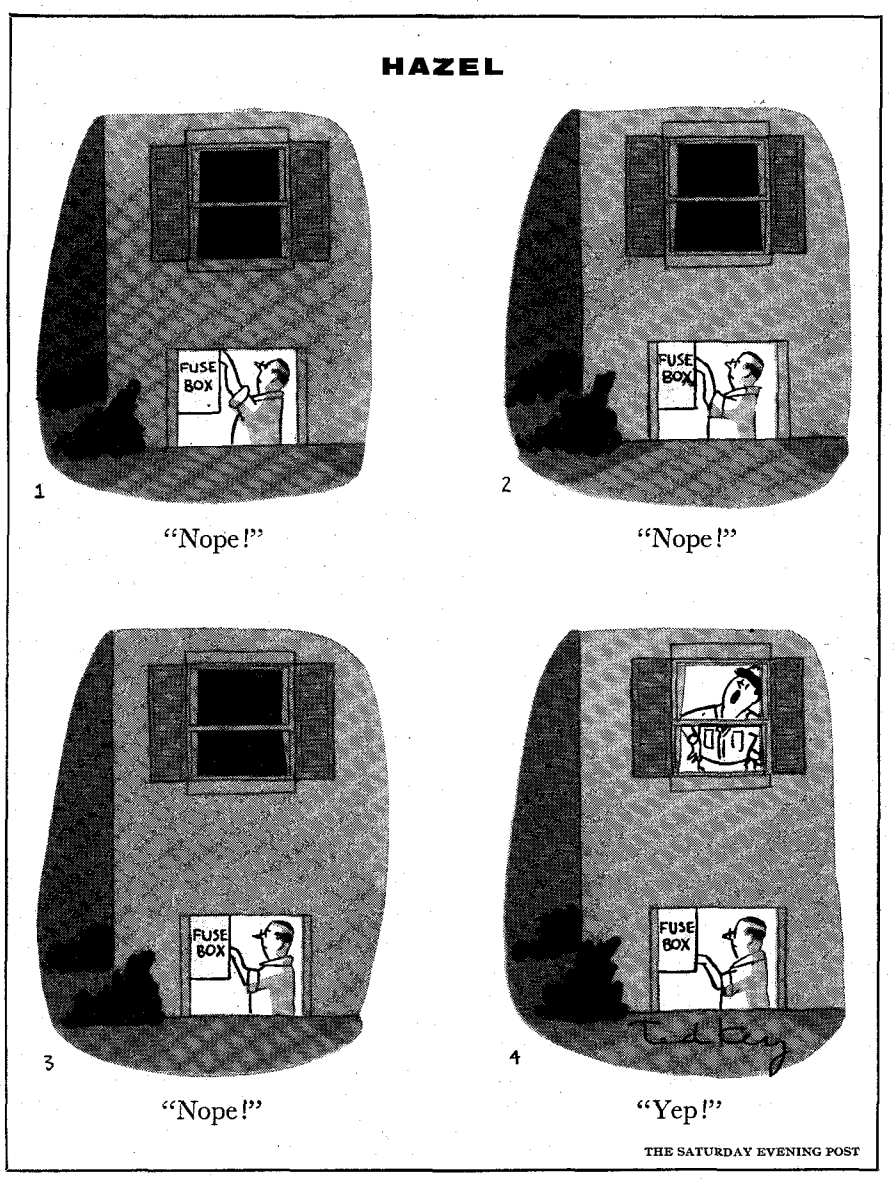
All over the world, hopeful millions still ask these questions of us. We gave them our answer in Korea and the Far East. We gave them our answer in Europe. There is peace in Europe today because the NATO armies—which I commanded after leaving Tokyo—stand on guard there. And the NATO armies are there for one reason only—because this nation, for the first time in its history, recognized the fact that only our own strength—the strength of armed men standing face to face with the foe—could save the world from another holocaust.

The core and heart of that armed force are our own soldiers and airmen. Without them, there would never have been a NATO. If we should withdraw them now, NATO would fall. And to the degree that we weaken those forces, to that degree we weaken NATO. We did not make any pledge that we would keep these forces in being on the continent of Europe forever. But in our presence the promise is implicit that we shall remain there, in strength, until time and diplomacy and the slow processes of civilization can create an atmosphere of peace. In all my service as Supreme Commander there, and as Supreme Commander in the Far East, and as Chief of Staff, I have done all within my power to insure that we should not forget these obligations, that we should not forsake the enduring values which free men cherish, that we should not relinquish, in even slight degree, our power to defend them if war again should engulf the world.

The time has not yet come when we can relax our guard, no matter how the political winds that blow from the Kremlin may shift and vary. The issues between us and our enemy have not changed, even though, around the world, the guns are, for the moment, still. The real issue still is simply this: Whether the power of Western civilization, as God has permitted it to flower in our own beloved land, shall defy and defeat communism, or whether, through our own weakness, we shall perish in the despair and misery of a Godless world.

To me the choice is, and always has been, clear. We are, as Lincoln said of us, the last, best hope of earth. And with all the strength of all our arms—land, sea and air—we must stand ready to defend ourselves and all men everywhere who share our dream of a free and peaceful world.

Editors' Note—This is the last of six articles by General Ridgway.



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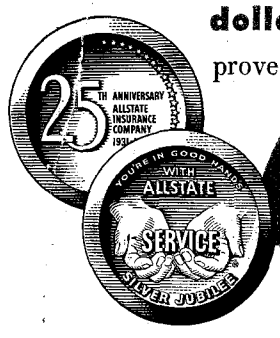

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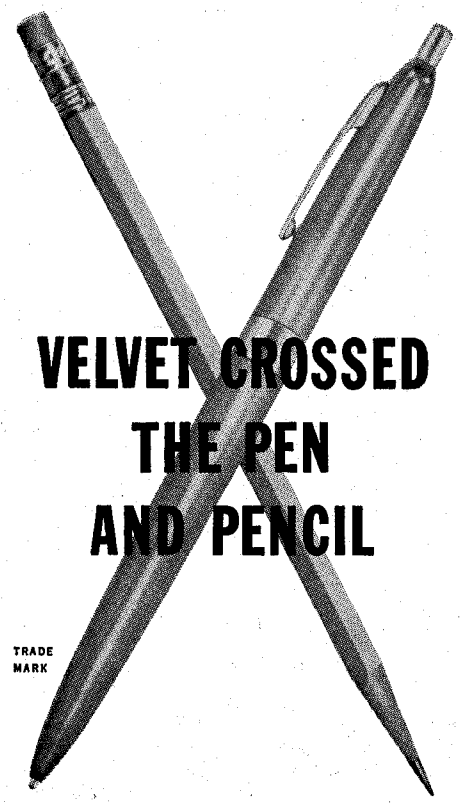

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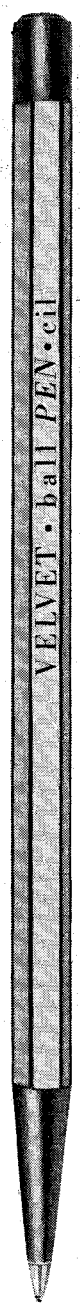

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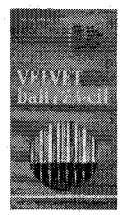

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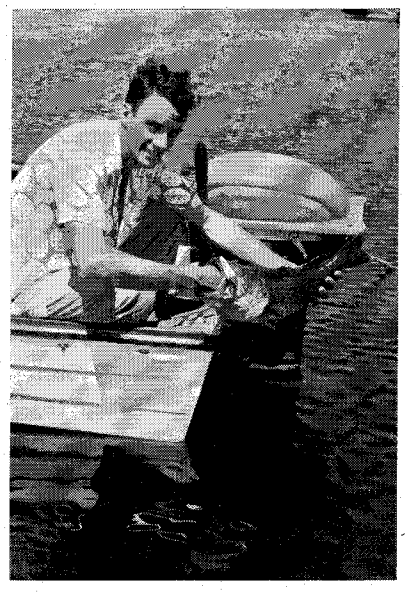
Keeping Posted

Things to Do In All Directions



George Sand, the page 42 expert on fishing and hunting, lives at Deerfield Beach, in Florida, with fish prevalent in the surf and the Gulf Stream beyond his front door, and game rife in the Everglades beyond his back door. He is an author and photographer; his wife, Phyllis, is an author and photographer; his daughters, Gail and Karen, are, so far, only photographers. There are enough typewriters to go around, but gosh, what a crisis it is when they all want to use the darkroom at the same time! In the picture, Sand is placing his fist inside a largemouthed bass—as the fist fits, it's legally O.K. to eat the fish.

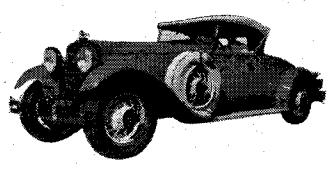
What Happened After Helen Keller's Visit

On page 31 is a heart-stirring little piece by Larry Critchell. He tells about Suzy (Suziko) Nakamura, a Japanese lass who after the war was employed in his staff section of General MacArthur's headquarters. Suzy and her brother, Ichiro, lived in a single room with their father, who had tuberculosis and could not be hospitalized because the children couldn't earn enough money even to buy medicine. And Critchell tells of a visit to Tokyo of America's famous Helen Keller and of the exalting effect, unknown to Miss Keller, that it had on Suzy.

So here's a little epilogue. Suzy's father, through funds raised among Captain Critchell's associates, was sent to a hospital, and now Critchell writes, "He was discharged before I left Tokyo and, so far as I know, has not had to go back." Suzy's brother, aided by the American Women's University Club of Tokyo, was brought to the United States by an American family, is now a university student, and with summer jobs helps support his father. As for Suzy herself, recently she sent Critchell a snapshot of a teacher in Keio University, asking for comments on him, as they are going to be married. Critchell reports, "He looks just fine."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

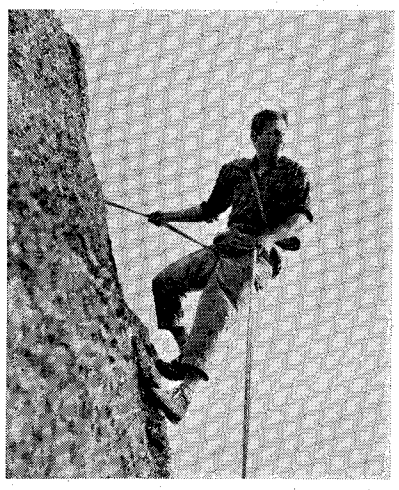
"New Craze for Old Cars"



Remember the wondrous cars of the automobile's golden age? Have you been passing some of them lately? Maybe you've got one yourself? Read about their amazing comeback with people who prefer "classics" to efficiency.

He Climbed the Mountain, Part Way

Hal Burton has come of age, which in his case is forty-seven. When he was a spry young feller he used to climb awful, vertical mountains for the fun of it, as a few people do on page 34. His idiosyncrasy resulted, during World War II, in his becoming an Army instructor in rock



Hal Burton: isn't he too old for this?

climbing, which pleased him, as it eliminated twenty-mile marches and brought the charming privilege of pushing around colonels, majors and other such potentates. Later, in Italy, when people began dropping live ammunition on him, he was less pleased. After the war, he climbed occasionally, and last summer when researching his article in the Rockies, he was gratified when a party from the Sierra Club invited him to join them in mounting a mountain.

A fine time was had by all until they hit a stretch of Class VI climbing, where you not only hammer pitons into the rock but have to stand on rope slings while ascending straight up. "Suddenly," says Burton, "I asked myself, 'Am I here to climb or to write?' And I answered myself, 'To write.'" So Burton, exclaiming that the view was magnificent, sat down on a shelf five feet wide, and told the boys to pick him up on the way back, reflecting that the time had come for him to let the kids take over on anything more awful than sixty-degree slopes. He concludes, "That was the first climb I ever refused, and the first time I ever came back without a slight case of nervous prostration."

Presenting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neff

The Author and the Mistrustful Cops

Robert Neff, valiantly seeking au thenticity for his tale on page 37, enrolle in a big-city police school, and not onl proved to be the only nonprofessional i his class, but to his dismay found himse an outcast—the other chaps wouldn even talk to him. They had been assure he was a writer seeking story plots, ye they were full of suspicion, and Ne grieved under their cold treatment. The one evening, while watching TV, he sa a play about an evil lad who attende police school to learn how to outwit pc licemen. Aha!

Cleverly Neff broke his case by hanc ing around among the suspicious class May 15, 1954, Post in which Keepin Posted not only lauded him in print bu ran a photo of him sitting on Lagun Beach, California, in front of his hom This cleared the muggy air. "In the fac of such evidence that I was me, I imm diately became one of the boys. One toug pupil, a detective from a small city, ac mitted later that they had looked me u in every mug book in the county."

And did Potential Officer Neff mal good in school? He flunked handcuffin But he got such a brilliant mark in frisl ing that his over-all grade was a danc B-plus. Mrs. Neff complains that h spent most of his leisure time trying frisk people, and shamefully neglecte his homework in handcuffing. Ne doesn't plan to follow this profession- "A cop's life is a hard one, and th monetary rewards pretty slim. Writing pretty precarious, too, but at least yc can sleep late mornings."

He Should Have One Between His Teeth

This seems to be a photograph of pe ple pinning roses on Frank Taylor. Aske what it is all about, Taylor wrote fro California, "For once, words fail me. can't imagine." A return letter to hi said, "Can't imagine words failing you- do you feel all right?" He never a swered. Apparently he thinks this is a justified by the words about roses h has compiled on page 38.

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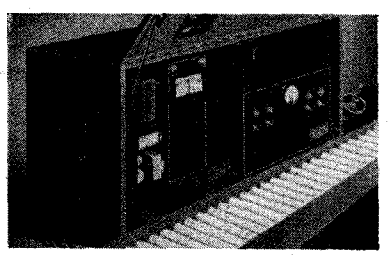
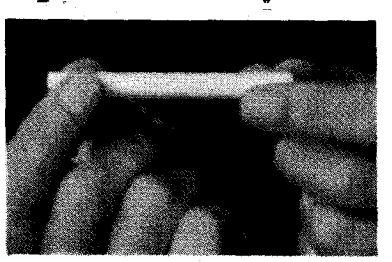
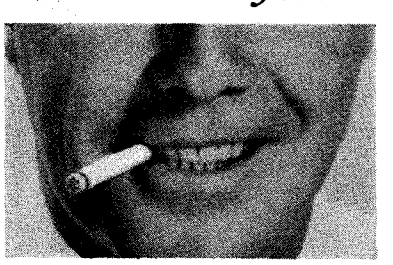


The more perfectly packed your cigarette, the more *pleasure* it gives . . . and Accu-Ray packs Chesterfield far more perfectly.



To the touch . . . to the taste, an Accu-Ray Chesterfield satisfies the most . . . burns more evenly, smokes much smoother.



Firm and pleasing to the lips . . . mild yet deeply satisfying to the taste — Chesterfield alone is pleasure-packed by Accu-Ray.

KING-SIZE AND REGULAR

CHESTERFIELD

MILD, YET THEY Satisfy!

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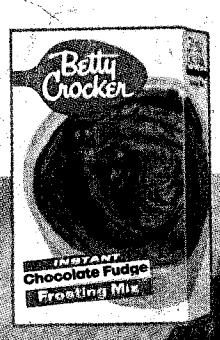
NEW from Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

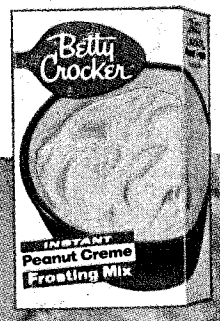
4 FROSTING MIXES!

all "lickin' good" and guaranteed perfect*!

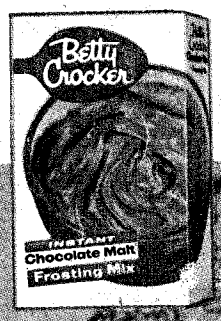
*PERFECT? If a frosting you make with a Betty Crocker Mix is less than perfect, send the package top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back!



Instant
CHOCOLATE FUDGE
(Rich! Fudgy! Chocolatey!)

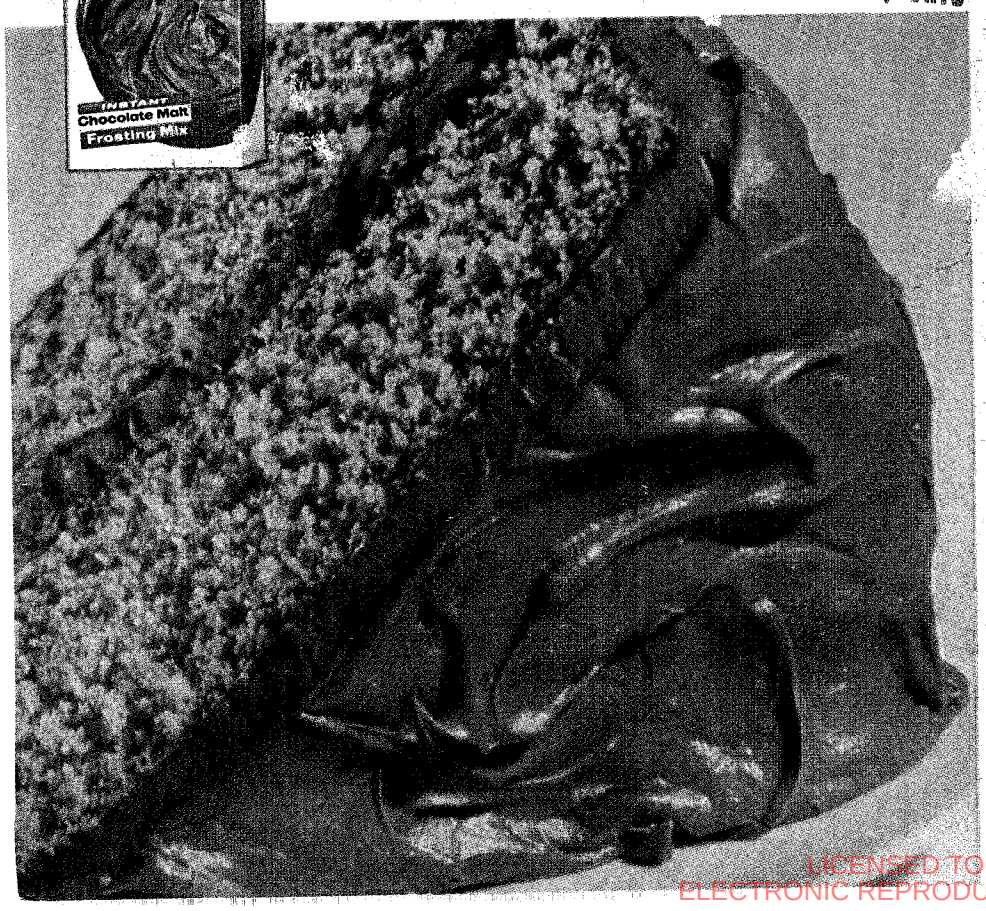


Instant
PEANUT CREME
(Real peanut butter in this)



Instant
CHOCOLATE MALT
(There's malted milk right in it)

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO



Easy
ANGEL FLUFF
(Quick 7-minute type)

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